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Vol. III.

Dialogues of Lucian.

From the Greek.

London, Printed in the Year 1786;
for T. Longman in Paternoster Row,
and W. Flexney in Holborn.

PREFACE.

SOME nods of approbation, which were more than my weakneſs could reſiſt, have led me aſtray from my intention, and I no longer pretend to ſay where I may ſtop; perhaps not till I have gone through every page of Lucian, excepting only "ſuch reading as is never read," and ſuch reading as no ſober man will write. In ages far remote from the preſent, men of wit were ſometimes very dull, and ſometimes wanted prudence. To creep after

dulneſs, can only ſerve to benumb the ſenſes; and to revive the language of riot, is not the moſt decent attempt. Several drowſy diſcourſes, with a competent allotment of ribaldry, have been attributed to Lucian, by his editors; the omiſſion of which would have done his memory no manner of harm. Of this, the reader may judge for himſelf: long diſſertations, nearly a-kin to the former, may be met with in almoſt any great book, and the latter is repeated every evening, with modern improvements, in the emphatical Engliſh of Broad St. Giles's.

This continuation, as has been already hinted, owes its appearance to the flattering requeſts of two or three perſons, whoſe opinion in literary matters is generally acknowledged of ſome weight. I do not aſſert, that they have not been too partial to me. I am ſure they are better pleaſed

with me than I am with myſelf; which, perhaps, is more than every ſcribbler can ſay of his abettors. The reader will not, I hope, be ſo uncharitable as to ſuppoſe, that this is my uſual way of ſpending my time. If he knew me better, he would never fancy, that I have nothing elſe to do, nobody in this world beſides Lucian to attend to. Duties far different from converſing with wits, have been annexed to my life.

Quicquid agunt animo votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, diſcurſus, noſtri eſt farrago diei.

I have tranſlated Lucian in an evening, when I was not in a temper to face a graver author, and wiſhed to forget every unwelcome occurrence of the day. It ſeemed not difficult, or it would not have been done. For, though "eaſy writing is not always eaſy reading;" I will venture to affirm, that a Tranſlator, who finds much difficulty in aſſuming the ſpirit of his author, will

will hardly ever ſucceed. *Sudet multum, fruſtraque laboret.* Learning and labour can indeed do wonderful things; they can write down the ſummer's ſun, but their high-dried dialogues are not Dialogues of Lucian, any more than the alternate roaring of a midnight club.

Boiſterous mirth, like dram-drinking, enervates while it pretends to invigorate. But Lucian is not one of thoſe obſtreperous ſpirits, who break down all the boundaries of order. He has, in his ſatire, a certain gentle air, which, where there are faculties to enjoy it, will beget good humour, which promotes health; and without health, what is learning, or how is it to be acquired?

Jan. 9, 1786.

J. CARR.

PROMETHEUS;

OR,

CAUCASUS.

MERCURY, VULCAN, PROMETHEUS.

MERCURY.

HERE, Vulcan, is Mount Caucaſus, where we are to nail up this wretched Titan. Let us look about us for a convenient ſpot, free from ſnow, that we may fix him the more ſecurely, and, at the ſame time, contrive that he may be ſeen by every body.

VULCAN.

Right. He muſt not be put up too low, not within human reach, leſt his own manufactory ſhould lend him a hand to get down. And at the ſame time he muſt not hang ſo high as to be out of the ſight of thoſe at the bottom of the hill. I think, if you approve of it, we will fix him about half way up, juſt above that craggy point, with his arms at length in oppoſite directions.

MERCURY.

Very well. The rock is ſo very ſteep, and difficult of acceſs on all ſides, that it is ſcarcely poſſible to find a place to ſet one's foot, even on tiptoe. Take it altogether, there cannot be a more commodious ſituation for him. Come, Sir, quick; get up, and prepare yourſelf. You are to be made faſt to this mountain.

PROMETHEUS.

Have ſome compaſſion, I pray, Gentlemen; pity a poor unfortunate, who never merited ſuch treatment.

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

Pity! yes, I ſay pity! Do you want Vulcan and me to be tied up in your ſtead, for diſobedience of orders? Or perhaps you may think there is room enough on the mountain for all three of us. Pſhaw! pſhaw! give him your hand. Nail it down, Vulcan; hammer it well. Now the other hand. Secure that too. Now it will do. The eagle will be down preſently, to take a taſte of your liver, that you may not ſay you get nothing by your ingenious device.

PROMETHEUS.

O Saturn! Iapetus! Mother Earth! alas! alas! miſerable me! what do I endure! and all this for doing no harm!

MERCURY.

No harm? Pray, good Sir, have you forgot your trick upon Jupiter? Did not you reſerve the beſt part of the feaſt to yourſelf, and put off the great Jove with greaſy bones? A moſt equitable diſtribution I cannot but ſay! And

ſo ſays Heſiod[a]. Next you ſet yourſelf to work, to make Man, a vile animal male and female, but eſpecially the latter. Laſt of all, and to crown the whole, you ſtole the heavenly fire, the moſt valuable poſſeſſion of the Gods, in order to give it to your own creatures. And do you think you have done no harm in all this?

PROMETHEUS.

Really, Mercury, this is blaming the blameleſs[b]. Why, Sir, the things which you lay to my charge are ſuch, if merit had its due, as might fairly entitle me to a maintenance in the Prytanæum[c], at the publick expence. If you can ſpare as much time, I ſhould be glad to have an opportunity of ſpeaking for myſelf,

[a] Theogonia, 540. See Vol. II. of this tranſlation, p. 206. n.

[b] Αναίτιον αἰτιᾶσθαι. Hom. Il. 13. 775.

"When Paris thus: my brother, and my friend,
"Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend."
Pope's Tranſlation.

[c] A place in the citadel of Athens, where ſuch as had deſerved well of their country were ſupported at the charge of the ſtate, being entitled to σιτησεως ταμιειον, tritici promptuarium, which may be tranſlated, the run of the kitchen.

so

to convince you how very ill-judged and unjuſt is this ſame ſentence of Jupiter's concerning me. You, Mercury, have a good nimble tongue of your own, and are no ſtranger to the practice of the bar: let me hear what you have to ſay in defence of nailing me up on Caucaſus. Make it appear, if you can, that Jupiter is perfectly right in expoſing me thus to the Caſpian ſtreights. What have I done to be this miſerable ſpectacle in the eyes of all Scythia?

MERCURY.

You are entering into an idle diſpute, Prometheus, which will do you no manner of good. However, have it your own way. For we muſt at any rate remain here till the eagle comes down, to take charge of your liver. In the mean time, perhaps, it may be not much amiſs to hear how expert you are in your ſophiſtry.

PROMETHEUS.

Be it ſo. Make a beginning then, and do not ſpare me. Urge every tittle, that can be alledged againſt me, as far as it will go, in

maintaining your father's juſtice. You, Vulcan, ſhall be the arbitrator between us.

VULCAN.

I am by no means a proper perſon for you to fix on. Inſtead of a judge, you will find me an accuſer. Pray, who ſtole the fire out of my ſhop, and left me unable to ſtrike a ſtroke for want of it?

PROMETHEUS.

Since this is the caſe, you may as well divide the buſineſs between you; for you are both of you moſt notable orators. You, Vulcan, may bring your action for theft; while Mercury accuſes me of making men, and carving the ox unfairly.

VULCAN.

Mercury ſhall ſpeak for himſelf and me too. Being conſtantly employed in my ſhop, I am not converſant in judicial harangues. But he is quite the thing, an orator, who has taken no ſmall pains to make himſelf accompliſhed.

PROME-

PROMETHEUS.

I little thought of being accuſed of theft by a brother of the trade. However, Mercury, if you have the face to ſet about it, do by all means immediately. Now is your time, ſon of Maia.

MERCURY.

A long formal ſpeech would be requiſite to ſet forth the ſeveral offences of which you have been guilty; though for the preſent I ſhall content myſelf with naming a few of the principal: Such as, when being appointed to make an equitable diviſion of the good fare, you kept all the beſt to yourſelf, making Jupiter an arrant dupe: ſuch as making man, a work ſurely not wanted; ſuch as ſtealing our fire, to give the finiſhing touch to your work. And yet, after all your many and grievous offences, you ſeem to me, my good Sir, totally inſenſible of the great good-nature and clemency with which Jupiter has treated you. If you are reſolved on pleading Not Guilty to theſe charges, it will be neceſſary for me to enter fully into the ſubject, and produce my evidence at length, the

more clearly to convict you. But, if you will confeſs having made ſo unfair a repaſt, if you own that you made men, and afterwards ſtole the fire, it will be unneceſſary for me to ſay any more. It would be a folly to prove what is not denied.

PROMETHEUS.

Whether folly or no, we ſhall ſee by and by. In the mean time, I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, as well as I can, that the ſeveral charges exhibited againſt me, which you think of ſuch magnitude, amount to juſt nothing at all. Firſt of all, reſpecting the meat. By Heavens! I am aſhamed to mention it! So help me Jove, if I do not bluſh for him! To let himſelf down to ſuch pettiſh mean-ſpirited dirty behaviour! Jupiter, truly, becauſe he had not all fleſh and no bone, muſt ſet about torturing an old god, his very good friend, who ſurely had given him little occaſion to be ſo outrageouſly angry. Why, really, this is behaving juſt like a baby, to cry, and fret, and fume, becauſe he thinks his own ſhare the leaſt! Beſides, Mercury, allowing him to have been outwitted in that affair, it

was

was nothing more than a joke. Such little convivial pleaſantries ought never to be remembered the next day. Whatever paſſes upon ſuch occaſions is to be immediately forgotten, and not a word more ſaid about it. But to [d] cater a quarrel for another day, carefully to ſtore up in memory whatever was too free over night, is ſurely not acting like the king of the Gods. O fie for ſhame! If once you baniſh from a feaſt all wit, all raillery; if you proſcribe humour and laughter, and liberty of ſaying what comes uppermoſt, do but reflect what will be left: nothing better than ſtupid, ſullen, ſour, ſelfiſh, unſociable eating and drinking. Little did I imagine, that Jupiter would have remembered it, much leſs that he would put himſelf ſo out of temper about ſuch a trifle, reſenting a harmleſs joke as a moſt grievous injury. For it was no more than a joke, a laughing experiment of his ſkill in chooſing his ſhare. Put the caſe ſtill more ſtrongly, Mercury. If, inſtead of being ſatisfied with the better half, I had taken the whole, pray was it a thing of ſuch mighty conſequence,

[d] Ταμιευσθαι το μῖσος.

that

that heaven and earth muſt be confounded on the occaſion? To think of fetters, and croſſes, and Caucaſus; to ſend down eagles to eat up one's liver; all this ſhews a very little mind, with a very great diſpoſition to be out of humour. I wonder what ſuch a croſs-grained god would have done, if, inſtead of loſing a ſteak or two, he had been cheated out of the whole ox. Mankind, let me tell you, a race that one might ſuppoſe more eaſily made angry, have a great deal more candour and conſideration than to act in this manner. Who ever heard of any man crucifying his cook for dipping a finger to try the gravy, or even for ſwallowing a bit that he found ſavoury? If the maſter ſhould fly into a paſſion on ſuch an occaſion, he may clinch his fiſt, or perhaps go ſo far as to give a box on the ear; but he can never take it into his head, that a ſervant deſerves to be [e] hanged for ſuch a venial ſlip. So much for the firſt article of my indictment. I am aſham-

[e] Si quis eum ſervum, patinam qui tollere juſſus
Semeſos piſces, tepidumque ligurrierit jus,
In cruce ſuffigat; Labeone inſanior inter
Sanos dicatur. Hor. 1 Sat. iii. 80.

ed

ed of defending myſelf againſt ſo ſhameleſs an accuſation. Now I come to my pottery, my art of making men. As this charge carries with it a double edge, I know not very well againſt which of the two I am principally to guard myſelf. Am I to underſtand, that it would have been much better, if they had never been made at all, and had remained rude as they were, uninformed pieces of clay? Or, if ſuch beings muſt be produced, they ſhould have been contrived in a different manner? I ſhall ſay ſomething to each of theſe points. Firſt, I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, that the Gods have not only been no loſers by the exiſtence of men on the earth, but, on the contrary, that they have been very greatly benefited by it. In days of yore there were no other beings beſides the cæleſtials. And I hope every body will be better able to judge, by what I am going to ſay, whether I have been ſo highly to blame by this innovation. When the earth was without cultivation, it was of courſe a woody dreary wild. There were no temples in honour of the Gods, no altars nor ſtatues, no ſculpture, no carving, not one of that multitude of fine ſights which

are

are every where now held in ſuch admiration. For my part, I always ſtudy the publick good, wiſh for general improvement, and am particularly deſirous of ſetting off to the beſt advantage whatever relates to the Gods. For which reaſon I had a fancy to take a few bits of clay, and mould them into animals in ſhape reſembling ourſelves; for I thought the deities wanting in this, that, having no body to be compared to, their ſuperiority did not ſo evidently appear. With this view I thought proper to exhibit my mortals endowed with wiſdom, capable of deſign, and poſſeſſed of a good taſte. Accordingly having invoked the Goddeſs Minerva, begging of her to lend me a hand, I ſtirred about my earth and water, as [*f*] Heſiod preſcribes, till thoroughly mixed and incorporated. Such was this mighty affront given to the Gods. I hope you ſee it in a proper light. A great tranſgreſſion truly! Out of motionleſs clay I made living creatures! and from that moment, it ſeems forſooth, the Gods have been on the decline, and merely from that circumſtance! Is it this which Jupiter takes ſo

[*f*] Heſiodi Εργ. & Ημερ. στ.

in

in dudgeon? Surely he cannot ſuppoſe theſe men of mine, like the giants of old, inclined to revolt. For you yourſelf, Mercury, muſt allow, that neither my works nor I have ever done the leaſt harm to any of you. If you can prove the contrary, though in the ſlighteſt inſtance, I ſhall not ſay another word, but immediately acknowledge the juſtice of what I ſuffer. But it is impoſſible for you not to ſee, that the caſe is quite otherwiſe, and that the Gods have been gainers by my means. Only conſider, Sir, the earth does not now exhibit the face it did: you ſee fine cities; the ground is cultivated, and full of uſeful plants. The ſea is covered with ſhips, the iſlands are full of people; and you every where find altars, and offerings, and temples, and crowded aſſemblies. The ſtreets are [g] full of Jove, and the markets filled with men. If I had undertaken this manufacture with a view to only my own emolument, I might then have been cenſured for a ſelfiſh diſpoſition. But you ſee I have made my work publick to you all, conſulting the general good. One may ſee the temples of Jupiter,

[g] Jovis omnia plena. Virgil ex Arato.

and

and Apollo, and of you, Sir, every where: but who has ever ſeen a temple of Prometheus? and does this look like conſulting my own private intereſt, to the neglect of the publick? Put the caſe thus, Mercury, and ſettle in your own mind the real value of any work or poſſeſſion, which nobody elſe beſides the proprietor is to ſee, or commend, or know any thing about. What great pleaſure can there be in it? I make this remark, to put you in mind, that, when there were no men, there were no witneſſes to the beauty of the univerſe. To roll in riches, without exciting admiration, muſt be very inſipid. How can we make an eſtimate of our enjoyments, without any ſcale of comparifon? without ſeeing others leſs happy than ourſelves? Great is then only great, when it is meaſured with little. Notwithſtanding all this, you, whom it ſo well became to honour me for my ingenuity, have ſo far forgot yourſelves, as to hoiſt me up here on a gallows, becauſe truly I conſulted your advantage. But perhaps you will alledge, that there are of this new creation ſeveral perſons not altogether ſo good as they ſhould be; that they commit adultery, make

war, marry their own ſiſters, and enter into traiterous deſigns againſt their fathers. Allowing all this, I would fain aſk, whether we have had any dearth of ſuch [*b*] doings amongſt ourſelves. And yet old Cœlus and Terra, who firſt put us together, have never been blamed for it, as far as I know. Perhaps our continual employment in attending to ſo many various concerns of mortals may be urged as an objection to the propriety of their exiſtence. With equal reaſon might the ſhepherd quarrel with the care to be taken of his flock; which, though perfectly neceſſary and not a litttle laborious to him, is nevertheleſs no unpleaſant occupation. If we had no cares, no buſineſs to think of, I wonder how you would have us ſpend our time. We could not be for ever lounging, and ſtuffing ourſelves with nectar and ambroſia. What vexes me more than all the reſt is, that, though you find ſo much fault with the formation of theſe creatures, and particularly the female part of them, yet you are continually going down from above for the pleaſure of dangling after them. Why do you aſſume

[*b*] See Necyomanta. 3.

now

now and then the appearance of bulls, of ſatyrs, and ſwans, unleſs you wiſh to croſs the breed? But perhaps you will ſay, that you do not ſo much object to the making of men, as the manner of making them, too much reſembling ourſelves; I then beg leave to aſk you where I could have found a better pattern, than amongſt yourſelves, who are all ſo very good? You would not have had me make man void of reaſon, no better than a ſavage beaſt, incapable of ſacrifice, and unfit to do you any honour. I pray you, recollect yourſelves a little. Whenever you hear of their bringing hecatombs, are you not all alert? you are ready then to viſit your [i] honeſt Æthiopians, notwithſtanding they live ſo far off. Why then am I, I, who have been the means of obtaining for you ſo much honour, ſo many ſacrifices, why am I to be nailed to the gallows? I ſhall forbear adding any more on this particular. We will now, if you pleaſe, come to the fire, the ſtealing of which

[i] Hom. Il. A. 423.

The ſire of Gods, and all the æthereal train,
On the warm limits of the fartheſt main,
Now mix with mortals, nor diſdain to grace
The feaſts of Æthiopia's blameleſs race. Pope's Tranſ.

is

is ſo much caſt in my teeth. And do not, I beg and beſeech you by the Gods, do not be above anſwering me a queſtion. Have we, any of us, found any want of fire, ſince men have had the advantage of it? You will not aſſert any ſuch thing. Becauſe ſuch, I believe, is the nature of fire, that it is not made leſs by communication, not put out by lighting the candle of a neighbour. It would be the rankeſt envy and ill-nature to deny to thoſe in want what we can part with without any detriment to ourſelves. But Gods ought to be above ſuch ſpiteful paſſions; they ſhould be always good, always ready to give away [k] any thing they have. Even ſuppoſing me to have carried off all the fire you had, not leaving you ſo much as a ſingle ſpark, I do not ſee what great injury you could have ſuſtained by it. For you feel no cold; you neither want fire to warm yourſelves, nor to cook your ambroſia, and you never work by candle light. Very different is the ſituation of mankind, who are obliged con-

[k] Hom. Od. 8. v. 325. δωτηρες ἑαων, where it is obſervable, that Mercury, who is a notorious thief, is particularly diſtinguiſhed for his munificence. Lightly gotten, lightly gone.

tinually to avail themſelves of the uſe of fire; particularly in ſacrifices, in burning incenſe, and roaſting whole ſurloins upon your altars. I can ſee very well, that you are not a little pleaſed, and think it a very delicious repaſt, to ſit in your ſkies, and enjoy the odour, as it aſcends in a volume of ſmoke. This accuſation therefore muſt make directly againſt your own wiſhes. I wonder you do not forbid the ſun to ſhine on mankind. His is heavenly fire, and has a great deal more efficacy than mine. Or do you blame him too for waſting and alienating your property? I have now done. Only, if you two Gods, or either of you, have any thing to object to my arguments, I beg you will mention it; after which I will make a reply.

MERCURY.

You are ſo able a pleader, that it is no eaſy matter to contend with you. But you may think yourſelf happy, that Jupiter has not heard this apology of yours. If he had, you have defended yourſelf ſo much at his expence, that, I am very ſure, you would not have had leſs

leſs than ſixteen vultures digging in your inſide all at once. Indeed, I wonder, as you are a prophet, you did not foreſee, that you would be puniſhed in this manner.

PROMETHEUS.

I did know it, Mercury, very well. And more than that I know, that I am to be ſet at liberty ere long. A certain friend of yours from Thebes will repair hither with his arrows, and diſpatch the eagle, which, you ſay, is coming down to faſten on my liver.

MERCURY.

I wiſh it may prove ſo. I ſhould be very glad, I am ſure, for my part, to ſee you reſtored to you liberty, and ſet down to a good dinner among us again. I mean, if you do not carve it.

PROMETHEUS.

What I ſay you may be aſſured of. I mean to render Jove an eſſential ſervice, for which he will ſet me at liberty. Then we ſhall enjoy ourſelves together.

MERCURY.

Eſſential ſervice! what ſervice can you be of to him?

PROMETHEUS.

Pray, Mercury, do you know one Thetis? It is not proper to ſay more. You will excuſe my reſerve on a ſubject, which is to be the price of my forgiveneſs.

MERCURY.

O I beg you will keep the ſecret, if you think it will do you any good. We muſt be gone, Vulcan; for here comes the Eagle. Now, Prometheus, you have need of your fortitude. I wiſh the Theban would come with his bow and arrows, that you might be rid of this ravenous bird!

JUPI-

JUPITER and MERCURY.

JUPITER.

DO you know the handſome daughter of Inachus, Mercury?

MERCURY.

Yes, to be ſure, I do; you mean Io.

JUPITER.

She is become a heifer.

MERCURY.

You aſtoniſh me: how could that happen?

JUPITER.

That happened becauſe Juno happened to be jealous, and has hit off this new method of plaguing a poor girl by transforming her into a heifer. She has ſent her a grazing, and given the charge of her to the many-eyed Argus, a herdſman who never ſleeps.

MERCURY.

What is to be done then?

JUPITER.

I will tell you what is to be done. Do you wing your way to Nemea, where you will find Argus, and there make an end of him. Then bring Io by ſea into Ægypt, and ſhe ſhall be Iſis. She will do very well for the Goddeſs of the Ægyptians. They may apply to her in their emergencies, when they want the Nile to water their grounds, and when they long for a fair wind, or a ſafe voyage.

The JUDGMENT of the GODDESSES.

JUPITER, MERCURY, JUNO, MINERVA, VENUS, PARIS.

JUPITER.

DO you, Mercury, take this apple, and go into Phrygia to Paris the ſon of Priam. You will find him attending his cattle, which graze

graze on Gargarus, one of the tops of Mount Ida. He is a very pretty fellow, and well-informed in queſtions relating to love. You are therefore to requeſt of him, in my name, to determine which of theſe three Goddeſſes is the moſt beautiful. She, in whoſe favour he ſhall decide, is to have the apple. Go, ladies, and be judged by him. It would not be pleaſant to determine this diſpute myſelf, becauſe I have the ſame good liking for all three, and, if it were poſſible, could wiſh every one of you to prevail in the conteſt. Beſides, there is this diſagreeable circumſtance attending it, that the victory of any one enſures the hatred of the other two. For which and other reaſons I cannot think of taking this deciſion upon myſelf. But I think the young Phrygian, to whom I recommend you, an arbiter unexceptionable. He is the ſon of a king, and the couſin of Ganymede; his abode is in the mountains; and he leads a life of ſuch ſimplicity, that you need not ſcruple exhibiting whatever you have to ſhew.

VENUS.

For my part, Jupiter, I can only ſay, that it would give me no concern, though you ſhould delegate Momus to be judge. For what fault could he poſſibly find with me? But I ſuppoſe my competitors would be glad to have a man to their own liking.

JUNO.

We are no more afraid than you, Madam. Let Mars, your friend Mars, with all our hearts, be the judge; or any body elſe, Paris, with all our hearts!

JUPITER.

What do you ſay, daughter? you bluſh, and turn away your face. Very well; virgin modeſty is commendable; however, you nod, and ſilence gives conſent. Away with you then. One thing I muſt inſiſt on, that you will not be angry with the young man, you who do not ſucceed. For it is impoſſible for you all to have the preference.

MER-

MERCURY.

Let us ſet out for Phrygia directly. I will ſhew you the way. Come along, hold up your heads. I am well acquainted with Paris, and a very pretty fellow he is. A fitter perſon could not be found to make your appeal to: you need not fear his doing juſtice.

VENUS.

So far all is very well, and juſt as one would wiſh it. But pray, Sir, has Paris a wife, or is he a bachelor?

MERCURY.

I cannot tell exactly what anſwer to make to that queſtion.

VENUS.

What do you ſay?

MERCURY.

I have nothing to ſay, except that I think there is a woman of Ida, who lives with him. She is paſſable enough to be ſure, conſidering that

that ſhe is quite a ruſtick, who has never ſeen any thing beyond her native mountains. He does not ſeem to care much about her—but what is your reaſon for aſking?

VENUS.

O nothing at all: I only wanted to know.

MINERVA.

Hark you, Sir, this is going beyond your commiſſion. What buſineſs have you to be conferring in private with her?

MERCURY.

I ſaid nothing, I do aſſure you, Minerva, that you need to be alarmed at. She only aſked me whether Paris was married.

MINERVA.

What was that to her?

MERCURY.

I do not know. She told me, ſhe only ſaid what came uppermoſt, and had no deſign in it.

MINERVA.

MINERVA.

And pray how is it? is he a bachelor?

MERCURY.

I ſhould rather think not.

MINERVA.

Has he any taſte for military atchievements, do you think? any paſſion for glory? or do you look upon him as a downright countryman, a mere cowherd?

MERCURY.

It is not in my power to give you an anſwer. But, being a young man, I ſhould think, he would not diſlike to be diſtinguiſhed in arms.

VENUS.

See there! Who takes the young man aſide now? not that I mind your whiſpering. I am Venus, not in a pet, not complaining I know not why.

MER-

MERCURY.

She has talked to me much in the manner you did, ſo that you have no occaſion to be angry, or think yourſelf at all ill-uſed; for I have given her juſt the ſame ſimple anſwers. But behold! during all this converſation we have got a great way forward on our journey. The ſtars are left far behind us, and we cannot be far from Phrygia. There it is before us. I can ſee Ida, and Gargarus all over very plain. And yonder, if I am not miſtaken, is Paris, who is to be your judge.

JUNO.

Where? where is he? I do not ſee him.

MERCURY.

Look to the left. There, on the riſing of the hill. Do not look ſo high. Do not you ſee the cave yonder, and the cattle?

JUNO.

No.

MER-

MERCURY.

No! mind where I point my finger. Do not you ſee ſome little cows a good way off, which ſeem to be coming from the middle of the rock? And do not you ſee ſomebody with a ſtick in his hand, running after them down the hill, to keep them in order?

JUNO.

O yes; I ſee ſomebody. Is that he?

MERCURY.

Yes, that is he. But we are now ſo near the earth, that, if you pleaſe, we will ſtep down, and walk up to him, that we may not alarm the young man, by pouncing down upon him from over his head.

JUNO.

Right, let us do ſo. And now we are down, Venus will be ſo kind as to ſhew us the way. I believe, madam, you were no ſtranger here in the days of Anchiſes.

VENUS.

VENUS.

You may be juſt as witty as you pleaſe; it has very little effect upon me, Juno, I aſſure you.

MERCURY.

I will be your guide. I have often had occaſion to be on Mount Ida, on Jupiter's errands, when a young Phrygian, a favourite of his, reſided there. When Jupiter uſed to go from home in his eagle's dreſs, my buſineſs was to attend his flight, and aſſiſt in obtaining his object. If I remember right, it was from that point of the rock there, that Ganymede was carried off. He was tending his flock, and playing on his pipe, when Jupiter came down ſwoop behind him. Faſtening on his turban with his beak, and holding him in his claws as gently as poſſible, he bore aloft the poor boy frightened almoſt out of his wits, ſtruggling and turning his face with looks of [l] aſtoniſhment. I remember I picked up the whiſtle, which he had let fall in his fright. But here

[l] See the dog of Ganymedes raptus in Sandby's Virgil.

is

is your judge, and we muſt addreſs ourſelves to him. Herdſman, your ſervant.

PARIS.

Yours. But I do not know you, young man. Who are you? and what women are theſe you bring with you? they are quite ſtrangers to me. How beautiful they are!

MERCURY.

Theſe are not women. They are Juno, Minerva, and Venus; and I am Mercury, whom Jupiter has ſent along with them. But what makes you tremble, and look ſo pale? You have nothing to fear. The matter is no more than this: Jupiter commiſſions you to be a judge of their beauyt. He ſays, you are a beauty yourſelf, and very competent to give an opinion. So I commit them to your examination. You will ſee what prize they contend for, if you look at this apple.

PARIS.

Let me ſee. What are theſe words upon it? "Let the faireſt have it." It cannot be, I proteſt,

Mr. Mercury [*m*], that I a mere mortal, I quite a ruſtick, ſhould be allowed to judge in a caſe like this. It is quite out of my way. So rare a ſight as this is worthy the moſt courtly critick. If indeed it were a queſtion of precedency relating to goats, or heifers, then I might have ſomething to ſay. But as to theſe beauties before my eyes, it would be prepoſterous for an unpoliſhed Herdſman to give any opinion. They are all ſo fine, I cannot help looking at them; and where once I fix my eyes, there they love to ſtay; ſo that it is difficult to paſs them from one to another. All are ſo attracting, the charms of all are ſo tranſcendant, that I know not how to contain myſelf. I wiſh I had as many eyes as Argus, that every part of me might gaze at once. Really I know not what to ſay: they muſt ſhare the apple amongſt them, I think. For, beſides other difficulties, there is this additional one in my way. Juno is at the ſame time the ſiſter and wife of Jove, and the other two are his daughters. It is a tickliſh buſineſs.

[*m*] ὦ διστόλα Ἑρμῆ.

MER-

MERCURY.

I do not know how tickliſh it is; but this I know, that you muſt not pretend to ſhuffle, or excuſe yourſelf. Jupiter's orders are peremptory.

PARIS.

I wiſh, Mercury, you could bring about one thing for me. As two out of the three may not happen to be over-well pleaſed, cannot you perſuade them, that my eye-ſight is none of the beſt, and, if they find themſelves aggrieved by my deciſion, to charge it to that?

MERCURY.

They are all provided, I dare ſay, with that conſideration before-hand. So you have nothing to do but proceed to buſineſs.

PARIS.

Then I muſt do as well as I can. But, firſt of all, let me aſk you, whether I am to judge from their preſent appearance, or whether it would not be better for them all to ſtrip, that I might

examine their reſpective pretenſions with the greater accuracy?

MERCURY.

That may be as you think beſt. You are the judge, and can give ſuch directions as you like with regard to that.

PARIS.

May I, indeed? If it depends upon me, they ſhall ſtrip moſt certainly.

MERCURY.

Strip, goddeſſes, ſtrip! Now, Paris, you may inſpect them. You ſee, I have turned my head another way.

VENUS.

You are right, Paris, quite right, and I will be the firſt to oblige you. You ſhall be convinced, that I have more than white arms, or [n] ox-like eyes, to value myſelf upon. I am all of a piece, man, beauty all over.

[n] Λευκωλενος Ηρη, βοωπις θεαινα Ηρη. Hom. paſſim.

MI-

MINERVA.

I desire, Paris, that in the first place she may lay aside her cestus, that you may not be bewitched with it; for, you must know, she is an enchantress. Besides, I see no reason for all that paint. She looks if she were no better than she should be.

PARIS.

True, very true. Off with your cestus, Venus.

VENUS.

And pray, Madam, why do not you pull off your helmet, and let us see your head? you are enough to frighten the judge, shaking your crest so. But perhaps you cannot depend on those blue eyes of yours, and wish to over-awe him.

MINERVA.

My helmet is laid aside, you see.

VENUS.

And my cestus.

JUNO.

Now for a general diſplay!

PARIS.

O Jupiter, the worker of wonders! what do I here behold! what beauty, what joy! what a charming maid! how majeſtick, how commanding an aſpect! a dignity worthy of Jove! what a ſweetneſs in her eyes! what a delicious ſmile! I am a happy fellow. But ſtop—let me view you ſeparate: the ſight of you thus together is enough to diſtract me. I am ſo bewildered, I know not which way to turn my eyes.

VENUS.

Let us do as he deſires us.

PARIS.

Retire then, you two, and leave Juno with me.

JUNO.

Well, ſir, here am I. But hark you, Paris; beſides looking at me, it may be worth your while to conſider what I have to beſtow. If you

you adjudge the prize to me, I mean to make you lord of all Aſia.

PARIS.

O, I am not to be biaſſed ſo. Step aſide. Impartial juſtice is the word. Now, Minerva, do you advance.

MINERVA.

Here I am. If you will give me the preference here, you ſhall have it every where. You ſhall be a warrior always diſtinguiſhed, always victorious. I will take care of that.

PARIS.

I am very much obliged to you, Minerva; but I do not ſee any buſineſs I have with war at preſent, as nobody is invading my father's dominions, and Lydia and Phrygia are in a ſtate of profound peace. However, do not mind that; you ſhall have juſtice done you, though I pay no regard to your promiſes. You may reſume your dreſs, and your helmet. Now is Venus's turn.

VENUS.

I am Venus; and I beg you will examine me very carefully. I wiſh you to be very particular, omitting nothing. But ſtay, young man; you are very handſome, and I have ſomething to ſay to you. Many a time have I lamented to ſee ſo fine a youth as you, hardly to be equalled in all Phrygia; many a time have I ſaid to myſelf, what a pity it was, that you ſhould be loſt to the world in theſe wild mountains, and that you could not be prevailed on to appear in faſhionable life. Indeed, it grieves me to think of it. What can you expect amidſt theſe lonely hills? Will your cattle be the better tended, becauſe their keeper is ſo handſome? You ought, in my opinion, to have been married before now. Not to ſome Hoyden, bred on Mount Ida; no, I do not mean that. You ſhould have had a Græcian bride from Argi, or Corinth, or Sparta. Helen, for example; what do you think of her? In Helen you will obtain a Venus, For I am very ſure, if ſhe once get a ſight of you, ſhe would give up every conſideration, to go and live with you.

But

But you have heard of Helen: it is impoſſible for you not to have heard of Helen.

PARIS.

I never heard a word about her before now, I aſſure you; but I ſhould be glad to know what you can tell me of her.

VENUS.

Helen is the daughter of Leda, the beautiful Leda, whom Jupiter viſited in the ſhape of a ſwan.

PARIS.

What kind of complexion has ſhe?

VENUS.

She is fair, as one might expect the daughter of a ſwan, and tender as the nurſeling of an egg. She is conſtant at the palæſtra, prepared for conteſt. While a mere child, ſhe was the occaſion of a war, when Theſeus carried her off. And afterwards, when ſhe was grown up, and her charms were ripened to perfection, all the great men of Greece without exception became

her ſuitors; amongſt the reſt Menelaus, of the race of Pelops, who was preferred. Should you like to have her? If you will, I can bring it about.

PARIS.

Bring about what? would you have me marry a woman, who is married already?

VENUS.

You are a raw unexperienced youth. But I know how it may be done.

PARIS.

Then tell me; for I long to know.

VENUS.

I will. You ſhall travel into Greece, on a pretence of ſeeing the country. Helen will there have an opportunity of ſeeing you. After that, you may leave me to manage the buſineſs. I will take care, that ſhe ſhall not only fall in love with you, but follow you away.

PARIS.

PARIS.

Impoſſible! leave her huſband, and venture on the ſea with a ſtranger, a barbarian!

VENUS.

Fear nothing; rely upon me. I have two fair children, Love, and Lovelineſs; they ſhall guide your ſteps. The former ſhall excite in her a paſſion invincible. The latter ſhall envelop you all over, and make you, what he is himſelf, the object of deſire. I too will be at hand, entreating the graces to go along with us. Againſt ſo many of us ſhe cannot poſſibly hold out.

PARIS.

How this matter is to end, I cannot pretend to ſay. But I find myſelf already enamoured of her. I think I ſee her at this moment. I am ſailing to Greece, I am arrived at Sparta, I have carried off my prize—why is all this no more than imagination?

VENUS.

VENUS.

Not ſo faſt, Paris. You cannot do leſs than firſt give me your bride-maid an opportunity of celebrating my own victory. I am to bring the matter about, you know. Your ſucceſs depends on mine. With this apple you purchaſe love, and beauty, and a bride!

PARIS.

You will not think of me, when once I have given judgment in your favour?

VENUS.

Would you have me ſwear?

PARIS.

No, no, you need not ſwear; but you may as well promiſe me over again.

VENUS.

I do promiſe you, that Helen ſhall be yours. I will ſee her delivered up to you, and ſhe ſhall follow you as far as Ilium. Through the whole buſineſs you may depend on me.

PARIS.

PARIS.

And will you bring with you Love, and Loveliness, and the Graces?

VENUS.

Ay, and Desire, and Hymen, into the bargain.

PARIS.

On these conditions the apple is yours. Take it.

MERCURY and MAIA.

MERCURY.

WHAT a miserable being am I! O mother, does any other of the immortals lead a life like mine?

MAIA.

What do you mean by running on at this rate?

MER-

MERCURY.

Mean! Madam, it is impoſſible to forbear! ſo much as I have to do, and not a ſoul to help me! I am quite, quite diſtracted and tired out. Early in the morning I muſt be up to ſweep the great room. The moment I have ſpread the carpet, got every thing in readineſs for the meeting of the council, then I am to wait upon Jupiter, to receive his diſpatches in my quality of courier. Theſe diſpatches of his employ me every day. I am obliged to go backwards and forwards, up and down, hither and thither, till at laſt I return all over duſt, and almoſt ſpent. Then the Ambroſia is to be ſerved up. Nay, before this late acquiſition of his, before this new butler came, I was the perſon to pour out the nectar. And, which to me is worſe than all, I am the only one who cannot have a wink of ſleep. For at night, when I might expect to be in bed, then I am ſent down to Pluto with the dead, and obliged to be preſent at the infernal court. As if my employments all day amounted to a mere nothing, ſuch as my attending the palæſtra, my office in the

the aſſemblies as common crier, my teaching rhetorick; as if doing all this were doing nothing, I have a hundred things to think of reſpecting the dead. The two children of Leda are permitted to take their turns in Heaven and Hell; but, as for me, I am obliged to be on conſtant duty in both places every day and night of my life. The children of Alcmene and Semele, mere mortal women, can feaſt and enjoy themſelves free from all care: while Mercury, the ſon of Maia, the daughter of Atlas, Mercury forſooth muſt wait upon them! It was but juſt now, I had hardly got back from Sidon, having been ſent thither to ſee how the daughter of Cadmus went on; before I had well time to recover my breath, away he ſends me to Argi, to ſee Danae. And when you are there, ſays he, you may juſt croſs over into Bœotia, and call upon Antiope. In ſhort, I have ſuch ſevere duty, that I am quite ſick of it, and ſhould be very glad to be ſent to market, for the chance of a better maſter; as the priviledge is among mortal ſlaves, when they complain of being hardly treated.

MAIA.

MAIA.

I muſt hear no more of this. You are young, my boy; and it is very proper for you to mind your father. He orders you to go to Argi:—do ſo, then; and from Argi make all the haſte you can to Bœotia. Any perſon in love is very ſoon provoked; and you may repent of your loitering.

APOLLO and MERCURY.

APOLLO.

PRAY, Mercury, do you know which of theſe two is Caſtor, and which is Pollux? for I proteſt I can ſee no difference between them.

MERCURY.

He that was with us yeſterday is Caſtor; and the other here is Pollux.

APOLLO.

They are ſo much alike, I wonder how you diſtinguiſh them.

MERCURY.

O, very eaſily. The face of one of them, you ſee, is all over ſcars: he is a boxer, and has been thumped and bruiſed to ſome purpoſe; eſpecially by Amycus [o] the Bebrycian, when he went on the expedition with Jaſon. But his brother has no ſuch diſtinction to ſhew: his ſkin is clear of ſpots, and his face unblemiſhed.

APOLLO.

I thank you for your information. But in moſt reſpects I ſtill think them as much alike as the two halves of an egg. Each has a ſtar over his head; each has a javelin in his hand;

[o] Amycus was king of Bebrycia. His cuſtom was to inveigle ſtrangers into a wood, on pretence of entertaining them with feats of activity; while his real deſign was to murder them. In Pollux he happened to meet with more than his match; for Pollux killed him, and was thence called Αμυκιδοκτονος.

and

and they ride on white horſes exactly alike. I aſſure you I have often miſtaken the one for the other, calling Pollux Caſtor, and Caſtor Pollux. And pray tell me what is the reaſon that we never have the company of both together at the ſame time? We have them by halves. They are god and mortal, each in his turn.

MERCURY.

Very true; and it was occaſioned by their affection for each other. One of the twins of Leda being of neceſſity doomed to die, while the other was to be immortal, they came to an amicable agreement to ſhare the immortality between them.

APOLLO.

I do not think they acted diſcreetly. Their principal object, I ſuppoſe, was the pleaſure of ſeeing each other; which cannot be, when one is conſtantly with us above, and the other as conſtantly below. There is another thing to be conſidered; as we are none of us idle, but every one has a proper employment. I want to know what ſervice Caſtor and Pollux can do, either

either for gods or men. I foretell future events; Æſculapius cures diſeaſes; you profeſs wreſtling; Diana practiſes midwifery: but what do they do? They are ſtout enough, I am ſure. Are they to lounge away their whole time in eating and drinking?

MERCURY.

No ſurely; they are engaged in the ſervice of Neptune. Their buſineſs is to ride about upon the ſea; and, in caſe of a ſtorm, they are to take charge of any ſhip that may be in diſtreſs, and to ſave the lives of thoſe on board.

APOLLO.

Now you ſay ſomething. I am glad to hear of their being ſo well employed.

DORIS and GALATEA.

DORIS.

THEY ſay, Galatea, that fine ſwain of yours, the Sicilian ſhepherd, is diſtractedly in love with you.

GALATEA.

None of your airs, Madam Doris. My Sicilian ſwain, as you pleaſe to call him, is the ſon of Neptune.

DORIS.

He may be the ſon of Jupiter himſelf, for any thing I care. But I hope you will not deny that he is an ugly unmannerly clown, unleſs you think that his being of ſo great a family makes amends for his having only one eye in his head.

GALATEA.

He is not that ugly unmannerly clown that you may think him. Let me tell you, Doris, there is ſomething very manly in him. And

as

as to his one eye, I am ſure it is a very great ornament to his face, and he ſees as well with it as if he had two.

DORIS.

By what you ſay, I fancy you are no leſs in love with him than he with you.

GALATEA.

I in love with Polyphemus! Not I indeed. But you are ſo given to ſcandal, there is no enduring you. However, I can gueſs pretty well from whence all this envy proceeds. He happened once upon a time, as he was feeding his flock, to ſee us all at play together. He was high upon an eminence of Mount Æ'na, and we were below at the bottom of the hill, where there is a long range of coaſt between it and the ſea. He took no notice of you, you know; but directed his eye to me, as the beauty of the company. That vexes you; and to be ſure you have reaſon. It was very plain, that he conſidered me as an object of love; and that he did not think you worth looking at.

DORIS.

A ſhepherd without an eye thought you handſome! And, truly, you are envied for that! And what was it, think you, that he liked you for? O, I beg your pardon; you have a white ſkin, forſooth; and Polyphemus is ſo uſed to milk and cheeſe, that he praiſes every thing that looks pale. But if you really wiſh to form a proper judgement of your face, let me adviſe you, ſome calm day, to bend down your neck from a rock over the ſea. If you do ſee a white ſkin, that will not make you a beauty. For what is white without red to enliven it?

GALATEA.

My complexion, ſuch as it is, has got me a lover; which is more than any one of you beſides me can ſay. Neither ſhepherd, nor ſailor, nor bargeman, admires you, Doris. Do you know, that Polyphemus, beſides having other accompliſhments, excels in muſick?

DORIS.

Pray, Galatea, ſay no more. I lately had a ſpecimen of your lover's muſick at your entertainment,

tainment, you remember. Propitious Venus! how much outdone by the braying of an aſs! and his lyre was like himſelf!—it was made of the ſcull of a deer, of which the horns ſerved for handles. The ſtrings were all untuned. Poſſeſſed of this inſtrument, he played and ſang moſt furiouſly; while the ſinger and the player, at variance with each other, equally outraged all melody. When he recited his amorous ſonnet, to refrain from laughter "exceeded all "power of face." So horrid was his noiſe, that even Echo, goſſip as ſhe is, was mighty lothe to make any reply to it. She really ſeemed aſhamed of repeating any thing ſo rude and uncouth. To mend the matter, the dear creature had got under his arm, for a play-thing, the cub of a bear, almoſt as rough as himſelf. And who but muſt envy Galatea?

GALATEA.

Why do not you let us have a ſight of your admirer, Doris? No doubt he is much handſomer than Polyphemus, and plays and ſings better beyond all compariſon!

DORIS.

If you come to that, I own I have no lover at all, nor pretend to any. Much good may it do you with yours, ſay I. I hear he emits a delicious odour, ſcarcely inferior to that of a goat; and his victuals will require no dreſſing, for he can make a very good meal on a traveller, I underſtand. Take him, take your Cyclops, and make much of him.

ALPHEUS and NEPTUNE.

NEPTUNE.

HOW happens it, Alpheus, that you alone, of all the rivers that run into the ſea, do not mix with the ſalt water? You never ſtop to make the leaſt communication; but, keeping yourſelf to yourſelf, and your current as ſweet as ever, down you go like a gull or a heron, popping up again by and by, juſt as they do.

ALPHEUS.

ALPHEUS.

It is a love affair; ſay nothing about it. You have been often in love yourſelf, you know.

NEPTUNE.

May I know the object of your love? Is it a woman, or a nymph? Or perhaps you aſpire to a Nereid [*l*].

ALPHEUS.

No, no; a fountain will do for me.

NEPTUNE.

A fountain! and where does it flow?

ALPHEUS.

My fountain is a fountain of Sicily, by name Arethuſa.

NEPTUNE.

I know the fountain you admire very well.

[*l*] A nymph compared to a Nereid is as a river to a ſea.

Arethuſa is very bright indeed, clear and tranſparent, bubbling up from a fine bottom; a ſilver pool, in which not a pebble is unſeen.

ALPHEUS.

I perceive you are very well acquainted with the fountain to which I am going.

NEPTUNE.

Yes; but go, get you gone, and be happy in your love. But I wonder where you could get acquainted with Arethuſa: you are an Arcadian; and Arethuſa, a Sicilian!

ALPHEUS.

Do not detain me with your wondering. I cannot ſtay to anſwer impertinent queſtions.

NEPTUNE.

I beg your pardon. Go along. Emerge from the ſea, and become one water with your beloved fountain.

PANOPE

PANOPE and GALENE.

PANOPE.

DID you obſerve, Galene, the behaviour of the goddeſs Diſcord yeſterday? There was a ſupper in Theſſaly, to which ſhe was not invited.

GALENE.

I know nothing of the matter; for I was not there any more than ſhe. Neptune had given me orders to ſtay at home and keep the ſea quiet. What did ſhe do?

PANOPE.

I will tell you. Thetis and Peleus were retired to their chamber, being conducted to it by Amphitrite and Neptune. In the mean time, without any body's perceiving it (which is not at all to be wondered at, conſidering how the whole company was engaged in drinking, dancing, playing, and ſinging), Diſcord took the opportunity of toſſing in amongſt them a moſt beautiful apple, all over gold, with this inſcription:

inſcription: FOR THE FAIR ONE. This apple went rolling along till it came, as if by deſign, where Juno, and Venus, and Minerva, were ſitting. Mercury directly picked it up, and read the inſcription. In the preſence of the goddeſſes, we Nereids, you know, could have nothing to ſay on the occaſion. But they did not loſe a moment. Every one at once claimed the apple as her own, and with ſuch vehemence, that, if Jupiter had not been there to part them, they would certainly have gone to blows about it. For my part, ſays Jupiter, I ſhall not take upon me to determine this matter. (You muſt know, they all begged and prayed that he would.) I ſhall ſend you to Mount Ida to the ſon of Priam. Priam's ſon is a young man of taſte, and cannot fail to do you juſtice.

GALENE.

And did they mind what he ſaid?

PANOPE.

This very day they are gone, I believe; and of courſe we ſhall ſoon hear who carries off the prize.

GALENE.

GALENE.

O, it muſt be Venus, I am ſure, if the judge has the perfect uſe of his eyes.

TRITON, AMYMONE, and NEPTUNE.

TRITON.

THERE is a young woman, who comes every day to Lerna, to fetch water, a very pretty body;---I do not know that I have ever ſeen a finer girl in my life.

NEPTUNE.

A gentlewoman? or only a ſervant ſent to fetch water?

TRITON.

No ſervant, Neptune, believe me. She is one of the fifty daughters of Danaus; her name is Amymone. I have enquired into the particulars.

culars. Danaus, I hear, is very ſtrict with his daughters, and brings them all up to work. He ſends them to fetch water, and employs them in any other buſineſs which he thinks will make them notable.

NEPTUNE.

Does ſhe come alone? It is a long way from Argi to Lerna.

TRITON.

All alone. The ſoil of the Argives, you know, is very dry; ſo that they are continually in want of water.

NEPTUNE.

You have put me all into a flutter by what you have ſaid. Let us go to her.

TRITON.

With all my heart; this is her time of coming, and I ſuppoſe her to be now about half way to Lerna.

NEPTUNE.

NEPTUNE.

Make haſte with the chariot. Stay; it will be ſome time before you can put-to the horſes, and have the carriage in proper order. Rather get me a dolphin, one of the ſwifteſt, that I may go in a trice!

TRITON.

Here he is; the very dolphin you wiſh for!

NEPTUNE.

Very well; then let us be gone. You can ſwim by my ſide; and, when we come to Lerna, I ſhall be upon the watch. Do you mind when ſhe comes.

TRITON.

Here ſhe is!

NEPTUNE.

A very beautiful young woman, indeed! She muſt not eſcape.

AMYMONE.

AMYMONE.

Do you mean to kidnap me, Sir? You are an emiſſary, I ſuppoſe, of my uncle Ægyptus. But I will call my father.

TRITON.

Be eaſy, Amymone, hold your tongue; this is Neptune.

AMYMONE.

And pray what is Neptune to me? Hold off your hands, Sir. Dear me, you will drag me into the water!—I ſhall be drowned in the ſea!

NEPTUNE.

Never fear; you ſhall not come to any harm. I will ſtrike this rock with my trident juſt by where you ſee the pool, and cauſe a fountain to ſpring up; which fountain ſhall be called by your name. You will be very happy; and not obliged, like the reſt of your ſiſters, to carry water after you are dead.

NOTUS.

NOTUS and ZEPHYRUS.

NOTUS.

SO then, Zephyrus, that heifer, which Mercury is conducting over the water into Ægypt, is a favourite of Jupiter?

ZEPHYRUS.

You conjecture very right. But the heifer was no heifer when Jupiter was pleaſed with her. She was then the daughter of the river Inachus. It was Juno, who, ſeeing her huſband ſo very fond of her, thought proper to give her the ſhape which ſhe now has.

NOTUS.

And does he ſtill continue to love her?

ZEPHYRUS.

Very much. He has charged us by no means to diſturb the tranquillity of the ſea now that ſhe is on her voyage to Ægypt. She goes to Ægypt to lie-in; after which, ſhe and her offſpring are to be deified.

NOTUS.

A heifer made a goddeſs!

ZEPHYRUS.

Yes, Notus, as ſure as you are there. More than that, Mercury told me, that ſhe is to take cognizance of all that ſail on the ſea, with ſovereign authority over every wind; ſo that we muſt all of us hereafter blow, or not blow, juſt as ſhe pleaſes.

NOTUS.

If that is the caſe, we muſt treat her with proper reſpect, that ſhe may be kind to us.

ZEPHYRUS.

Mind her! ſhe has already completed her voyage! She is fairly landed, and is no longer upon four legs! Mercury, it ſeems, has ſet her upright, and a very handſome woman ſhe is!

NOTUS.

Aſtoniſhing! What is become of the horns, and tail, and cloven feet? She is now a moſt lovely

lovely young woman. But what can this mean? Mercury at the ſame time has metamorphoſed himſelf. He no longer looks like a young man, for he has got the face of a dog.

ZEPHYRUS.

You and I muſt not be too curious in our enquiries: he has good reaſons, no doubt, for what he does.

IRIS and NEPTUNE.

IRIS.

THAT vagabond iſland, which was broken off from Sicily, ſtill continues floating about covered with waves; but it is Jupiter's pleaſure that it ſhall not do ſo any longer. He ſays, it muſt now be fixed, and aſſume a conſpicuous ſtation in the Ægæan ſea. For ſo need requires.

NEPTUNE.

It ſhall be done directly, Iris. But I wonder

what advantage he can propoſe to himſelf by it. What difference can it make to Jupiter, whether it be ſtationary above the water, or float about below?

IRIS.

I can tell you, Latona is in labour, and wants to be brought-to-bed upon it.

NEPTUNE.

And pray, Iris, can neither Heaven nor Earth find room for Latona, but ſhe muſt——

IRIS.

No, no, I tell you, no. Juno took care to bind the earth, by the moſt ſolemn oath, not to entertain her on the occaſion. But this iſland, you underſtand, this iſland, being under water at the time, is not ſuppoſed to be included in the engagement.

NEPTUNE.

O now I begin to underſtand you. Stop, iſland, come up again, and go down no more from this moment. Stay here, and enjoy the happineſs of taking under your protection a couple of my nephews, Jupiter's own ſons, as

fine gods as need to be. You Tritons are to conduct Latona to the place prepared for her delivery, and take care that there be a perfect calm. As ſoon as the infants ſee the light, they will attack the [q] ſerpent which ſo much annoys their mother, and revenge her wrongs. Do you make haſte back to Jupiter, and tell him every thing is ready. Delos is now ſtationary; and Latona may come, and lie-in upon it, as ſoon as ſhe pleaſes.

DORIS and THETIS.

DORIS.

WHAT makes you weep, Thetis?

THETIS.

O Doris, I have ſeen a moſt beautiful young woman, together with her new-born babe, ſhut up in a cheſt, which her father has ordered the ſailors to take out a good way to ſea,

[q] The Python ſlain by Apollo, in memory of which the Pythian games were inſtituted. Ovidii Metam.

and then ſink it. So the poor mother and child muſt periſh together!

DORIS.

Why ſo, ſiſter? Are you acquainted with the circumſtances of the ſtory?

THETIS.

Acriſius had a very handſome daughter, and, having a mind that ſhe ſhould continue a virgin, he ſhut her up in a brazen chamber. What fell out after this, I cannot pretend to ſay. But the ſtory goes, that Jupiter, being transformed into a ſhower of gold, rained in upon her through the roof of her apartment; and that, in conſequence of this ſhower, ſhe found herſelf with child. With which the ſuſpicious father was no ſooner made acquainted, than he flew into a violent rage, thinking his child had been ſeduced. In ſhort, ſhe was no ſooner delivered, than he ordered her and her child to be ſhut up together in a cheſt.

DORIS.

And how did ſhe behave herſelf on the occaſion?

THE

THETIS.

On her own account ſhe did not ſo much as utter a word, but bore her ſufferings with the greateſt patience. Her babe was her only concern. His death ſhe deprecated of his grandfather with many tears, ſhewing him what a fine child he was. While the infant, ignorant of his fate, ſmiled at the waves, and diverted himſelf with ſeeing his danger. I weep to think of it.

DORIS.

And you make me weep. Were they both drowned?

THETIS.

Neither of them. The cheſt is ſtill floating about Seriphus, and they are in it both alive.

DORIS.

Why cannot we interfere? The cheſt may fall into the nets of the Seriphian fiſhermen, and come ſafe to land.

THETIS.

Very well; let us order it ſo. He is a fine child; and it were a pity, that either he or his mother ſhould periſh in the ſea.

TRITON and the NEREIDS.

TRITON.

THAT ſea-monſter, which you Nereids ſent to deſtroy Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus, did her no manner of harm, whatever you may ſuppoſe; on the contrary he, not ſhe, is dead.

NEREIDS.

Dead! who killed him? Did Cepheus lie in wait, with a ſufficient force to ſurpriſe and ſlay him? The young woman, I ſuppoſe, was made uſe of as a bait, to draw him into the ſnare.

TRITON.

No ſuch thing. You know Perſeus, the ſon of Danae; you cannot but know him, Iphianaſſa.

naſſa. When his grand-father had put him and his mother into a cheſt, which he ordered to be thrown into the ſea, your compaſſion ſaved their lives.

IPHIANASSA.

I remember it. By this time, I dare ſay, the boy muſt he grown up to a fine ſtout young man.

TRITON.

He was the man, who ſlew the monſter.

IPHIANASSA.

From what motive? He was under no obligation to me, that could induce him to do it.

TRITON.

I will tell you the whole ſtory. At the requeſt of the king, he ſet out on an expedition againſt the Gorgons, and being come into Libya, the country where they were———

IPHIANASSA.

Pray let me aſk you, had he no companions in his expedition? Or did he undertake to go alone? The road to Libya is none of the beſt.

TRITON.

Oh! as to that, he travelled through the air, Minerva having previouſly furniſhed him with a pair of wings; and, when he arrived in the country where they lived, I fancy they muſt have been aſleep; for he cut off the head of Meduſa, and immediately flew away with it.

IPHIANASSA.

I wonder how he managed to get a ſight of her; for they are not to be looked at. At leaſt, whoever looks at them once, is doomed to look no more.

TRITON.

Minerva holding out her ſhield—I tell it to you juſt as I heard him tell it himſelf, firſt to Andromache, and afterwards to Cepheus—Minerva gave him an opportunity of ſeeing the image of Meduſa reflected in her ſhield, which anſwered the purpoſe of a mirrour. When laying hold of a lock of hair with his left hand, and looking at the ſame time at her likeneſs, with the falchion, which he held in his right hand, he cut off her head; and, before her ſiſters

ſiſters could be waked, away he flew with it. Being come to this part of Æthiopia, which lies near the coaſt, and flying very low, he chanced to eſpy Andromeda faſtened to a rock which projected into the ſea. Ye Gods! how beautiful ſhe appeared to him, with hair diſhevelled, and hardly half-dreſſed! He could not do leſs than pity her, which naturally induced him to aſk why ſhe was thus expoſed. And in a very little while (it was to be ſo) falling in love with her, he determined to ſet her free. Accordingly when the horrible monſter came ruſhing on, as if to ſwallow up his prey in a moment, Perſeus being above him, ready prepared with his falchion, ſtruck him a blow with it, and at the ſame inſtant turned towards him the head of Meduſa in his other hand. Thus he was at once killed and petrified. Andromeda being freed from her chains, Perſeus led her on tiptoe down the ſlippery rock, and is now celebrating his nuptials in the houſe of Cepheus. After which, he means to take her with him to Argi. So that inſtead of a cruel death, you find, Andromeda has got a good huſband.

NEREID.

Upon my word, I am not ſorry for it. What harm had the poor girl done to us? If the mother gave herſelf airs, and pretended to be ſo very handſome, was the daughter to blame for it?

DORIS:

Only think how the mother muſt have lamented the loſs of her daughter!

NEREID.

Well, well; we will think no more of it. To be ſure the [r] barbarian was inſufferably ſaucy, but ſhe has had puniſhment quite enough in her fears for her daughter. May it be a happy marriage!

[r] Caſſiope, the mother of Andromeda, had boaſted of being more beautiful than the Nereids; in revenge for which, they bound her daughter Andromeda to a rock, to be devoured by a monſter.

ZEPHYRUS

ZEPHYRUS and NOTUS.

ZEPHYRUS.

ON the ſea, from which I riſe, and from which I blow, was ever any thing ſo magnificent? You did not ſee it, Notus.

NOTUS.

I do not know what you mean. What was it? Who were the parties concerned in it?

ZEPHYRUS.

You have had a loſs indeed! ſuch a ſight will never be ſeen again.

NOTUS.

I was out of the way, being employed near the Red Sea blowing over the Indian coaſt.

ZEPHYRUS.

You have ſeen Agenor, the Sidonian?

NOTUS.

The father of Europa? I have. What then?

ZE-

ZEPHYRUS.

I am juſt going to tell you what then.

NOTUS.

Meaning no doubt, that Jupiter has been a great while in love with the young woman. I knew that before, without your telling me.

ZEPHYRUS.

You might know, I dare ſay, of his being in love; but the ſequel of the ſtory you are now to learn from me. Europa had gone down to the ſea-ſhore, accompanied by ſome play-fellows of her own age; when Jupiter, having aſſumed the form of a moſt beautiful Bull, made his appearance amongſt them, as fond of play as any one of them: he was all over milk-white, his horns were elegantly turned, and his looks were gentle. He ſo wantoned on the beach, and bellowed ſo charmingly, that Europa was induced to venture herſelf upon his back. Which ſhe had no ſooner done, than away he ran with her, as faſt as his heels could carry him, to the ſea, into which he immediately jumped, and betook

took himſelf to ſwimming. The young woman, moſt terribly frightened, laid hold of one of his horns with her left hand, to ſave herſelf from falling; while, with the other, ſhe had enough to do to keep her cloaths from being diſcompoſed by the wind.

NOTUS.

On my word, you have been moſt notably entertained. Jupiter in the ſea, with his fair one on his back! a gallant ſpectacle!

ZEPHYRUS.

The beſt part of it is to come. The ſea, Notus, was no longer ruffled with waves, but perfectly calm, ſmooth, and ſerene. We winds had nothing in the world to do, nothing more than to attend, and obſerve what was going forward. Little Cupids fluttering on the ſurface of the water, in which now and then they wetted their toes, carried lighted torches, and joined in the bridal ſong. Nereids, half naked, were to be ſeen riding on Dolphins, all clapping their hands. The family of Tritons, and every inhabitant of the waves, that was not an abſolute fright,

fright, came dancing about the maid. Neptune aſcended his chariot, and, with Amphitrite by his ſide, merrily went before, clearing the way, as he ſaw his brother out of his element. Laſt of all came Venus, borne aloft on a ſhell by a couple of Tritons, and ſcattering flowers on Europa. Thus it was all the way from Phœnicia to Crete. Where, when once he had ſet foot on the iſland, our bull was a bull no longer. Jupiter was himſelf again, and led by the hand to the Dictæan grove the bluſhing maid, whoſe down-caſt eyes and bluſhing cheeks ſufficiently declared her apprehenſions. Our buſineſs was to tumble about the waves, and ruffle the ſea.

NOTUS.

You have been very fortunate indeed! while I had nothing better to look at than griffins, elephants, and negroes.

MENIPPUS and MERCURY.

MENIPPUS.

AS I am a ſtranger, Mercury, you will introduce me to all the fine gentlemen and ladies of the place.

MER-

MERCURY.

I have not time, Menippus. And, beſides, you have nothing to do but to look about you. On your right hand you ſee Hyacinthus, and Narciſſus, and Nireus, and Achilles, and Tyro, and Helen, and Leda; in ſhort, all the beauties of antiquity.

MENIPPUS.

Beauties! I can ſee nothing more than ſculls and bare bones.

MERCURY.

Sculls and bare bones do you call them? Do you pretend to deſpiſe what all the poets are unanimous in admiring?

MENIPPUS.

Pray, which is Helen? How am I to diſtinguiſh her from the reſt?

MERCURY.

That is Helen.

MENIPPUS.

And that bare ſcalp engaged the attention of all Greece! for that a thouſand ſhips were fitted out! for that ſo many Græcians and Barbarians fell in battle! for that ſcull ſo many cities were levelled with the ground!

MERCURY.

You never ſaw the woman, Menippus, when ſhe was alive, or you would not run on at this rate. If you had ſeen her then, you would have thought ſo much time and trouble well beſtowed. You ſhould not condemn a flower, when it is faded; becauſe flowers in full bloom, you know, are very fine things.

MENIPPUS.

True: but I wonder, Mercury, how the Greeks could be ſo very thoughtleſs, as not to conſider, that they were making all that ado about a flower, which would ſoon be no flower at all!

MERCURY.

You are a philoſopher, Menippus; and I have no

no leiſure for philoſophy. My buſineſs is to look out for more dead. In the mean time, I adviſe you to look out for ſome convenient ſpot, where you may lie down, and compoſe yourſelf.

ÆACUS, PROTESILAUS, MENELAUS, and PARIS.

ÆACUS.

WHAT makes you uſe Helen ſo ill, Proteſilaus? You are abſolutely throttling her.

PROTESILAUS.

If I do, it is not more than ſhe deſerves. Was it not owing to her, Æacus, that I loſt my life before I had finiſhed my houſe, and that I left my new-married wife a widow?

ÆACUS.

I rather think Menelaus was the perſon in

fault, who could take you away with him to Troy on ſo miſerable an errand.

PROTESILAUS.

Very true; I beg pardon. Menelaus is the perſon I am to blame.

MENELAUS.

No ſuch thing, my good ſir. Pray what do you think of Paris? Did not Paris in direct defiance of all law and juſtice carry off my wife? the wife of his friend? I had entertained him in my houſe. And does he not deſerve to have his neck pinched not only by you, but by every body elſe? Greeks and Barbarians? What numbers of people has he been the death of!

PROTESILAUS.

I was wrong, Menelaus. Yes, you inauſpicious Paris, you are the man; and you ſhall not find it an eaſy matter to eſcape my vengeance.

PARIS.

Surely, Proteſilaus, you would not be ſo unreaſonable! Would you puniſh me for being in the

the ſame predicament with yourſelf? Why, ſir, I was in love, it is true; but what then? So was Menelaus. And you know very well, that love is not a matter of choice. We were both of us under the influence of an irreſiſtible God, who drives us about juſt as he will, and whoſe mandates we are bound to obey.

PROTESILAUS.

What you ſay has reaſon in it. I wiſh I could lay hold of that God, that Cupid.

ÆACUS.

Let me put in a word for him. Cupid, I believe, would hardly deny his having inſpired the paſſion of Paris; but the death of Proteſilaus he would moſt certainly attribute to Proteſilaus himſelf, and no other. What occaſion had you to run away in ſuch a hurry from your new-married wife? Her you utterly forgot, and became ſo enamoured of glory, that, on your arrival before Troy, nothing leſs would ſerve your turn, than madly leaping out of the ſhip before every body elſe, that you might be ſlain the very firſt man.

PROTESILAUS.

I can make a better apology for my conduct. May I not ſay, Æacus, that the fates alone were in fault, and that it was originally ſo decreed?

ÆACUS.

If ſo, why ſhould you blame any other perſon?

MENIPPUS and TIRESIAS.

MENIPPUS.

ONE cannot tell what to ſay of your blindneſs now, Tireſias. For here we ſeem to be all in the ſame ſituation. We have none of us any eyes to boaſt of, nothing but empty ſockets. Nor do I perceive any diſtinction between [r] Phineus and [r] Lynceus. One thing however I know, becauſe I have been taught it by

[r] The former was a blind king of Arcadia, and the latter remarkable for ſeeing better and farther than any body elſe.

the

the Poets, that Tireſias was a prophet, and both male and female, one after the other. Pray which of the two did you think the pleaſanter, the life of a man, or that of a woman? I intreat you to give me an anſwer, for I long to know.

TIRESIAS.

The woman's life, you may depend upon it, was vaſtly preferable. For in the firſt place women, you know, have little or nothing to do; while the men, you are ſenſible, are entirely at their devotion. They exerciſe the moſt ſovereign authority over their huſbands. And this empire of theirs is maintained without any dangerous warfare, without any neceſſity of being expoſed to the tedious perils of a ſiege. They are exempted from all attendance on publick councils, and publick courts too, if they pleaſe.

MENIPPUS.

But you have heard what Medea ſays in Euripides. How bitterly ſhe bewails the fate of womankind, in being obliged to undergo the intolerable pangs of child-birth! And now it is

come into my head—pray did you ever bring forth? or did you paſs through your feminine ſtate barren and unfruitful?

TIRESIAS.

Why do you aſk that, Menippus?

MENIPPUS.

Nay, I do not mean to be impertinent; only, if I may aſk ſuch a queſtion without offence, I ſhould be glad to know.

TIRESIAS.

I tell you then, I was not barren, nor did I bring forth.

MENIPPUS.

I am obliged to you: I only wanted to know whether you poſſeſſed the faculty.

TIRESIAS.

I did.

MENIPPUS.

And pray was your change from woman to man effected

effected by ſlow degrees, or did it take place on a ſudden and all at once?

TIRESIAS.

I do not ſee what you can propoſe by ſuch a queſtion; unleſs it be to inſinuate, that you do not believe any thing of the matter.

MENIPPUS.

O as to that, far be it from me to entertain any doubt! In all ſuch caſes, it is beſt to take things for granted, without the trouble of inveſtigation.

TIRESIAS.

I ſuppoſe you have equal faith in the ſtories of Aedon, and Daphne, and the daughter of Lycaon. When you have been told of women metamorphoſed into birds, or beaſts, or trees, truly you did not believe it!

MENIPPUS.

If I ſhould be ſo fortunate as to meet with any of them, I ſhall then hear what they have to ſay for themſelves. At preſent I addreſs my-

ſelf to you. And pray, my good ſir, let me aſk you, did you deal in predictions when you were a woman, or did you commence man and prophet at one and the ſame time?

TIRESIAS.

I find you are an entire ſtranger to my whole hiſtory. You muſt never have heard of my deciſion in a queſtion, that was argued between Jupiter and Juno; in conſequence of which ſhe put out my eyes; and he, to make me ſome amends, beſtowed on me the gift of divination.

MENIPPUS.

You are determined to ſtick to your trade, Menippus, and lie with as much zeal as the moſt ſolemn ſoothſayer of them all. You are all exactly alike: there is no relying on any thing which you ſay.

MENIPPUS

MENIPPUS and PHILONIDES: or, a Conſultation in the Shades.

MENIPPUS.

[ſ] HAIL, veſtibule of my belov'd abode!
To thee with gladſome eyes, reſtored to day,
My ſteps I tend!

PHILONIDES.

Is not this Menippus, the Cynick? It is he, or I am ſtrangely miſtaken. I am ſure it is Menippus, Menippus all over, and no body elſe. But why this ſtrange trim? Why this cap, and the lyre, and the lion's ſkin? What can they mean. But let me go up to him. Menippus, your ſervant. Where have you been all this time? It is an age ſince you have been ſeen in the city.

MENIPPUS.

[t] From gloomy gates of Pluto's drear abode,
Where death his dreadful diſtance keeps, I come.

[ſ] Euripidis Herc. fur. v. 523.
[t] Euripidis Hecuba. v. 1.

PHILONIDES.

By Hercules, Menippus, you have ſtolen a march. We neither knew of your being dead, nor of your coming to life again.

MENIPPUS.

[u] Pluto admitted me, though all alive.

PHILONIDES.

But what could occaſion this new and wonderful adventure of yours?

MENIPPUS.

[x] My unexperienced youth, more bold than wiſe.

PHILONIDES.

Why all this recitative? I wiſh you would deſcend from your iambick ſtilts, and tell us, in plain proſe, why you appear in this uncouth garb, and what was your buſineſs in the ſhades below.

[u] Euripides again, I ſuppoſe, though I cannot find the place.

[x] Euripidis fragment. Andromedæ.

below. It is generally accounted no very pleaſant or deſirable journey.

MENIPPUS.

[y] Neceſſity, which has no law, decreed
Of the prophetick ſhade the timely need.

PHILONIDES.

Hark you, my friend, you are beſide yourſelf. Or you would never go on mouthing verſes at this rate, without any provocation.

MENIPPUS.

I beg your pardon, but you muſt not wonder at it. I have lately been in company with Euripides and Homer, and filled to the brim with verſes. Nay, they run over in ſpite of my teeth. But pray tell me how affairs go with you above. What is doing in the city?

PHILONIDES.

Nothing new; only rapine, and perjury, and uſury, and extortion, as uſual.

[y] Hom. Odyſſ. A. 163.

MENIP.

MENIPPUS.

O the unhappy wretches! they little think what reſolutions have lately paſſed below, and which (by Cerberus!) all their riches and arts will not enable them to evade!

PHILONIDES.

What do you ſay? Has any thing lately paſſed there, which concerns people here?

MENIPPUS.

Any thing? yes, a great deal. But it is not for me to reveal ſuch important ſecrets. I may perhaps have an indictment preferred againſt me before Rhadamanthus for my impiety.

PHILONIDES.

Nay, Menippus, I beg of you, I intreat you in the name of Jupiter, that you will not grudge your friend a few words, a friend who has been initiated in the myſteries, and knows when to hold his tongue.

MENIPPUS.

It is a difficult taſk, which you enjoin me, and

and not without danger. But, however, to oblige you, I will venture upon it. It is ordained, that rich men, who keep their gold, like Danae, in close confinement under lock and key——

PHILONIDES.

Before you come to that, Menippus, tell me what induced you to undertake such a journey, and who was your guide. Indeed, I am very desirous of knowing every thing which you have heard and seen; for you are a man of taste; and it is not likely, that any circumstance worthy of notice should escape your observation.

MENIPPUS.

I must endeavour to satisfy you as well as I can. There is no denying any thing to the importunity of so obliging a friend. And first I am to say what induced me to form the resolution of descending into the other world. Attending, when a child, to the stories told by Homer and Hesiod of wars, and seditions, and adulteries, and rapine, and violence, and wrangling, of persons

perſons dethroning their own fathers, and marrying their own ſiſters; theſe and numberleſs other honourable exploits of the Gods and Demi-gods made no little impreſſion upon me, thinking them all very fine. But, when I grew up to man's eſtate, I ſoon diſcovered, that adultery, and ſedition, and robbery, which make ſo conſpicuous a figure in the ſongs of the poets, were all of them interdicted by law. I was greatly diſtreſſed by this incongruity, and knew not what to reſolve on. On the one hand, I could hardly ſuppoſe, that the Gods would form connections with any other wives than their own, or go to loggerheads with one another, unleſs they conſidered ſuch doings in an honourable light; while, on the other hand, I could not take upon me to imagine, that legiſlators would have poſitively enjoined a conduct the very reverſe, without being convinced of its propriety. Being thus bewildered in uncertainty, I thought my beſt way would be to apply to thoſe perſons who are called philoſophers, begging them to take me under their tuition, and point out to me, in the manner they ſhould think beſt, a plain, ſimple, and ſubſtantial way of life.

life. It was with this view, that I addreſſed myſelf to them, never once taking it into my head, that I was leaping out of the [z] frying pan into the fire. And yet ſo it was, for I found amongſt them, after a little obſervation, only a greater degree of ignorance and uncertainty: ſo much, indeed, as very eaſily to be convinced, that the life of the private man is much to be preferred. One philoſopher taught me by all means to attach myſelf to pleaſure, as being the only purſuit which could make me happy; whilſt another as ſtoutly maintained, that nothing was to be done without perpetual labour. With a body ill at eaſe, filthy, and offenſive, with a temper ſour and moroſe, he adviſed me to be always ſullen and abuſive. And then thoſe well-known expreſſions of old Heſiod concerning virtue, and ſweat, and perfection, and ſo forth, were continually ringing in my ears. One of them exhorted me to deſpiſe riches, the poſſeſſion of which, he ſaid, was to be looked on with indifference; but I met with another of a contrary opinion, who thought

[z] Out of the ſmoke into the fire, is the Greek proverb. Eraſmi Adagia.

plenty

plenty of money a very good thing. I forbear to repeat their opinions concerning the univerſe. Every day of my life they made me ready to vomit, when they talked of their ideas, their ſubſtances incorporeal, their atoms, their vacuums, and I know not what unintelligible ſtuff. But the moſt perplexing abſurdity of all was, that, in ſpeaking of things the moſt oppoſite, every man of them was furniſhed with ſuch plauſible, ſuch convincing arguments, in ſupport of his own ſide of the queſtion, that it was impoſſible to controvert it. It was impoſſible for you to allow the ſubject in diſpute to be either hot or cold, there being ſo much to be ſaid on both ſides of the queſtion; though you might very well know at the ſame time in your own mind, that both aſſertions could not be true at the ſame inſtant. All I could do was to incline to each diſputant in turn, in the manner a man is apt to nod, when over-powered with ſleep. This too ſeemed not a little extraordinary: their life and manners I found on obſervation to be the very reverſe of their profeſſions. I ſaw very clearly, that the pretended deſpiſers of money deſpiſed nothing ſo little. There was no detaching

taching them from it. They had reduced the purſuit of it to a regular ſyſtem, from which, ſooner than depart, they would be content to ſuffer any thing. In the ſame manner, thoſe, who ſeemed to make light of glory, were moſt eager in the acquiſition; and, as to pleaſure, though it was unanimouſly decried in publick, in private every one was a ſlave to it. Thus diſappointed in my hopes, it was ſtill ſome comfort to be in no worſe predicament than ſo many wiſe men, who, with all their fame, wandered about in as much ignorance as myſelf. Thinking of this one night, and not being able to ſleep, it came into my head to go to Babylon, and beg the advice of ſome one of the Magi, the diſciples and ſucceſſors of the renowned Zoroaſter. For I had heard they were in poſſeſſion of certain rites and incantations, by which they were uſed to open and ſhut the gates of hell, juſt as they pleaſed, for the accommodation of any body to whom they choſe to give a paſſport thither, and back again. I concluded therefore, on making an application for leave to go down, and conſult Tireſias the Bœotian, that I might learn from the prophetick voice of that

wiſe man, which way of life was the beſt and moſt becoming a rational creature. Accordingly I ſet off for Babylon without loſs of time. On my arrival, I fell into company with a certain Chaldæan, who was deeply ſkilled in art divine. His hairs were hoary, his beard was venerably long, and his name Mithrobarzanes. I uſed many prayers and entreaties; and at laſt, with difficulty, engaged him, on his own terms, to become my preceptor and guide. Firſt of all, during the ſpace of nine and twenty days, beginning with the new moon, every morning at break of day this good man waſhed me in the Euphrates; and muttered indiſtinctly to the riſing ſun a long ſtring of words, which I could not pretend to collect the meaning of. But I conſidered it as an invocation of certain inviſible beings, whom he addreſſed in language to me as little intelligible as that of thoſe ſtupid fellows who hurry over their jargon as criers at our publick games. The incantation being ended, he proceeded immediately to ſpit in my face, which he did three times, and then returned without looking in the face of any body in our way. Our food, I am to obſerve, was nuts; and

and our drink was milk with an infuſion of honey. Beſides which, we alſo drank the water of the Choaſpes. Our lodging was on the ground in the open air. After a competency of preparation, about the middle of the night, he conducted me to the river Tigris. There I was cleanſed, and wiped, and purified with a torch, and ſquill, and every thing proper, my conductor muttering his charm during the whole of the operation. Being thus fortified all over with magick rites, that I might be in no danger from the ſpectres, he took me home again. And now we were to think of making ready for our voyage. He equipped himſelf in a magick garment much reſembling the ſtole of the Medes, and fitted me out, juſt as you ſee me, with a bonnet, a lion's ſkin, and a lyre. And he charged me, if any body ſhould aſk me my name, not to ſay it was Menippus; but to call myſelf Hercules, or Ulyſſes, or Orpheus.

PHILONIDES.

But why ſo, Menippus? Thoſe names and this dreſs equally puzzle me.

MENIPPUS.

Oh! there is no myſtery in the matter: it is very plain to be underſtood. Hercules, and Ulyſſes, and Orpheus, had gone down before me during their life-time; and he very naturally concluded, that, by being made as much as poſſible to reſemble them, I ſhould have a better chance of paſſing without moleſtation from the guards of Æacus, who might be induced, from this diſguiſe, to ſuppoſe me one of their old acquaintance. It was now break of day; when, going down to the river, we ſet about weighing anchor. He was provided with a boat and victims, and whatever elſe was neceſſary for an undertaking of ſuch ceremony. After ſhipping all our baggage, we next went on board ourſelves, not without weeping [a] moſt plenteouſly. Sailing ſome time with the ſtream, we found ourſelves on a muddy lake, into which the Eu-

[a] Βαινομεν αχνυμενοι, θαλερον κατα δακρυ χεοντες. Odyſſ. XI. 5.

Penſive we paſs, while the big tear deſcends.

This account of Menippus's deſcent is almoſt a continued alluſion to Homer.

phrates

phrates empties itſelf. Having paſſed that, we came to a dreary country full of wood, through which no ſun had ever ſhone. Here we landed, and advancing forward (Mithrobarzanes led the way), we dug a hole in the ground, and made a ſacrifice of ſheep, the blood of which we ſprinkled all round the place. The magician all the while, with his lighted torch in his hand, continued to invoke, not with the gentle voice of moderation, but as loud as he could bawl, all the demons in a body, pains, and penalties, and furies, and nocturnal Hecate, and awful Proſerpine. He called upon them one and all, with a mixture of uncouth ſounds and words of enormous length. Preſently every thing around us began to ſhake, feeling the potent incantation. The ground on which we ſtood was cleft aſunder; and the diſtant barking of Cerberus was plainly heard. The ſcene was now dreadfully affecting. Pluto, king of the Infernals, ſate trembling on his throne; which we could now very well perceive, as alſo the lake, and Pyriphlegethon, and almoſt every thing elſe thereabouts. Deſcending through the chaſm, we found Rhadamanthus almoſt dead with fear.

Cerberus got up and barked; and could not be pacified till I touched my lyre, at the ſound of which he fell aſleep in a moment. At our firſt coming to the lake, I was afraid that we ſhould not have got over. For the ferry-boat was already full, and reſounding on all ſides with the voice of lamentation; as indeed well it might, the paſſengers being all of them invalids. One complained of his leg, another of his head, and a third of a terrible hurt in ſome other part of his body; ſo that I concluded they were juſt come from the wars. Be that as it was, our honeſt ferry-man no ſooner eſpied my lion's ſkin, than, taking me for his old acquaintance Hercules, he immediately received me into his boat without making a word. He not only carried us over the water in the moſt obliging manner, but ſhewed us our way after landing us. It was very dark; and I kept cloſe to Mithrobarzanes, who went firſt, till we came to a large meadow planted with daffodils. Here the whizzing ghoſts came flocking about us. Advancing forwards, we preſently arrived at the tribunal of Minos, whom we found ſeated on a lofty throne, with the miniſters of his vengeance all in waiting.

ing. On the other ſide of him was brought up in a row, faſtened together with a long chain, a multitude of offenders; conſiſting, as I was informed, of adulterers, pimps, tax-gatherers, flatterers, ſycophants, and every other raſcal that ſerves to make up the maſs of confuſion in human life. Rich men and uſurers were brought up ſeparately, with their pale faces, prominent bellies, and gouty toes; every man of them being loaded with chains of immenſe weight. We ſtood by ſpectators of what paſſed, and waiting to hear what they could ſay for themſelves, why judgement ſhould not paſs upon them. Their accuſers were quite new to us, and ſuch as we could not have expected.

PHILONIDES.

I wonder at that: pray tell me who they were?

MENIPPUS.

When the ſun ſhines, you know, there are ſuch things as ſhadows projected from our bodies,

PHILONIDES.

To be ſure. What then?

MENIPPUS.

Thoſe ſhadows, after we are dead, take upon them the part of witneſſes and accuſers, charging us to our faces with every action of our lives. And, indeed, as they have ſuch opportunities of knowing how we behave ourſelves, being always in our company, never once leaving us, nobody is diſpoſed to doubt the truth of what they advance. Minos is very careful and minute in his examinations, and does not ſend any one to the place allotted to the impious, without being firſt ſatisfied of his deſerving it. But he was particularly ſevere, I obſerved, on ſuch as had been vain of their riches and power; fellows, who, forgetting that they were mortals, and ſubject to the lot of mortals, would needs fancy themſelves to be gods. Their ſilly pride and ſhort-lived oſtentation excited the indignation of their judge; and no ſooner were they ſtripped of their finery, I mean their riches, their lineage, their rank, than they appeared abject

ject and naked enough. They ſtood with their eyes fixed on the ground, as if endeavouring to recall the vaniſhed felicity of a dream. I was overjoyed with all this; and, when I happened to ſee amongſt them any one whom I knew, I did not fail going up to him, and giving him a gentle hint of his behaviour above. I put him in mind how he had been uſed to ſwell in a morning, proud of the numbers at his door, who were waiting to be ſhoved and puſhed about by his attendants, for the chance of obtaining acceſs to him. When at laſt the great man would deign to appear in a purple, or golden, or party-coloured robe, and bleſs the courteous train, by offering his breaſt [*b*], or his hand, to be kiſſed. What I ſaid went to the quick. There was one pleaſing determination of the bench. Dionyſius, the Sicilian, had many heavy charges urged againſt him, and which were brought home to him by the teſtimony of his ſhade; when Ariſtippus, the Cyrenæan, ſtepped forward juſt in time to ſave him from being faſtened to the chimæra, by alledging the very great ſervice he had been of in money matters to many

[*b*] See Plutarch's Life of Brutus.

of

of the learned. Ariſtippus, I found, is much reſpected, and has great intereſt in theſe regions. We now left the ſeat of juſtice, and came to the place of puniſhment; and there, indeed, my friend, it was dreadful to hear and ſee. The cracking of whips, and the lamentations of thoſe who were broiling on the fire, ſaluted our ears; while our eyes beheld racks, and wheels, and tortures. There was the Chimæra tearing the poor wretches limb from limb; and there Cerberus was rending and devouring one piece after another. While all the ſufferers were huddled together in one promiſcuous maſs of kings and ſlaves, lords and beggars, rich and poor; all at laſt were brought to repentance. There were amongſt them ſome very lately dead, whom, on ſeeing, we were able to recollect. Theſe were aſhamed to ſhew their faces, and generally ſlunk away; or, if they ventured to look upon us, it was in a manner the moſt humble and abject. And yet, when alive, how proud and ſaucy they were! The poor were reſpited one half of their puniſhment till they could have time to take breath a little. There I ſaw what fabuliſts relate of the wretched plight of Ixion and Siſyphus,

phus, and the Phrygian Tantalus. And there I beheld the earth-born Tityus. O Hercules! what a ſize he is!—he fills up a whole field! Paſſing thoſe we came to the Acheruſian plain, where we found demigods, and heroines, and others of the dead, diſtributed into their reſpective nations and tribes. Some of them were old and muſty, and, as Homer obſerves, flimſy enough; while ſeveral others appeared freſh and firm, eſpecially ſuch as had been pickled in Ægypt. However, it is no very eaſy matter to diſtinguiſh one from another; for, being all bare bones, they muſt of neceſſity be much alike. And yet, after long looking at them, we did make a ſhift to recognize ſome perſons of our acquaintance; notwithſtanding they lay thus jumbled together in an obſcure heap, no longer retaining any of thoſe graces for which they had been honoured above. I do aſſure you, looking at ſo many ſkeletons together, all ſo much alike, and ſo ghaſtly, without eyes, without lips, without gums, I was at a loſs how I ſhould be able to know Therſites from Nireus; the beggar Irus from the royal Phœacian; or Pyrrhus the cook from the illuſtrious Agamemnon.

non. For not one of their former peculiarities was now remaining, bones were bones, not to be diſtinguiſhed by their appearance, and without any characteriſtick inſcription. Contemplating ſuch objects, I could not forbear comparing human life to a long proceſſion, in which Fortune, having the ſole management, dreſſes and diſpoſes of the various perſons of the drama. One ſhe habits in the regal ſtyle, with a tiara and diadem, encompaſſed with guards; while another has the garb of a ſlave; one appears exquiſitely beautiful; another is derided for his uglineſs: and all this, it ſeems, is no more than what is neceſſary to make up the ſhow. Now and then, in the midſt of the exhibition, ſhe changes the ſcene, by ſhifting the characters from one performer to another. Juſt as Crœſus, for inſtance, was fain to drop his former habit, and ſubmit to that of a captive ſlave; and as Mæandrius, on the contrary, who had till then mixed with the ſervile train, aſſumed the purple of Polycrates, which for ſome time he was allowed to wear. But, when the ſpectacle is over, and form and faſhion are laid aſide, the man becomes from that moment juſt what he originally was,

was, and no more than his neighbour. There are ſome people ſo fooliſh as to take it very ill, when Fortune demands a reſtitution, complaining as much on being obliged to give back their ſhort-lived loan, as if they had been unjuſtly deprived of their own property. I dare ſay, you muſt often have obſerved of the actors in a theatre, that, according to their caſt of parts in the play, they are made Creons, or Priams, or Agamemnons; and that perhaps the very ſame identical performer, who but the moment before ſuſtained the mighty character of Cecrops or Erectheus, ſinks in an inſtant, if the poet will have it ſo, into an abject ſlave. And when the play is over, and every man has laid aſide his maſk, and pulled off his fine coat, he ſtruts no longer in lofty buſkins, nor retains any trace of Agamemnon the ſon of Atreus, or Creon the ſon of Menæceus; but creeps about, poor creature! contented to be Polus of Sunium, or Satyrus of Marathon; whoſe fathers are no other than Charicles and Theogiton. Such are human affairs, as they then appeared to me.

PHILONIDES.

But thoſe who are honoured upon earth with ſuch expenſive monuments, ſepulchres ſo very lofty, pillars, ſtatues, inſcriptions in their praiſe; are not ſuch perſons held in higher eſtimation than the vulgar dead?

MENIPPUS.

How you trifle, my good friend! If you had ſeen Mauſolus himſelf (I ſpeak of the Carian, whoſe monument every body talks of), if you had but once had a ſight of him, I am ſure you muſt have laughed outright. There was he carefully ſtuffed up in a corner, and loſt in a crowd! without deriving any other advantage from his fine tomb, that I could perceive, except that of lying under a heavy load! For you may take my word for this, no ſooner has Æacus aſſigned to each his place, which is not more at moſt than a ſquare foot, but it becomes a matter of neceſſity for every man to comply, and ſqueeze himſelf contentedly into it as well as he can. I think you would have been ſtill more inclined to be merry, if you had beheld

our great men and kings reduced to beg their bread, or cry ſalt-fiſh, or teach little children their A B C. More than this you might have ſeen; for they are inſulted by the mob, and, like the vileſt of ſlaves, obliged now and then to put up with a ſlap on the face. When I beheld Philip of Macedon, how was it poſſible for me to contain myſelf? He was pointed out to me, where he ſat ſnug in a corner, employed in mending ſhoes. While Xerxes, and Darius, and Polycrates, and many others of equal rank, were begging in the ſtreets.

PHILONIDES.

You report ſtrange things, which I hardly know how to believe. But, pray, did you ſee any of the wiſe men, ſuch as Socrates and Diogenes? What were they doing?

MENIPPUS.

Socrates keeps walking about, and abuſing every body. His companions are Palamedes, and Ulyſſes, and Neſtor, and any other goſſipping ghoſt that comes in his way. His legs ſtill look ſwelled and inflamed with the poiſon. As

for

for honeſt Diogenes, his reſidence is cloſe to Sardanapalus the Aſſyrian, and Midas the Phrygian, and other ghoſts of condition, with whoſe lamentations, for the loſs of their former enjoyments, he is much inclined to divert himſelf. Every now and then, throwing himſelf down all along upon the ground, he ſings to them in ſo harſh and unpitying a tone, that he drowns their cries, which cannot be heard for him. Indeed, his behaviour is ſo very little to their mind, that they cannot bear him, and begin to think of ſhifting their quarters.

PHILONIDES.

You have already laid me under the greateſt obligations. But ſtill I could wiſh to know what that decree was, which you mentioned in the beginning of our converſation, as having been reſolved on againſt the rich.

MENIPPUS.

Well remembered. I had wandered from my purpoſe, and had like to have forgot it. While I ſojourned amongſt them, notice was given by the

the Prytanes [c], that a general council would be held for the purpoſe of conſulting the publick good. Seeing a great multitude flocking together, I mixed with the crowd of ghoſts, and paſſed as one who had a right to be there. And after a great deal of other buſineſs was diſpatched, at laſt they came to that which regarded the rich. A variety of very heavy charges were brought forward, grounded on their violence, arrogance, pride, and injuſtice; when at length a certain demagogue ſtood up in his place, and brought in a bill to the following purport:

Whereas by the rapine and violence of the rich, who take all opportunities of ſhewing their contempt of the poor, many and grievous acts of injuſtice have been ſuffered to prevail; be it enacted by the ſenate and people here aſſembled, that, after death, their bodies being puniſhed in like manner as thoſe of ordinary raſcals, their ſouls ſhall be remanded to the world above, where they ſhall be doomed to animate aſſes for the ſpace of two hundred and fifty

[c] The authority of the Athenian Prytanes conſiſted chiefly in aſſembling the ſenate, which they ſummoned, no doubt, on the ſame occaſion.

thouſand years in uninterrupted regular deſcent, aſs after aſs; during which time they are to carry heavy burdens, and be ſpurred along by the poor. At the expiration of the ſaid term of two hundred and fifty thouſand years, then, and not till then, they ſhall be permitted to die. Propoſed by Dryſcull, the Dead-mannian, the ſon of Skeleton, of the tribe of Ghoſtland.

This being read, it was carried by a majority of votes; when the populace held up their hands, Proſerpine muttered, and Cerberus barked; all which are requiſite to give validity to an act.——You have now heard what paſſed in the publick aſſembly. Which was no ſooner over, than I bethought myſelf of my errand, and went directly to Tireſias, to whom I related my ſtory, begging and praying, that he would tell me plainly what condition of life appeared to him the beſt. He burſt out a laughing. Imagine you ſee a little pale blind ſqueaking old fellow, who ſmiled, and ſaid to me, "I know "very well, my ſon, what it is that diſtreſſes "you. Your doubts ariſe from thoſe of the "wiſe men, who are all at variance one with "another. But I muſt drop what I was going

"to

" to ſay, for Rhadamanthus does not allow me " to proceed." O pray now, my good father, ſaid I, do ſpeak out. Have pity on a poor ſceptick, blinder than yourſelf. Upon this he took me aſide a great way off from the reſt of the company, and whiſpered ſoftly in my ear, " A private life is the wiſeſt and beſt; therefore " leave off the folly of inveſtigating what is " above your reach. Enquire not after cauſes " and effects. Do not be ſuch a fool as to deal " in ſyllogiſms. All ſuch purſuits are no better " than nonſenſe; and you will be more wiſe in " attending to one object—to make the moſt of " the time preſent. Laugh at the ordinary oc- " currences of life, and give yourſelf no trouble " about them." He had no ſooner uttered theſe words, than away he went to his meadow of Aſphodel. Upon which I addreſſed myſelf to my companion, Mithrobarzanes, putting him in mind how late it was, and that it was now time for us to think of returning. Never fear, friend Menippus, ſaid he; I will put you into a ſhort and eaſy track. When, taking me to a place where it was darker than before, and pointing with his finger to a dim light at a great

diſtance, which ſeemed to glimmer through a crevice: "Yonder," ſays he, "is the temple "of Trophonius, from whence the people of "Bœotia make their deſcent into theſe regions. "Climb up thither, and you will preſently be "in Greece." I was very glad to hear him ſay ſo; and, taking leave of my conjurer, crept up the paſſage, though not without difficulty, the paſſage being ſo very narrow; when, before I was aware, I found myſelf in Lebadia.

JUPITER confuted.

CYNISCUS and JUPITER.

CYNISCUS.

DO not be alarmed, Jupiter; I am not going to trouble you with a petition for riches, for gold, or dominion, which people in general look at ſo wiſhfully: I know you do not find it very eaſy to accommodate ſuch petitioners, which is plain enough to be ſeen by your pre-

pretending not to hear what they ſay. I have only one ſmall, very ſmall favour to aſk of you.

JUPITER.

What is it, Cyniſcus? I do not wiſh to refuſe you, if you aſk any thing in reaſon.

CYNISCUS.

All I want, Jupiter, is only an anſwer to a very eaſy queſtion.

JUPITER.

A little handy [d] requeſt upon my word! Since that is all, pray aſk any queſtion you like.

CYNISCUS.

Very well, Jupiter. I take it for granted, that you muſt have read the poems of Homer and Heſiod. Is it all true, do you think, that they have ſung concerning Fate and the Parcæ? Every thread which is ſpun at our birth, as they ſay, is deſtiny inevitable.

[d] Προχειρος, literal.

JUPITER.

O you may depend upon that. There is not any one thing which is not ordained by the Fates. When they have once turned the ſpindle, from that moment every circumſtance is determined juſt as it is afterwards to happen, and it cannot be otherwiſe.

CYNISCUS.

Well; but what are we to think of this ſame Homer, when he admits ſuch expreſſions as this,

[e] Nor antedate thy doom in ſpite of fate?

When ſuch paſſages as theſe eſcape the poet, are we to conſider him as a little wrong in his head?

JUPITER.

Yes; there is no other way of accounting for it. For there can be no ſuch thing as antedating one's doom. All events are in conſequence of the law of Fate; they all hang on that thread.

[e] Hom. Il. XX. 336.

When

When the poet is contented to ſing no more than the Muſe inſpires, ſo far all is right; but whenever the goddeſs gives him the ſlip, and leaves him to ſhift for himſelf, he may then be expected to blunder, and fall into error and inconſiſtency. But poets are men, and as ſuch may be forgiven, if, when the divine afflatus is withheld, they no longer diſcern objects aright, nor are able, from any ſtock of their own, to pour forth the heavenly ſtrain.

CYNISCUS.

Suppoſe we admit that to be the caſe, I ſhall ſtill have a queſtion to aſk, which I deſire you will anſwer. I think the Parcæ are three, Clotho, Lacheſis, and Atropos. Am I right?

JUPITER.

Very right.

CYNISCUS.

Fate and Fortune are two words in every body's mouth: I want to know who they are, and what each can do independent of the other. Is their power equal to that of the Parcæ? or

is it ſuperior? For all the world, I hear, agree in this, that Fortune and Fate cannot be reſiſted.

JUPITER.

You muſt not pretend to know every thing, Cyniſcus. And I wonder why you ſhould be ſo inquiſitive concerning the Parcæ.

CYNISCUS.

Before I anſwer any queſtion of yours, Jupiter, I wiſh you to anſwer mine. Pray, how is it with you Gods? Do the Fates govern you? Do you too hang by a thread?

JUPITER.

Juſt as you ſay, Cyniſcus, for that matter—But what makes you laugh?

CYNISCUS.

Nothing. Only I was thinking of a [*f*] paſſage in Homer, where you are introduced haranguing the Cœleſtials. There you are made to talk very big; for you mention a golden chain, one end of which you would let down

[*f*] Hom. Il. VIII. 18.

from

from heaven, by which every God and Goddeſs might hang and pull with all their might againſt you at the upper end, without moving you. Whereas, on the contrary, you could hoiſt up them in a moment, with all their ballaſt of earth and ſea,

And tear the univerſe up by the roots.

This appeared to me ſuch a violent indication of power, that my very hair ſtood an end at the recital of it. But, behold! I now ſee the mighty Jove, with his boaſted chain, and his terrible threats, ſuſpended, as he himſelf confeſſes, by a thread! And, upon my word, I think Clotho may brag of her exploits with more reaſon; for you tug at the end of her line, juſt like a little fiſh, which an angler has hooked.

JUPITER.

I cannot gueſs the tendency of this converſation.

CYNISCUS.

O, I will tell you, Jupiter. But do not, by the Parcæ and by Fate, I beſeech you, do not be

be out of humour with me for my freedom in ſpeaking; for I mean no harm, nothing but to come at the truth. Now, ſir, if this be really the caſe, that all things depend entirely on the Parcæ, and that no living creature can alter what has been once reſolved on by them, why is it, that we men muſt offer ſacrifices, and treat you with whole hecatombs, accompanied with our prayers for proſperous events? I really do not ſee what end is to be anſwered by ſuch pious cares, if you neither have the power of averting evil, nor of obtaining us any thing good.

JUPITER.

I am at no loſs for the origin of theſe pert queſtions of yours; they are no other than the ſuggeſtions of thoſe raſcally ſophiſts, who are wicked enough to aſſert, that we Gods have neither any fore-knowledge of, nor concern in human affairs. They will ſay any thing; and it is they who endeavour to diſſuade others from ſacrifice and prayer, which they call idle ceremonies; as we, they pretend, never trouble our heads about any one earthly thing; nor, if we ſhould be ſo diſpoſed, have we the power of interfering

terfering to any purpoſe in human affairs. But I would have them to know, they ſhall not utter all theſe impudent ſpeeches for nothing.

CYNISCUS.

By the ſpindle of Clotho, I declare to you, that I have had no ſuch inducement as Jupiter is pleaſed to mention. I aſked ſome queſtions, not indeed ſo much of my own head, as that the converſation, I know not how, got the ſtart of me; for how elſe could I have thought of any ſuch thing, as that ſacrifices are unmeaning and unneceſſary. Suppoſe I aſk you over again. I ſhall be very brief; and you may be more guarded in your anſwers.

JUPITER.

O, for that matter, if you have ſo very little to do, go on with your foolery in your own way.

CYNISCUS.

Do not you ſay then, that whatever is done is done by the Fates?

JUPI-

JUPITER.

Surely.

CYNISCUS.

But that you have the power of controuling and reverſing their decrees?

JUPITER.

I ſaid no ſuch thing.

CYNISCUS.

Would you allow me then to form any deduction from ſuch premiſes? Or is the inference ſo very manifeſt, that I need not mention it?

JUPITER.

The thing is obvious enough. Thoſe who offer ſacrifices do it not from any neceſſity, nor as making a return for paſt favours. As little can they propoſe to make a purchaſe of any future good. All that is meant can only be to ſhew their great reſpect for beings ſo much ſuperior to themſelves.

CYNISCUS.

You ſay it; and I am content. I know now for certain, that ſacrifices are of no other avail, than merely to ſhew the good-natured regard of mankind for their betters. Though perhaps, if one of thoſe impudent ſophiſts were here, he might aſk what pretence you have to call yourſelves our betters, as being nothing more than our fellow-ſlaves, equally at the bidding of our miſtreſſes, the Fates. Your immortality ſtands you in ſo little ſtead, that it only makes your condition ſo much the worſe; whereas mankind, if they have no other privilege, are ſure of being reſcued from their condition by Death. But as to you, you have no proſpect of an end; the ſpindle is for ever employed, and your ſlavery is perpetual.

JUPITER.

So far from it, ſir, our happineſs is immenſe and endleſs: we are always alive in the enjoyment of all that is good.

CYNISCUS.

Some of you, I believe, will hardly ſay ſo; for there appears not a little diverſity of condition, not to ſay confuſion, amongſt you. You, to be ſure, are happy, being king, and withal inveſted with ſo much power as to be able to hoiſt up land and ſea with as much eaſe as a bucket out of a well. But others are not quite ſo great. Vulcan, for example, appears to be nothing more than a mere lame ſooty blackſmith. Prometheus has had the misfortune to be nailed to the gallows. And even your own father, Jupiter, I am apt to believe, ſtill retains his fetters in Tartarus. Of your whole ſociety people ſcruple not to talk. You are very apt, they ſay, to fall in love, liable to be wounded in battle, obliged to go out to ſervice, and ſo forth. Your brother, Neptune, was employed in building walls for Laodemon; and Apollo was cow-keeper to Admetus. Theſe are not, in my opinion, very flattering circumſtances. But ſome Gods, I ſuppoſe, may be fortunate, others unfortunate. I need not mention, that you now and then fall among thieves, juſt as we do. Sacrilege ſtrips you

you of your poſſeſſions, and, from the ſummit of wealth, you ſink in a moment to the loweſt ſtate of poverty. When you have appeared in the ſhape of gold or ſilver, you have been thrown into the crucible; becauſe no doubt ſuch was your deſtiny.

JUPITER.

You are very ſaucy, Cyniſcus, which you may chance to repent of ere it be long.

CYNISCUS.

Do not put yourſelf into a paſſion, Jupiter: your anger cannot hurt me, you know; it muſt be that of the Fates. For, indeed, I do not ſee that thoſe who commit ſacrilege are taken to taſk for it. The greateſt part of them get clean off with their booty; and the reaſon is plain, it was ſo decreed. They were not to be taken.

JUPITER.

Did not I ſay before that you were one of thoſe who diſpute againſt Providence?

CY-

CYNISCUS.

I do not know why, Jupiter, but you ſeem terribly afraid of ſuch perſons. Every thing that I advance, it ſeems, is what I have learnt of them. But, pray, from whom may I expect to learn the truth, if not from Jupiter? And I ſhould be glad to aſk you, who this Providence of yours is, whether one of the Fates, or a ſuperior Deity, to whom they are ſubject?

JUPITER.

Did not I tell you that you muſt not expect to know every thing? You ſet out with begging to aſk one queſtion; but, behold! there is no end of your curioſity! But I ſee very clearly what it is you aim at. You want to make it appear, that mankind are under no obligations to us, for that we take no cognizance of their concerns.

CYNISCUS.

It was not I, but you who ſaid ſo. Did not you juſt now give me to underſtand, that all things come to paſs by means of the Fates? But

But perhaps you have thought better of it, and are now inclined to diſpute their pretenſions?

JUPITER.

No ſuch thing. But it is by our means, I tell you, that the purpoſes of Fate are accompliſhed.

CYNISCUS.

Oh! I underſtand you. You are their miniſters, their ſervants. But ſtill they are to be conſidered as the principals, as they have all the care; while you are the inſtruments, the tools which they work with.

JUPITER.

What do you ſay?

CYNISCUS.

I ſay, that nobody would think of complimenting an ax, or an auger, with any other conſequence, than that of being ſubſervient to the deſigns of the artificer; for the ſhip made by them is not their work, but that of the builder. In the ſame manner the Gods may be allowed

to be the inſtruments of Fate, but that is all; for Fate, and not you, is the great architect of the univerſe. On which account it would ſeem reaſonable, that men ſhould offer their ſacrifices, and preſent their petitions to the Fates; inſtead of which, they come to you with a hundred idle ceremonies on every occaſion. At the ſame time it muſt be confeſſed, there would be juſt as little uſe in addreſſing their prayers to Fate, a quarter from which there can be no hopes of any redreſs; ſince every thing muſt neceſſarily go on as it has been originally decreed. Atropos would be in a paſſion with any man who ſhould attempt to turn her ſpindle the contrary way, and there is no breaking the thread of Clotho.

JUPITER.

So, now you will have it that the Fates are as little worthy of human regard as the Gods are! You wiſh for a general ſcramble. But, ſir, let me tell you, if it were for nothing elſe, we Gods may fairly expect ſome thanks for our predictions, ſome honour for our interpreting the decrees of Fate.

CYNISCUS.

I wonder of what uſe the knowledge of a future event can be to a perſon who has no means of preventing it: unleſs you will undertake to ſay, that he who is fated to die by the ſword, may eſcape it by ſhutting himſelf up at home; which, you know very well, cannot be. In ſuch a caſe, Fate can very eaſily ſend a man a hunting, and the buſineſs is done. Adraſtus darts his ſpear againſt a wild boar, but miſſes his aim, and ſlays the ſon of Crœſus. And there is no help for it; the ſtronger arm of Fate is ſure to interpoſe, and anticipate the wound. How ridiculous was the oracle delivered to Lais!

[g] Beget no ſon in heaven's deſpight,
Leſt by that ſon you fall in fight.

A very curious piece of advice! cautioning a man againſt what he could not poſſibly avoid! And accordingly, notwithſtanding the Oracle, he begot a ſon, and that ſon was the death of him. With what face then can you pretend to

[g] Euripidis Phœniſſa. v. 18.

make a merit of your predictions? And then your evaſions, your ambiguities——you knew better than to ſpeak out, and declare, in ſo many plain words, whether he who ſhould paſs the Halys [*b*] would do it at the price of his own empire, or that of Cyrus. And, therefore, the Oracle was expreſſed in ſuch doubtful terms, as to mean either the one or the other.

JUPITER.

Apollo had a quarrel with the Lydian, for his having attempted to outwit him by making a haſh of tortoiſe and lamb, and queſtioning whether the Oracle could ſmell it out.

CYNISCUS.

Being a God, I ſhould have thought it beneath him to be ſo out of humour. However, at any rate, I ſuppoſe poor Crœſus was to be the dupe, Fate, from which your prophecy

[*b*] See Herodotus, b. 1. The Oracle ſignified to Crœſus, that his paſſing the river Halys would prove deſtructive to a great empire, which empire happened to be his own.

proceeds,

proceeds, had decreed, that he was not to underſtand what you meant.

JUPITER.

We ſhall be nothing at all by-and-by, in the manner you go on! Are we to be allowed no cognizance, do you think, of human affairs? We are, indeed, unworthy of ſacrifice, if we are to be compared to the tools of a carpenter! However, I need not much wonder at this impudent language, ſince you ſee me tamely enduring it, with a thunderbolt clinched in my hand ready to throw at your head.

CYNISCUS.

Strike, Jupiter, ſtrike. If ſuch is my fate, I cannot pretend to blame you for it. Clotho is to be conſidered as the agent; you only the inſtrument. You and your thunderbolt will be equally innocent, and I ſhall not lay my death to either of you. But I want to put a queſtion to Jupiter and Fate; and I expect you to anſwer for both. I have been thinking of your threats, and am aſtoniſhed how it comes to paſs that you ſhould neglect darting your thunder on thoſe

who are guilty of the moſt enormous crimes; while you can ſet your wits againſt a poor harmleſs oak perhaps, or a ſtone, or the maſt of a ſhip, which never could have given you any provocation. And not only that, but you now and then knock down a very honeſt man going peaceably along the highway. What, are you mute, Jupiter? But, perhaps, I am again aſking more than it becomes me to know.

JUPITER.

To be ſure you have no buſineſs to talk as you do; and I wonder where you have collected all this impertinence!

CYNISCUS.

And ſo I am not to enquire of Jupiter, and Providence, and Fate, how you came all three of you to let the good man Phocion die in ſuch extreme poverty, as even to want common neceſſaries, as Ariſtides had done before him! I am not to know why Callias and Alcibiades, thoſe abandoned young men, revelled in abundance; as did the haughty Midias, and the infamous Chœrops of Ægina, which laſt ſtarved his

his own mother! I muſt not aſk why Socrates, and not Melitus, was given up to the Undecemviri; or why Sardanapalus, the effeminate Sardanapalus, was ſuffered to reign, and put to death ſo many Perſians, for no other reaſon, but becauſe they were too good to be pleaſed with him! I do not wiſh to be troubleſome; but I muſt ſay, that the avaritious and the wicked conſtantly proſper; but to be virtuous is to be miſerable, to be poor, and diſeaſed, and ſubject to a thouſand calamities.

JUPITER.

You do not conſider, Cyniſcus, what happineſs is reſerved for the good in another life, and how much miſery for the bad.

CYNISCUS.

So you are going to tell me of Hades, and Tityus, and Tantalus, and ſuch ſort of people. What foundation you may have for your ſtories, I ſhall know better by-and-by, when I am dead. But for the preſent I ſhould be glad to paſs my little time here pleaſantly, though my liver were to be afterwards expoſed to vultures. I

would run the risk of that. And I cannot say that I should choose to live in this world in continual thirst, as Tantalus is reported to do in the other, for the privilege of carousing with heroes hereafter in the islands of the blessed, or basking myself in the meadows of Elysium.

JUPITER.

Surely you do not pretend to doubt of future rewards and punishments! You must know there is a tribunal, where every man's conduct will be strictly enquired into.

CYNISCUS.

I have heard of one Minos from Crete, who gives judgment below; and I should be glad to know something further concerning him; for people say he is a son of yours.

JUPITER.

What can you want to know about him, Cyniscus?

CY-

CYNYSCUS.

What I want to know is, who they are that he makes a point of puniſhing.

JUPITER.

Who they are! the wicked to be ſure; ſuch as commit murder, ſuch are guilty of ſacrilege.

CYNISCUS.

And who are allowed to mix with the heroes?

JUPITER.

The pious and good; thoſe who have lived virtuous lives.

CYNISCUS.

But why ſo, Jupiter?

JUPITER.

Why ſo! becauſe the one are proper objects of reward, as the others are of puniſhment.

CYNISCUS.

But if a man has committed an involuntary offence, does Minos think it juſt to puniſh him for that?

JUPITER.

No, to be ſure.

CYNISCUS.

Neither can I ſuppoſe, that if a man ſhould chance to act right without intending it, that he can be adjudged deſerving of reward.

JUPITER.

By no means.

CYNISCUS.

Very well. Then I affirm, Jupiter, that Minos can have no manner of buſineſs either to puniſh or reward any one perſon whatever.

JUPITER.

How ſo?

CYNISCUS.

Becauſe, if what has been already acknowledged be true, that Fate is the cauſe of all that comes to paſs, we mortals have no will of our own, and only act as we are impelled by inevitable neceſſity. If a man be guilty of murder, or ſacrilege, it is no guilt of his; he only executes the orders of his deſtiny. So that if Minos would ſhew himſelf an upright judge, he ſhould puniſh the Fates and the Parcæ, not Siſyphus and Tantalus, who only did as they were bid.

JUPITER.

Your ſophiſtry is no longer worthy of any reply. You are a very ſaucy fellow; and I ſhall take my leave of you.

CYNISCUS.

Stay a moment, Jupiter. After hearing ſo much about the Parcæ, I ſhould be glad to know where they live, and how it is poſſible that they can attend to ſuch a multiplicity of buſineſs, even to the minuteſt article, and only three of them all

all the while. I am ſure it is tight work for them; they muſt have their hands full, I think. With ſo much to do, they cannot paſs their time very pleaſantly; and I cannot help ſaying, that the Fates themſelves, in my opinion, have had very hard fate. I do declare, for my part, if I might have my choice, I would not change my condition for theirs, even if I were ſtill poorer than I am. I could never bear to ſit twirling a ſpindle all day long, with my attention perpetually on the ſtretch after ſuch an infinity of buſineſs. But I ſuppoſe, Jupiter, you may not be fond of anſwering any more queſtions; ſo I will reſt contented with what I have heard: eſpecially, ſince what you have already ſaid has pretty well ſolved my doubts. And, if Fate has not decreed me to hear any more, I muſt not expect it.

JUPITER

JUPITER in Tragedy.

MERCURY, MINERVA, JUPITER, JUNO, NEPTUNE, VENUS, COLOSSUS, MOMUS, APOLLO, HERCULES, HERMAGORAS, TIMOCLES, DAMIS.

MERCURY.

Penſive and ſad, explain, O mighty Jove,
What means thy lonely ſtep, thy viſage pale,
Theſe philoſophic ſounds of diſcontent?
Spurn not my humble ſuit; I long to ſoothe
Thy pungent at griefs, and ſmooth thy furrow'd brow.

MINERVA.

Great father Jupiter, o'er all ſupreme,
Thy blue-ey'd Pallas ſuppliant bends the knee:
Conceal not in thy breaſt the painful cauſe,
The biting cares that wring the ſoul of Jove.
Ah! why that livid cheek? that heavy groan?

JUPITER.

The ſooth to ſing, there is not aught that's bad,
No hard miſhap, no tragical event,
Which preſſes not upon the breaſt divine.

MINERVA.

Divine thy Proem! ſo Apollo aid!

JUPITER.

The vile, the raſcal inſtitutes of earth!
Alas! what miſchief has Prometheus made!

MINERVA.

To thy domeſtic chorus tell it all.

JUPITER.

Why roars my thunder thundering in vain?

MINERVA.

Moderate your anger, and forgive us, if we have not ſwallowed up Euripides, and ſhould be at a loſs to aſſiſt you in acting your play.

JUNO.

I ſuppoſe you think me unacquainted with the cauſe of your grief.

JUPITER.

Oh! did you know, moſt plenteous were your tears!

JUNO.

JUNO.

I can pretty well gueſs. But it is nothing new to me. I have been ſo long accuſtomed to your ill uſage, that I have left off crying my eyes out, as I uſed to do, at your infidelity. I preſume you have juſt found out ſome Danae, or Semele, or Europa, and, being mightily enamoured, are puzzled by what means you may beſt compaſs your wiſh. What ſhape do you think will be the beſt to aſſume? a Bull, or a Satyr? What do you think of another ſhower of gold trickling through the thatch into the boſom of your beloved? Sighs, and tears, and face of care! you have all the ſymptoms.

JUPITER.

How idly you talk! to ſuppoſe that the fooleries of love can occaſion me any anxiety.

JUNO.

I talk ſo, becauſe I am talking to Jupiter.

JUPITER.

O Juno, Juno, our affairs are in no laughable ſituation. It is become a moot point whether the

the Gods are any longer to be honoured on earth, or whether we are to be entirely neglected, and looked upon as nobody at all!

JUNO.

What, is there another breed of giants ariſen below? Are the Titans going to make a freſh attack upon us? Have they got off their fetters, and knocked down the gaoler?

JUPITER.

No fear of that, no danger thence alarms.

JUNO.

Then I wonder what can be the matter with you; for your countenance would do very well for Polus, or Ariſtodemus, in their deepeſt tragedy.

JUPITER.

It was no longer ago, Juno, than yeſterday, in the preſence of many reſpectable perſons, which makes the matter ſo much the worſe, that Timocles the Stoick, and Damis the Epicuræan, (how it began I know no more than you), took it

it into their heads to hold a diſputation concerning Providence. When Damis made no ſcruple of denying the exiſtence, as well as interference, of any Gods whatever in human affairs: nothing, he declared, was appointed or ſuperintended by us. Timocles, that good old man, Timocles, exerted himſelf in ſupport of us. But a great crowd of people flocking round, and interrupting them, they parted by conſent, having firſt agreed to reſume their arguments at another time. So that every body is at a ſtand for the preſent, in anxious expectation of hearing which of the two is to prevail. We have but a ſingle chance for it, you ſee. All is hazarded on one man; and one or other of theſe two conſequences muſt follow; either that we fall into utter contempt, our names being only conſidered as words of courſe; or elſe, if Timocles ſhould happen to ſucceed, that we may poſſibly be reſtored to our former honours.

JUNO.

Grievous doings, Jupiter, in good truth! you might very well put on your ſerious face!

JUPITER.

Waiting the iſſue of this confuſion—how could you talk to me of Danae, or Antiope? Heavens! what will become of us all? Do you hear, Mercury, and Juno, and Miverva, and the reſt of you? What muſt we do?

MERCURY.

I think, for my part, it will be beſt to refer the matter to a general aſſembly.

JUNO.

So I think.

MINERVA.

I am of a different opinion. I do not ſee why you ſhould publiſh your fears, and put all heaven in an uproar on the occaſion. Cannot you, by ſome ſecret management, contrive it ſo, that Timocles may be victorious, and Damis be obliged to ſneak off aſhamed of himſelf?

MER-

MERCURY.

Secrecy in a buſineſs of this nature will not do. The diſpute muſt be in publick. Do not you think, Jupiter, it would be thought a very arbitrary way of proceeding, were you not to communicate to all what is ſo much the concern of all?

JUPITER.

You are in the right, Mercury. Make proclamation then, and order every body to attend.

MERCURY.

Holla! get ready, ye Gods, without delay. I ſummon you all to meet immediately on ſpecial affairs—matters of great moment.

JUPITER.

You make poor work of it, Mercury. In a call of this very great conſequence, I expected a more elevated ſtyle, ſomething more than mere pitiful proſe.

MERCURY.

What would you have me do, Jupiter?

JUPITER.

Do! I would have you do as becomes you; call the meeting with a ſuitable ſolemnity, and in the lofty voice of the poet.

MERCURY.

That would be very proper, I dare ſay, if I had verſes ready at my fingers ends. But, alas! were I to attempt poetry, I ſhould ſpoil all, and only expoſe my own ignorance. I know not how to take the right meaſure; and my verſes, being either too long or too ſhort, would make me laughed at. Apollo himſelf, I obſerve, does not always come off without his ſhare of ridicule in diſpenſing his oracles, notwithſtanding the aid which he derives from their obſcurity, and the very little leiſure his votaries allow themſelves in examining his verſification.

JUPITER.

At leaſt you may give your proclamation a daſh

daſh of Homer. You cannot have forgot his manner of iſſuing a ſummons.

MERCURY.

Almoſt. But I will try to remember as well as I can.

Come [i] males, come females, river Gods, and all,
Each nymph attend, on every nymph I call;
All ye, who feaſt on hecatombs, ador'd,
Great Jove commands you all to council board,
Good, bad, indifferent, with rank, without,
Who like to lounge the incenſe pot about.

JUPITER.

O rare Mercury! you have exerted yourſelf to admiration. And behold, here they come! But you muſt be very careful in receiving and placing them properly according to their reſpective conſequence. The materials and the workmanſhip are to ſerve you as guides to go by. The firſt row muſt be allotted to Gods that are made of gold; the next to thoſe of ſilver; the next to thoſe of ivory; and next to them thoſe that are made of braſs and ſtone; taking

[i] A Cento from Homer.

care amongſt theſe laſt to give a preference to the works of Phidias, and Alcamenes, and Myron, and Euphranor, and ſuch diſtinguiſhed artiſts. As for other Gods, mere ſcum of the earth, on which neither art nor coſt has been beſtowed, you may toſs them quietly by in a corner; they only ſerve to make a full houſe.

MERCURY.

Very well; they ſhall all be properly ſeated. But there is one thing which I want to know. Suppoſing a God of gold, weighing a great many talents, ſhould happen to be conſtructed in the moſt vulgar and blundering manner imaginable, exhibiting no one trace of ſymmetry or art, what am I to do in that caſe? Am I to place him before the elaborate braſs of Myron, or Polycletus, or Phidias? before the ſtatues of Alcamenes? Or am I to prefer the execution of the work?

JUPITER.

It ſhould be ſo, no doubt. But as it is, the gold muſt have the preference.

MER-

MERCURY.

I underſtand you. I am to go by the market-price, not the honeſt value. Come along then, ye golden deities; you are to have the beſt ſeat. But do you conſider, Jupiter, that the moſt honourable places will be occupied ſolely by Barbarians? As to the Greeks, I need not tell you what you know as well as I. They are well-favoured, good-looking people, to be ſure, and dreſſed in taſte; but then they are no better than ſtone, or braſs, or ivory, ſlightly gilded perhaps, ſo as to exhibit a glittering outſide. Whereas, the wooden work within very probably ſhelters a colony of mice. But only look at [k] Bendis, and [k] Anubis, and, cloſe to him, [k] Attis, and [k] Mithres, and [k] Meen [l]! They

[k] Bendis takes the lead in this liſt, as being a Goddeſs. Our author had in another place put Thetis and Amphitrite before their huſbands; to which, being married, he might think their right was fully eſtabliſhed. And yet a ſour philoſopher has objected to it, ſaying, he wiſhed the ſexes to continue in the ſame order in which their Maker had placed them.

They are all of ſolid ſubſtantial gold, of prodigious weight and price!

NEPTUNE.

Do you call this juſtice, Mercury? Is this Ægyptian dog-face to take place of me? Sir, I am Neptune.

MERCURY.

You are Neptune, I grant, the earth-ſhaking Neptune. But what of that? He is as rich as you are brazen and beggarly. The Corinthians had no gold; and therefore Lyſippus was obliged to make you out of ſuch metal as he could get. If he has a great noſe, it is a noſe of gold; and you muſt make way for him and it. Nay, do not be angry.

On reviſing this note, I am in doubt whether to attribute this revival of politeneſs in modern manners to his majeſty's company of comedians, or the company in Leadenhall-Street, our news-papers never failing to addreſs the proprietors of India ſtock as Ladies and Gentlemen.

[*l*] Μωμ, Meen, with two *ee* in Engliſh, for want of one long, was a Phrygian God.

VENUS.

VENUS.

I hope, Mercury, you will ſecure a place for me in the firſt row. I am Venus, the golden Venus.

MERCURY.

The golden Venus! Truly, if I may believe my eyes, I muſt pronounce you the white Venus, cut from the marble of Pentele, chiſſeled to the fancy of Praxiteles, and then given to the Cnidians.

VENUS.

O, if you come to that, I can bring you undeniable evidence of what I ſay. Homer calls me the golden Venus over and over again: you will not diſpute the authority of Homer.

MERCURY.

Indeed I will. Homer talks of the gold of Apollo, and mentions him as very rich; of which you may judge for yourſelf, by obſerving his companions in the third row. He has been robbed, and has neither a garland to his head,

head, nor pegs to his lyre. I really would adviſe you to be contented, if you are not ſeated on the laſt bench of all amongſt perſons of the meaneſt condition.

COLOSSUS.

Is there any one here who will dare to contend with the great Coloſſus of the ſun? If it had not been that the Rhodians were abſolutely determined to make me of a bulk ſo immenſe, they might, without being at any more expence, have had a ſcore of golden Gods. It is, therefore, no more than fair to value me accordingly. And it is not only my aſtoniſhing ſize that you ſhould conſider, but you ſee how exquiſite the workmahſhip is, and how exact the proportion.

MERCURY.

What is to be done now, Jupiter? He puzzles me. He is no more than braſs, to be ſure; but then there is ſuch a vaſt quantity of it in his compoſition, and he muſt have coſt ſo many talents, that one might almoſt reſolve on allowing him the [m] firſt ſeat, or the ſecond at leaſt.

[m] Solon divided the Athenians into four ranks, according

JUPITER.

I wonder what buſineſs he had here, looking ſo high over every body's head, and putting us all into confuſion. Hark you, Mr. Rhodian, you will have it that you are to be preferred? And how do you think it is to be done, unleſs, indeed, thoſe golden Gods all quit their ſeats to make room for you, one of whoſe but-

cording to every man's eſtate: thoſe who were worth five hundred medimns of liquid and dry commodities, he placed in the firſt rank, calling them πεντακοσιομεδιμνοι. The next were the horſemen, called ἱππαδα τελοῦντες, being ſuch as were of ability to furniſh out a horſe, or were worth three hundred medimns. The third claſs conſiſted of thoſe that had two hundred medimns, who were called Ζευγῖται. In the laſt he placed all the reſt, calling them Θῆτες, and allowed them not to be capable of bearing any office in the government, only gave them liberty to vote in all publick aſſemblies; which, though at firſt it appeared inconſiderable, was afterwards found to be a very important privilege; for it being permitted after the determination of the magiſtrates to make an appeal to the people aſſembled in convocation, hereby it came to paſs, that cauſes of the greateſt weight and moment were brought before them. Potter's Antiq.

tocks

tocks would fill the whole [n] Pnyx? A better way, I think, will be for you to ſtand. You may then make your bow to the company.

MERCURY.

Here again is a difficulty. A couple of Gods, both of braſs, both equally well executed, as being the work of Lyſippus; and what is ſtill more, they are equally reſpectable in point of family, being Bacchus and Hercules, both ſons of Jupiter: and behold! they are quarrelling about precedency.

JUPITER.

We are only waſting time, which ought to be employed to better purpoſe. Let all of them be immediately ſeated, where they like beſt, or [o] wherever they can find room. The queſtion of precedency muſt be referred to the diſcuſſion of ſome future meeting, when I will take care to ſettle it.

[n] This was the name of a crowded place at Athens, near the citadel.

[o] Ανα μιξ, hicklety-picklety.

MER-

MERCURY.

Hercules! what a clamour do I hear? People bawling out for their dole! "No nectar today!—nothing?—Is the ambroſia all gone?—No hecatombs?—nothing left?—Are we to have nothing?—no ſhare?"

JUPITER.

Command ſilence, Mercury. What do they mean by trifling in this manner? Let them all be made ſenſible for what purpoſe they are aſſembled.

MERCURY.

But you ſhould conſider, Jupiter, that they do not all of them underſtand Greek; and I am not ſo great a linguiſt as to ſpeak to Scythians, Perſians, Thracians, and Celts, in all their ſeveral languages. The beſt thing for me to do, I believe, will be to wave my hand. They may underſtand that.

JUPITER.

Do ſo.

MER-

MERCURY.

That was a good thought of mine. They are become as mute as ſo many fiſhes. Now is your time. You ſee they are all attention, only waiting for you to ſpeak.

JUPITER.

You may depend upon it, my ſon Mercury, that I ſhall make no ſcruple of ſaying whatever comes uppermoſt. You have ſeen me in aſſemblies before now, and never found me afraid to ſpeak my mind.

MERCURY.

That I am very ſenſible of. I am ſure I have trembled to hear you; and eſpecially when you threatened to let down your golden chain, by which you were to drag us all up, and tear earth and ſea from their foundations.

JUPITER.

Yes; but at preſent I know not why, whether from the preſſure of inſtant danger, or the greatneſs of the multitude here aſſembled, but I find myſelf

myſelf a little confuſed. Only mind how numerous they are. I ſeem tongue-tied, and can hardly help quivering and ſhaking. What is worſe than all the reſt, I have quite forgot the exordium, which I had prepared for my ſpeech, and which I thought they would allow to be a very handſome one.

MERCURY.

You have ruined all, Jupiter. This ſilence of yours is conſidered as ominous of ſomething too bad to be mentioned.

JUPITER.

What can I do, Mercury? Would you have me mouth Homer once more to them?

MERCURY.

Mouth Homer?

JUPITER.

Yes.

Hark! hark! all Gods, all Goddeſſes, attend!

MER-

MERCURY.

Pſhaw! there has been enough of that. I wiſh you would unload yourſelf of that heavy ſong. Is there nothing, do you think, in the Philippicks of Demoſthenes, that would do to put in your ſpeech? It is a very common practice, let me tell you, among great orators.

JUPITER.

I thank you for your hint. It is a very compendious device. Let me ſee then, thus I begin: "[p] I doubt not men of Athens—men "of heaven I mean—I doubt not—how can I "doubt that you would give a great deal of "money to know for what purpoſe you are "here aſſembled. That being the caſe, your "buſineſs is carefully to attend to me. The "times, ye Gods, ſpeak for themſelves, and "admoniſh us to go briſkly to work. Yet "how idle, how indifferent we ſeem to be! "But it is my intention"——here Demoſthenes drops me——it is my wiſh that you ſhould fully comprehend the cauſe of my uneaſineſs,

[p] Demoſth. Olynth. 1.

and

and why I thus haſtily call you together. No longer ago than yeſterday, you remember, ſeveral of us, as many as were invited, partook of an entertainment in the Pyræeus, given by Mneſitheus for our ſaving his ſhip, which had been every thing but wrecked near Caphereus. After the libations were over, and you were all gone different ways, as you liked beſt, I thought I would ſtep up to the city, and take my evening's walk in the Ceramicus. As I went along, I could not help meditating on the meanneſs of our fare. Think of a man feaſting ſixteen Gods with one old phthiſicky cock, and four grains of muſty incenſe, which in a moment were reduced to aſhes, without affording the ſmalleſt regale to our noſtrils! And yet, we all know, when his veſſel was beating about at the mercy of the waves, and ready every moment to be daſhed againſt a rock, he then could be liberal enough. He then promiſed us whole hecatombs. Full of ſuch thoughts, I come to the Pæcile, where I find a prodigious number of people indeed, ſome within the porch, and ſome without in the open air; while others were ſeated on the benches, and exalting their voices

to the utmoſt. Gueſſing how the matter might be, that they were of the order of wrangling philoſophers, I had a mind to be near enough to hear what they were ſaying. As it happened, I was already clad in a thick cloud, and having put on a long beard, and as much of their figure and manner as I thought ſufficient to make me paſs for a philoſopher, I puſhed through the crowd, and got in amongſt them without being known. There I found Damis the Epicurean, a moſt precious raſcal, engaged in a violent debate with Timocles the Stoick, who is one of the very beſt of men. Timocles had exerted himſelf till he was ſcarcely able to articulate, and was all in a ſweat: while Damis, with the moſt inſulting jeers, provoked the good man beyond all enduring. The whole diſpute was concerning us. That raſcal Damis inſiſted upon it, that we made no proviſion at all for human occurrences, of which, he ſaid, we had no manner of cognizance; meaning, in ſhort, to inſinuate, that we had no exiſtence. Indeed, it was very plain that ſuch was the tendency of what he ſaid; neither were there wanting thoſe who approved of his arguments. Timocles,

cles, on the contrary, took part with us moſt ſtoutly. Indeed, he went beyond his ſtrength. He turned the diſpute on all ſides over and over, to manifeſt our anxious care of mankind. He aſſerted, he inſiſted, he fretted, he fumed. That care, that order, that addreſs, with which we managed every thing, was pointed out, explained, and praiſed with all becoming zeal. Neither was he without his admirers. But, alas! he unluckily grew tired, and was ſo hoarſe with bawling, that the audience began to neglect him, and turn their eyes towards his antagoniſt. I, ſeeing the danger to which we were expoſed, ordered darkneſs immediately to ſurround the aſſembly, and break off the diſpute. Upon which they parted by conſent, having previouſly agreed to meet the next day, and fairly fight it out. As the company returned to their reſpective homes, I made it my buſineſs to mix with them, in order to learn their ſentiments; when I found that Damis was the favourite, by far the greater part declaring themſelves converts to his doctrine. At the ſame time there were many candid enough to acknowledge that they would wait to hear if Timocles had any more

to ſay before they would proceed to condemn him. You are now acquainted with my motives for calling you together; motives, which you will allow to carry ſome conſequence, when you recollect, that all our honour, glory, praiſe, and profit, every thing they give us, depends entirely on mankind. If they once take it into their heads to fancy, either that we have no exiſtence, or that we take no care for them, we can no longer expect any tokens of their reſpect for us; there will be no victims, no preſents, no honours of any kind, for us. We ſhall lounge here in hunger and neglect, revolving the joyleſs returns of feſtivals, aſſemblies, ſacrifices, vigils, and proceſſions. In a caſe of this magnitude, I muſt needs ſay, it well becomes you all to think of deviſing ſome ſalutary ſcheme or other, by which Timocles may be enabled to prevail in the argument, and get the laugh againſt Damis. This, I am pretty confident, he will never be able to effect of himſelf without your concurrence. Make proclamation, Mercury, as the ſtatute directs, that every body may ſtand up, and give his opinion.

MER-

MERCURY.

Hark you, ſir! Silence there! no diſturbance! Does any God of [q] ſenatorial age chooſe to open his mouth? What, nobody? every one ſtill and quiet! all ſtruck dumb with the importance of the ſubject!

MOMUS.

[r] Away, begone, unanimated dough! If I might have permiſſion to ſpeak my mind, I believe, Jupiter, I ſhould not be without ſomething to ſay.

JUPITER.

Speak out, Momus. Be as free as you pleaſe; you can only mean the good of the publick.

MOMUS.

Hear then, all ye Gods, what I am going to

[q] τελειων θεων, alluding no doubt to the cuſtom of not admitting any perſon to ſpeak in the Athenian aſſemblies who was under thirty years of age. Thoſe of fifty ſpoke always firſt.

[r] Hom. Il. VII. 99.

ſay; for I ſhall be very plain with you. I have long thought how it would be. I had no doubt of things coming to this paſs, no doubt at all. I foreſaw, that a ſwarm of ſophiſts would ariſe, laying their impudence and effrontery to our account. And you cannot, by Themis! you cannot, be angry with Epicurus and his diſciples, or any who have received his opinions! For what muſt any perſon think, who only caſts his eyes around him, and obſerves the diſorders which every where prevail? The good are totally neglected. The good are left to periſh in ſlavery, poverty, and diſeaſe. Characters the moſt worthleſs and abandoned are ſeen rolling in riches, domineering over their betters. Sacrilege is ſuffered to eſcape, and go on with impunity. Men, who never did any body any harm, are ſcourged and hanged. This being the caſe, what muſt people think of us? Can they have faith in any ſuch beings? When the oracle is reported,

The Halys croſs, a mighty empire falls;

Who can tell which empire is to fall? And that other,

O Sala-

O Salamis [s] divine, of womankind
The ſons ſhall periſh!

Both the Greeks and Perſians, I fancy, were the ſons of women. And then, if any attention is paid to the rhapſodies of poets, who recite our amours, our wounds, our ſervility, our captivity, our ſeditions, and a thouſand other ſuch circumſtances, how can we expect men to do otherwiſe than laugh at us, and make no account of any thing that concerns us? We, forſooth, give ourſelves airs, and take it ill, that ſenſible people contemn ſuch ridiculous tales, and ſpurn our pretended providence! whereas, after ſo many inſtances of miſconduct, I think we may be very well ſatisfied if we continue to receive any oblations at all! And now, Jupiter, I have a queſtion to aſk you, as we are alone; at leaſt there is nothing of man amongſt us, unleſs you chooſe to call Hercules, and Bacchus, and Ganymede, and Eſculapius by that name, who have been naturalized. Tell me truly, Jupiter, did you ever give yourſelf the trouble of enquiring who were

[s] See Plutarch's Life of Themiſtocles. This was the famous oracle recommending wooden walls.

good, and who were bad on earth? You cannot ſay you did. If it had not been for Theſeus, who happened, as he was going from Træzen to Athens, to fall in with and deſtroy thoſe raſcals that infeſted the roads, Sciron, and Pityocamptes, and Cercyon, and the reſt of the gang, might have rioted in their iniquity to the end of the chapter, you and your providence notwithſtanding. And if the good-natured conſiderate Euryſtheus, induced by motives of humanity, had not taken pains to inform himſelf how matters went, and had not ſent this agent of his, this man of all work, ready for the moſt arduous enterpriſe, you, for your part, Jupiter, I am ſure, would not have given yourſelf any trouble about Hydras, or birds of Stymphalus, Thracian horſes, or drunken centaurs quarrelling in their cups. To ſpeak the real truth in one word, we ſit here minding no one thing, beſides watching for the ſcent of an oblation. With regard to every other conſideration, the world may wag as it will for us. We ſhall every day have leſs and leſs reaſon to be ſurpriſed at mens' eyes being opened, when they muſt ſee very plainly that their ſacrifices and ſolemn rites

avail

avail them juſt nothing at all. It cannot be a great while before you will ſee our advocates fairly beaten out of their play, decried, and made nothing of, by ſuch wits as Epicurus, Metrodorus, and Damis. As you have yourſelves been the cauſe of all this diſorder, would it not very well become you to ſet about remedying it? As for Momus, it cannot greatly concern him. I was never in much vogue in better times, when you fared ſo well; and, not having been uſed to much ceremony, I ſhall not be ſo ſenſible of the want of it.

JUPITER.

Rough and uncouth as he is, with all his propenſity to ſcandal about him, I do not think that we can do better than let him go on; though, as the admirable Demoſthenes [*t*] has well obſerved, it is no difficult matter to find fault, provided one gives one's mind to it; but to offer ſuch conſiderations as may be the means of putting affairs into a better track, that is only to be done by a counſellor truly wiſe. And it is what every other God amongſt you, I am

[*t*] Olynth. 1.

very

very ſure, without any hint from Momus, will readily undertake.

NEPTUNE.

I am always dabbling in water, you know, ſpending my time at the bottom of the ſea, where I do as much as I can, ſingle-handed, for the common cauſe. My politicks are employed in promoting navigation, by appeaſing the winds, and ſaving the lives of mariners. Yet, nevertheleſs, I cannot but ſay that I find myſelf ſtrongly intereſted in this buſineſs; and, if I may preſume to adviſe, I think the beſt way would be to make ſure of Damis before he goes to the diſputation. A thunderbolt, or ſome other convenience, might prevent the ſucceſs of his harangues, which, you ſay, are ſo plauſible. Then people would be made ſenſible of the conſequence of abuſing us.

JUPITER.

How ſtrangely you trifle! Surely, Neptune, you cannot be ignorant, that you are recommending what is not in our power to perform. Have you forgot that every man muſt die in the

the manner ordained by Fate? Whether by thunder, by the ſword, by a fever, or conſumption, depends on that particular thread, which is ſpun for him by the Parcæ. If it were otherwiſe, and a matter at my option, do you think I would have ſuffered thoſe villains to eſcape from Olympia, thoſe ſacrilegious monſters, who had the audacity to cut off two of my curls, each weighing not leſs than ſix minæ? Or would you yourſelf, if you could have helped yourſelf, have taken no notice of the Orean fiſherman in Geræſtus, who ſtole your trident from you? And, beſides, it would appear as if we were quite diſconcerted, at our wit's end, under the greateſt apprehenſions from the arguments of Damis, to which we are afraid to oppoſe thoſe of Timocles. This would not be ſaving appearances. It would be ſaid that we made away with Damis, becauſe we could only obtain a victory by having nobody to contend with.

NEPTUNE.

I thought I had found out for you a ſhort and eaſy way to ſucceſs.

JUPITER.

JUPITER.

In your life you never were more miſtaken. To get the better of a fiſh, it may be very prudent to ſtick your trident into him. But in this caſe to kill the enemy were to let him die unconquered. The queſtion would then be left undecided, and there would remain as much cavil about it as ever.

APOLLO.

If a beardleſs youth like me might be permitted to ſpeak, I could wiſh to offer a word or two, which perhaps might not be unſeaſonable.

MOMUS.

This council, Apollo, is called to deliberate on affairs of ſuch great moment, that we muſt wave all ceremony, and be guided not by age but ability. It would be a pretty thing indeed, if in ſuch urgent danger we were to waſte our time in childiſh debate about forms of law. Beſides, you are legally qualified to all intents and purpoſes. Though not quite of ſtanding to have aſſiſted in the councils of Saturn, you have been enrolled amongſt the twelve. Do not

therefore look upon yourſelf as a boy, after having ſo long left the ephebi, and been your own maſter. Affect not, I ſay, any boyiſh reſerve, but ſpeak out like a man without fear or dread. You need not be aſhamed of your chin, conſidering how reſpectable a beard your ſon Eſculapius exhibits. Let us hear what you have to ſay. Now is the time. You would not have it ſuppoſed, that you reſide in Helicon, and converſe all this while with the Muſes for nothing.

APOLLO.

I wanted leave of Jupiter to ſpeak, not your leave. If Jupiter would be pleaſed to command me, I might endeavour to ſhew, that I am not unacquainted with Helicon and the Muſes.

JUPITER.

I give you leave. Speak, my ſon.

APOLLO.

To me that Timocles appears to be a very pious good ſort of a man, and perfectly well acquainted with the precepts of the Stoicks. His philoſophy is much in vogue amongſt the young men,

men, and he gets a great deal of money by it. Indeed, nothing is better received than his lectures in private. But in a publick company he has hardly the courage to open his mouth. Or, if he does, it is with ſo bad a grace that he is laughed at as an ignorant half-bred barbarian, who blunders, and ſtammers, and cannot get out a ſentence; and eſpecially when, with theſe diſadvantages, he will needs aſpire to the praiſe of eloquence. At the ſame time, in the opinion of thoſe who are beſt acquainted with what belongs to the Stoicks, he is thought to poſſeſs an acute judgment, and to excel in nicety of diſcernment. But no ſooner does he attempt to ſpeak, in order to make known his ſentiments, than he ſpoils and confounds all, being utterly unable to explain himſelf. His converſation becomes a perfect riddle; and the more he labours to refute objections, the more he is bewildered; ſo that his audience, as they cannot underſtand him, are contented to laugh at him. My opinion is, that clearneſs of expreſſion ſhould be carefully ſtudied, to avoid being miſunderſtood.

MOMUS.

MOMUS.

You certainly are much in the right to recommend plainneſs of ſpeech. And yet I do not think, Apollo, that you yourſelf are remarkable for the practice of it. Witneſs your oracles, in which you appear ſo very knotty and perplexed. You have the knack of throwing out with the greateſt ſecurity to your own credit ſuch ambidexter opinions, that your votaries are often in want of another Apollo to interpret your meaning. But pray what have you further to offer? what is to be done in this caſe of Timocles? have you any remedy for his incapacity of ſpeaking?

APOLLO.

The thing would be to provide him with a pleader, one of thoſe egregious orators, who can make the moſt of ſuch ſentiments as Timocles might ſupply him with.

MOMUS.

Conſidering you as a beardleſs boy, requiring a pedagogue, I muſt own, your advice is quite in character. You would not have him plead his

his own cauſe, but reſt his defence on his counſel, who is to get up in an aſſembly of philoſophers, and explain the ſentiments of his client! Mean-while, Damis acts for himſelf in his own proper perſon! Timocles is to whiſper into the ear of his actor whatever he thinks fit, taking him aſide for that purpoſe! His arguments are then to be repeated aloud with rhetorical flouriſhes by a perſon who perhaps does not underſtand them. Such a conduct as this muſt appear ridiculous to every body. But we will think of it another time. Pray, my good ſir, as you call yourſelf a prophet, and are in ſo great a way of buſineſs as now and then to earn ingots of gold, why will you not on the preſent occaſion oblige us with a ſpecimen of your art? Why cannot you tell us beforehand which of the two philoſophers will have the better of the argument? You muſt know, as you are a prophet.

APOLLO.

How could you think, Momus, of my propheſying here, where I have none of my tools? I have here neither tripod, nor incenſe, nor Caſtalian well.

MOMUS.

MOMUS.

So! you are caught. Get off as you can.

JUPITER.

I muſt beg, my ſon, you will give him an anſwer. Think how rejoiced he would be to have a handle for exerciſing his ill-natured wit at your expence. He would affirm, that your whole conſequence ariſes from your three-legged ſtool, your water, and perfume; and that, if they ſhould be taken from you, your art would be all at an end.

APOLLO.

Buſineſs is much better done at Delphi, or Colophon, where one has every thing one wants on the ſpot. But to be ſure, father, if it be your deſire, I will try what I can do for you without my apparatus. Only, while I am labouring to make you acquainted with the iſſue of this conteſt, I hope, you will not be angry, if my language ſhould be a little leſs poetical.

MOMUS.

Nothing more is required of you than to be clear and diſtinct, ſo as not to want an interpreter. Speak for yourſelf. You cannot be uninformed of the ſubject: there is no diſh [*u*] of

[*u*] Crœſus ſent meſſengers to all the moſt celebrated oracles both of Greece and Africa, with orders to enquire, every one at his reſpective oracle, what Crœſus was doing on ſuch a day, and ſuch an hour. His orders were punctually obſerved; and of all the oracles none gave a true anſwer but that of Delphos. The anſwer was given in Greek hexameter verſes, and was in ſubſtance as follows: *I know the number of the grains of ſand on the ſea-ſhore, and the meaſure of the ocean's vaſt extent. I can hear the dumb, and him that has not yet learned to ſpeak. A ſtrong ſmell of a tortoiſe boiled in braſs, together with ſheep's fleſh, has reached my noſtrils, braſs beneath, braſs above.* And indeed the king, thinking to invent ſomething that could not poſſibly be gueſſed at, had employed himſelf, on the day and hour ſet down, in boiling a tortoiſe and a lamb in a braſs pot, which had a braſs cover. St. Auſtin obſerves in ſeveral places, that God, to puniſh the blindneſs of the pagans, ſometimes permitted the devils to give anſwers conformable to the truth. Rollin's Ancient Hiſtory, Vol. II.

lamb

lamb and tortoiſe at preſent cooking in Lydia to puzzle you.

JUPITER.

What is all this for, my ſon? Your colour changes, your eyes are diſtorted, your hair ſtands on end, you move like one of the Corybantes, in ſhort, like one that is poſſeſſed, and full of all that is terrible and myſterious. Theſe muſt be the preſaging ſymptoms of your oracle!

APOLLO.

Hark! hark! Apollo, fortune-telling God,
Pronounces in a cauſe of conteſt cold,
Which noiſy men excite, arm'd with old ſaws,
Filling the ambient air with chattering ire.
The plough's ill-ſped, the deep receſſes roar,
And when the Vulture claws the Graſhopper,
The Crow ſhall wet her whiſtle with the rain,
The Mules ſhall conquer, and the Aſſes butt.

JUPITER.

Why, Momus, you are in a broad grin. Surely our affairs are not in ſuch a laughing condition. The fellow will choke himſelf. Have done, pr'ythee.

MOMUS.

Really, Jupiter, the oracle is ſo very plain, ſo very perſpicuous, that it makes me laugh whether I will or no.

JUPITER.

If it be ſo very plain to you, I wiſh you would make it plain to me.

MOMUS.

O there is no ſuch thing as miſtaking it. We have no occaſion to call a [x] Themiſtocles to our aid. The oracle declares moſt clearly, that the man is a cheat, an impoſing villain, and that we are no better than pack-aſſes and mules for believing what he ſays, which nobody would do beſides, nobody, I mean, with the brains of a beetle.

HERCULES.

I am but a ſtranger here, Father; yet I will

[x] See Cornelius Nepos. The Athenians were adviſed to defend themſelves with wooden walls, which Themiſtocles interpreted ſhips of war. No Engliſhman could have heſitated a moment.

make bold to ſpeak my mind on this occaſion. When they meet in debate, if Timocles ſhould have the better of it, I ſhall take no manner of notice, but let things take their courſe. But if, on the contrary, his arguments ſhould not anſwer our hopes, I will tell you what I can do: I can knock down the porch about his adverſary's ears, and bury him in the ruins of it. That will be one way of ſaving ourſelves from his raſcally abuſe.

MOMUS.

Really, Hercules, yours is a very civil propoſal! You do not conſider, that together with Damis you muſt infallibly deſtroy a hundred better men! you would make an end of the porch in a moment, and Marathon, and Miltiades, and Cynegirus, and whatever elſe it has to boaſt, muſt periſh with it. You do not conſider what would become of the [y] orators. But you forget yourſelf, talking in this wild way. While you lived on earth, ſuch a feat might poſſibly be in your way. But now that

[y] This is perhaps an alluſion to the μα τȣς Μαραθῶνι προκινδυνευσαντας of Demoſthenes. See Longinus.

you are become a God, you cannot be to learn that all ſuch buſineſs belongs to the Fates, and that we Gods can do juſt nothing at all.

HERCULES.

Really! So then when I was engaged with the Lion, or the Hydra, the Fates did all, and I did nothing!

JUPITER.

Nothing at all.

HERCULES.

At that rate, if any ſaucy fellow ſhould take it into his head to uſe me ill, to plunder my temple, for inſtance, or overturn me on my pedeſtal, unleſs the Fates ſhould have previouſly determined it, I am not to be permitted to knock his brains out!

JUPITER.

No.

HERCULES.

You will excuſe my freedom, Jupiter, in ſpeaking what I think. I am not over-poliſhed, you

you know, and, as the play ſays, I call a ſpade a ſpade. If ſuch be your condition here, I wiſh you joy of it. You are welcome to all your honours: I want none of your blood, none of your ſavoury ſacrifices. I will even take myſelf down to Hell, where I ſhall be of ſome conſequence. Give me only my bow, and the ſhades of thoſe monſters which I have ſlain, I am ſure, muſt be afraid of me.

JUPITER.

Well done! one brings one's worſt friend from home, the proverb ſays. Damis is very much obliged to you for ſaving him ſo much trouble in abuſing us. But who comes now in ſo great a hurry? Who is this brazen, fair-featured man, with the fine hair? I fancy, Mercury, it muſt be your brother of the Bar, who ſtands by the Pæcile, and is all over pitch, from being every day taken off by the ſtatuaries. What now, my boy? why in ſuch haſte? what news do you bring from earth?

HERMAGORAS.

News of no ſmall concern to you, requiring your utmoſt attention.

JUPITER.

Any freſh ſeditions beſides thoſe I have heard of?

HERMAGORAS.

To ſtatuaries with hands all black
I have expoſed my breaſt and back.
A breaſt-plate of moſt apiſh art
The print of braſs in every part—
But lo! a crowd! and two outſtart
Their pallid clamorous fellows far,
In all the tricks of wordy war!
Lo! Damis and his——

JUPITER.

Down, down from your ſtilts, my good friend, and tell me in plain proſe, how long this buſineſs has been thus going on. I am very well acquainted with the parties you ſpeak of.

HERMAGORAS.

They have been long at variance; but till within this little while the war was carried on at a diſtance. They darted their ſlander at random.

JUPI-

JUPITER.

My Gods! what is to be done? We muſt hear what they have to ſay. So let the hours even remove the bolt, take the clouds out of the way, and throw open the celeſtial gates. O wonderful! what a number of people is got together to hear the diſpute! I do not much like the looks of this Timocles: he trembles, and is confuſed. He will ſpoil all this very day. He is no match for Damis, it is very plain. However, if we can do nothing more, we may pray for him.

[z] But pray in ſecret, leſt the foe ſhould hear.

TIMOCLES.

What is it you ſay, you ſacrilegious Damis? that there are no Gods? no Gods to take any care of mankind?

DAMIS.

Anſwer me firſt. By what arguments have you been perſuaded of their exiſtence?

[z] Hom. Il. vii. 194.

TIMO-

TIMOCLES.

Your buſineſs is to reply to me: I will not anſwer you, you raſcal.

DAMIS.

It is not my buſineſs to anſwer, I tell you.

JUPITER.

This is the way to rub up our friend, and make him keener. Well done, Timocles! Do not ſpare abuſe; you are powerful there. But you muſt have a care of yourſelf in other reſpects, or he will make you as mute as a fiſh.

TIMOCLES.

By Pallas then I ſwear, that I will not be the firſt to give an anſwer.

DAMIS.

Then propoſe your queſtion. You are now upon your oath, and I ſhall preſs you no longer. But ſpeak, if you pleaſe, without ſo much ſcurrility.

TIMOCLES.

Very well; I will. Tell me then, do you think,

think, you ſcum and offſcouring, do you think the Gods have any foreſight?

DAMIS.

No.

TIMOCLES.

And you think every thing comes to paſs without being foreſeen?

DAMIS.

Yes.

TIMOCLES.

And the order of the univerſe is not attended to by any divinity?

DAMIS.

No.

TIMOCLES.

And the world is left to itſelf to go on its own way?

DAMIS.

Yes.

TIMO-

TIMOCLES.

You hear what he ſays, good people: can you endure all this? Do not you ſtone the villian? Do not you make an end of him?

DAMIS.

Why would you ſet the people upon me, Timocles? The Gods themſelves have not formed any angry reſolution againſt me, and they have heard me ſay as much before; I mean, if they can hear: if they endure me, I think you may.

TIMOCLES.

The Gods hear you, Sir, you may depend upon it; and in due time they will take proper notice of you.

DAMIS.

As far as I can judge, there is but little probability of their being very ſoon at leiſure to puniſh me; with ſo many engagements on their hands, ſuch an endleſs multiplicity of affairs requiring their attention in *this* world, without taking any other into the account. You ſee that

that even you have hitherto eſcaped puniſhment, though you are ſo continually forſwearing yourſelf, and committing a number of other crimes, which I forbear to particularize, becauſe I do not want to make you appear worſe than I needs muſt. Indeed I do not know any plainer demonſtration they could have given mankind of their providence, than by ridding the world of ſo bad a man. As they do not, it is plain they are not at home. They muſt be gone over the ſea to a feaſt,

[a] " 'Mongſt blameleſs ſons of Æthiopia's race."

It is a very common practice, I underſtand, for the Gods to viſit the Æthiopians, and eat with them, without the ceremony of being aſked.

TIMOCLES.

What can one ſay in reply to ſuch impudence?

DAMIS.

I do not know: I am longing to hear what could put it into yonr head to ſuppoſe that there is any providence?

[a] Hom. Il. I. 423.

TIMO-

TIMOCLES.

The order which prevails through the works of creation firſt convinced me of it. The regular orbits of the Sun and Moon, the ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons, the growth of plants, the generation of animals formed with ſuch manifeſt ſkill, endowed with perception, wanting nouriſhment, capable of being moved, able to walk, to learn trades, to be carpenters, or coblers; theſe things ſeemed to me the works of providence.

DAMIS.

This, Timocles, is no better than begging the queſtion; as you do not by any means make it appear, that each of theſe particulars is owing to the cauſe you aſſign. I too, as well as another, might ſay, that things are ſo and ſo. But my aſſertion would not enforce the belief of either providence or contrivance. At firſt perhaps things were put together as chance directed, and ſtill continue in the ſame order. This appointment you call neceſſity, and would be very angry, I dare ſay, not to be implicitly followed, while you

you enumerate with an eulogium every article of the univerſe, which you ſpecify as a demonſtration of providence. But [b] this way of talking has ſomething of trick in it; try if you cannot do better.

TIMOCLES.

Upon my word, I ſee no need of any farther demonſtration. But, however, I will propoſe a queſtion to you. Do you believe Homer to be the beſt of poets?

DAMIS.

Yes.

TIMOCLES.

Very well then. Homer aſſerts the providence of the Gods, and I believe him.

DAMIS.

My admirable ſir, as to Homer's being an excellent poet, nobody will diſpute that point with you. But neither Homer, nor any other poet whatever, is to be received as evidence of

[b] A quotation from a play. Unde habeat neſcio. Martinus de Soul.

fact.

fact. Truth is not the object of a poet; his view is to pleaſe; for that alone he trills his lays; he ſalutes your ears with fabulous recitals, and racks his invention ſolely to give delight: and, now we are upon the ſubject, I ſhould be glad to know which of Homer's aſſertions you have found yourſelf moſt engaged to believe. Is it his ſtory of the conſpiracy? He tells us, that Jupiter's wife, daughter, and brother, once on a time, laid their heads together, in order to ſecure their lord and maſter; when, if Thetis in pure compaſſion had not called to his aſſiſtance no leſs than [c] fifty pair of hands, the mighty Jove would have been carried off and laid in irons. To repay this kindneſs of Thetis, he conſents to deceive Agamemnon by a lying dream; in conſequence of which a great number of Greeks were to loſe their lives. He could not, you ſee, ſend down a thunder-bolt, and burn up Agamemnon, without plainly appearing to be an impoſtor. But perhaps you may have been more induced to credit the ſtory of Diomede wounding [d] Venus, and afterwards, at the inſtigation of Minerva, ſerving Mars in the ſame man-

[c] Briareus.

[d] Hom. Il. E. 335.

ner:

ner: or perhaps you may have been better pleaſed to find, that very ſoon after they all fall together by the ears, pell mell, male and female, that Minerva got the better of [e] Mars, before he had time to recover of the wound given him by Diomede; and that Mercury the [f] propitious oppoſed himſelf in arms to Latona. Or perhaps what weighed moſt with you was the more probable ſtory of Diana, who took it ſo heinouſly, that ſhe was not invited to the [g] houſe-warming of Oeneus. She was ſo very much affronted, that ſhe ſent a great boar to ravage his country. By the credit due to ſuch ſtories as theſe, Homer arreſts your attention!

JUPITER.

Mercy upon us! what an uproar! the people are all in raptures with Damis! while our friend trembles, and is in ſuch a taking, that he cannot poſſibly maintain his ground! he is looking about him for an opening, wanting to ſneak off.

TIMOCLES.

Do not you allow Euripides to talk like a

[e] Hom. Il. E. 855.

[f] Il. V. 72.

[g] Εστιασις, ab εστια, focus.

man of ſenſe? He introduces the Gods into his plays, and they appear upon the ſtage for the purpoſe of protecting the good, and puniſhing the bad. Such impiety as yours meets with no mercy.

DAMIS.

My good philoſopher, if the conduct of playwrights be any argument, then you muſt ſuppoſe Polus, and Ariſtodemus, and Satyrus, and the reſt of the performers, to be the Gods you talk of; unleſs you give your faith another ſtretch, and look upon the maſks, the buſkins, and long trains, the fine cloaks, the gloves, the breaſt-plate, the belly-plate, and other appendages full as ridiculous, to be neither more nor leſs than ſo many divinities. But, I think, you will hardly be ſo abſurd. When Euripides is at liberty to utter his own ſentiments, no dramatic neceſſity impelling him to ſay what he does not think, you will then find him expreſſing himſelf in a manner the moſt unequivocal:

You ſee on high th' unbounded æther riſe,
In its ſoft arms the earth repoſing lies,
Say, this is Jove, acknowledge this divine.

and

and in another place:

O Jupiter, whoe'er thou art, for fame
To me brings nothing of thee but they name, &c.

TIMOCLES.

Then all men of all nations have been moſt egregiouſly duped, in ſuppoſing that there were Gods to be worſhiped!

DAMIS.

Well thought of! I ſhould not forget to obſerve the many and various opinions and inſtitutes reſpecting the Gods, prevailing in different nations, out of all which there is nothing found to be relied on. There can be no univerſality of belief in the midſt of ſo much confuſion. The Scythians make oblations to a ſcymetar; the Thracians to a runaway ſlave, one Zamolxis; the Phrygians to Meen; the Æthiopians to the day; the Cyllenians to Phales; the Aſſyrians to a pigeon; the Perſians to fire; the Ægyptians to water, The Ægyptians in general look upon water as ſomething divine. The people of Memphis ſhew equal regard to the ox; and thoſe of Peluſium worſhip the

onion. Others adore the ibis, or the crocodile, the dog's face, the cat, or the ape. As men walk the ſtreets, one looks for a God over the left ſhoulder, another expects to ſee him on the right. While others are contented to honour an earthen cup, a platter, or half a headpiece. Do not you think, good Timocles, that all this is ſufficiently ridiculous?

MOMUS.

Did not I give you fair warning? Did not I tell you, ye Gods, that all theſe things would be ſtrictly enquired into, and that all would come to light?

JUPITER.

Indeed you did, Momus. I am obliged to you for a ſeaſonable rebuke; and I promiſe you, provided we can but get over our preſent difficulties, that I will do my beſt, to bring about a reformation of manners.

TIMOCLES.

Tell me, you enemy of every thing good, to whom you think we are indebted for our oracles,

oracles, for our knowledge of future events, if not to the providence of the Gods?

DAMIS.

Hold, my good friend, not a ſyllable on that ſubject! unleſs you wiſh me to aſk which of the oracles you think the moſt reſpectable. How do you like the anſwer given to the Lydian King? It was ſo very ambiguous, had ſo double a face, that not a Mercury in the ſtreet can be more impartial, accoſting your eye in the ſame manner, on which ſide ſoever you look. If Crœſus paſs the Halys, he will deſtroy a mighty empire; but what empire? his own, or that of Cyrus? you may take your choice. And yet this oracle ſo ambidexter was purchaſed by that peſt of his country at a moſt enormous price.

MOMUS.

He is touching on the very ſubject of which I was ſo much afraid. Where is our fine Harper? Step down, Apollo, and anſwer for yourſelf: you hear what he ſays.

JUPITER.

Momus teazes us out of our lives with his impertinent remarks.

TIMOCLES.

O execrable Damis, only conſider what you are about! and how very far your argument extends! you would overturn all together, Gods, and Temple, and Altars!

DAMIS.

Not ſo faſt, Timocles. There is no harm in an altar, provided it be well ſeaſoned. But as for thoſe of Diana at Tauris, where the Virgin Goddeſs is entertained with ſuch horrid banquets, I own it would do my heart good to ſee them turned topſey turvey.

JUPITER.

Whence came this plague of a fellow? Nobody is ſafe from him. He is on his high ropes indeed, and runs on without fear or wit,

[b] Abuſing all alike, both good and bad.

MOMUS.

I am afraid, Jupiter, not many of the good are to be found amongſt us. And who knows but, if this man goes on as he has begun, he

[b] Hom. Il. XV. 137.

may proceed ſo far as to attack ſome principal character?

TIMOCLES.

You are in ſo great a paſſion with the Gods, that perhaps you do not hear Jupiter thundering.

DAMIS.

I beg your pardon, I can hear the thunder as well as you. But whether it be Jupiter that thunders is another queſtion. You may poſſibly be a better judge of that, as you ſeem to be juſt come from the clouds. Travellers from Crete tell us another ſtory. They talk of Jupiter's grave being to be ſeen in their country, and mention a pillar over it, which informs the reader, that Jupiter has done thundering, having been long ago dead and buried.

MOMUS.

I ſaw what he was driving at, and that he would come to this at laſt. But how now, Jupiter? why do you look ſo pale? your teeth chatter in your head. What, afraid of him? Why do not you treat ſuch pitiful fellows with the contempt they deſerve?

JUPITER.

Contempt do you ſay? It is fine talking, Momus. Do not you ſee what a numerous audience he has? how they are all brought over to his opinions? all againſt us? you ſee, he carries all before him. They are quite charmed with every thing he ſays.

MOMUS.

But you know, Jupiter, whenever you have a mind, you can let down your golden chain,

And hoiſt them up, with earth and ſea and all.

TIMOCLES.

I want to know, you wicked fellow, whether you have ever been at ſea.

DAMIS.

O yes, Sir, many a time.

TIMOCLES.

Then were you not wafted along by the wind ſwelling your ſails? or were you puſhed forward by the rowers? and was there not a perſon

ſon to take charge of the ſhip, and ſee that every thing went right?

DAMIS.

There was.

TIMOCLES.

The ſhip, I fancy, without being thus pilotted, would not have purſued its proper courſe. And do you think the univerſe can go on at random, without a ruler?

JUPITER.

Well done, Timocles! a very good hit!

DAMIS.

But did not you obſerve, you beloved of the Gods, that the pilot was always contriving for the beſt? He took care beforehand to think what he was about, and gave his orders accordingly. On board his ſhip was not to be found a ſingle article without its uſe: every individual thing was wiſely contrived for the accommodation of the voyage. Whereas this pilot of yours, whom you inſiſt on preſiding over the great ſhip of all, juſt like his ſhipmates, does

does nothing at all with any regard to reaſon or propriety. The rope perhaps, which might be expected at the prow, is ſtretched at the ſtern, while the [i] two feet are equally out of their place. The anchors may chance to be of gold, and the gooſe of lead. The fine painted figures are under water, and every thing unſightly is ſeen above. Amongſt the mariners you will ſee a lazy lubber, with no heart for any enterpriſe whatever, ſecond or third in command; while perhaps an active nimble fellow, who can ſwim like a duck, or mount aloft with the greateſt agility, being a perfect maſter of his buſineſs, is ordered to the pump. With the paſſengers matters are equally prepoſterous. A raſcally ſlave ſhall be ſeated next to the maſter, and be treated with every mark of reſpect. Or even a pathick, or a parricide, or one guilty of ſacrilege, ſhall occupy the principal place, and be honoured above every body alſe. All this while a great number of very honeſt men are crowded all together into a dirty hole, exposed to be trod upon by thoſe who are in reality much their inferiors. Only think what a voyage Socrates

[i] See Scheffen. p. 168.

had!

had! and Ariſtides! and Phocion! they could not get a ſufficiency of food, nor had they room to ſtretch their legs! On the contrary, Callias, and Midias, and Sardanapalus, wallowed in luxury, and gloried to ſpit on their betters below. Thus it is, that affairs are conducted on board your veſſel, moſt ſapient ſir. And of courſe there is no end of ſhipwrecks, which are happening continually. Whereas, were a judicious commander to ſtand by to ſuperintend the firſt place, being no ſtranger to the different characters of the people on board, he could not fail to aſſign to each his proper ſituation. The good he would place above near himſelf, and order the bad below. A certain number of the better ſort would be permitted to ſit at his table, and ſhare in his councils. He would be equally adroit in the management of his ſailors. The charge of the prow, or the deck, and every department, would be beſtowed on the man who beſt deſerved it; and with equal juſtice the lazy lubber might be ſure of a rope's end applied to his head fifty times in a day. I am afraid, ſage ſir, that the ſhip, which you have introduced, is in danger of being overſet, as it is ſo miſerably provided with a pilot.

MOMUS.

MOMUS.

Damis goes on [k] ſwimmingly! with ſwelling ſails he is borne to victory!

JUPITER.

So you may very well venture to ſay. For this Timocles has nothing at all in him, not one thing to produce in argument, which one does not hear every day refuted a hundred times over.

TIMOCLES.

Since you will have it that my veſſel is in a crazy condition, here goes the ſacred anchor! now I defy all your art.

JUPITER.

I wonder what is to come now.

TIMOCLES.

Obſerve how I draw my inferences, and controvert them, if you can. If there be altars, there are alſo Gods. But there are altars. Therefore there are Gods. Now what do you think of my reaſoning? What can you ſay againſt it?

[k] Καλα μεν.

DAMIS.

DAMIS.

Firſt let me have my laugh out, and then I will give you an anſwer.

TIMOCLES.

I do not ſee any likelihood of your laugh being out. Pray, ſir, what do you find in my ſyllogiſm to make you ſo very merry?

DAMIS.

I only laughed at your being ſo inconſiderate as to venture your anchor, your ſacred anchor, on ſo ſlender a thread. Did you think you ſhould ride the more ſecure by laſhing the two poſitions together, that there are Gods, and that there are altars? If this be your ſheet anchor, I think, we may take our leave of it, and be gone.

TIMOCLES.

You give out then, and own yourſelf vanquiſhed?

DAMIS.

What can I do? You have fled for protection to the altar. By the ſacred anchor therefore I ſwear,

ſwear, and am willing to ratify it by a libation on your altar, that I will never more have any diſpute with you on any ſuch ſubject hereafter.

TIMOCLES.

And is this your language, ſirrah? you grave-opener, you dirty, contemptible, ſcarified ſlave, dare you to jeer at me? What, you think perhaps, that nobody remembers who was your father, or who was your mother! Your murdering your own brother is pretty well-known; as well as your debauched diſſolute abandoned luxurious life. However do not think of getting off till you receive ſome token of your deſerts. Your impudent abominable head ſhall be heartily ſaluted with this brickbat.

JUPITER.

Do but mind them, ye Gods, one goes away laughing, and exults as much as the other is brimful of indignation. He goes on abuſing him, and, I believe, means to throw ſomething at his head. But pray what are we to do? What courſe are we to take after all this?

MER-

MERCURY.

Permit me, Jupiter, to recommend an old ſaying to you: "Keep your own counſel, and "nobody will know you are hurt." Suppoſing a few perſons to give into theſe opinions, what mighty matter is it, when we have ſuch numbers who think differently? Moſt of the Greeks, the middling people, the mob, all the barbarians, take part with us.

JUPITER.

I know not what you may think of it, Mercury. But I applaud the compliment paid to [*l*] Zopyrus by the Perſian monarch, and with whom I concur in ſentiment. I would rather have one Damis on my ſide, than five hundred triumphs of Folly.

[*l*] Zopyrus was a Perſian nobleman, who, to ſecond his Prince's views in taking Babylon, cut off his own noſe and ears, and went over to the enemy as a deſerter. He told a piteous tale, which being believed, they intruſted him with the command of their army. After which he took an opportunity of delivering up the city to Darius, who very genteely ſaid on the occaſion, that he would have been better pleaſed in ſeeing Zopyrus ſafe and unmangled, than by taking twenty Babylons.

The

The PARASITE. On the Trade.

The PARASITE and TYCHIADES.

TYCHIADES.

I Wiſh you would explain this matter, Simo. All other people, gentle and ſimple, have ſome occupation or other, conducing to their own and the public emolument. But you, as far as I ean ſee, do nothing all, being neither of uſe to yourſelf, nor to any body elſe.

PARASITE.

Cannot you expreſs yourſelf in a manner more explicit? I do not very well underſtand what you mean.

TYCHIADES.

I aſk you concerning your profeſſion. Is it muſick, for example?

PARASITE.

Muſick! no

TY-

TYCHIADES.

Phyſick?

PARASITE.

Nor phyſick.

TYCHIADES.

Goemetry?

PARASITE.

No.

TYCHIADES.

What can it be? Rhetorick perhaps? As to philoſophy, I believe, no villainy is more out of the queſtion.

PARASITE.

Not ſo much. Not ſo much by a great deal. I do not want you to ſuppoſe, that you are talking to a perſon unacquainted with himſelf. I own myſelf to be a bad man, a greater raſcal than you think me.

TYCHIADES.

So! the great difficulty and labour of maſtering thoſe profeſſions, which I have mentioned, deterred you very probably from ſtudying any one of them. And you might think it more adviſeable to turn your hand to ſome trade more eaſily acquired, that of a carpenter, for inſtance, or a cobler. For your circumſtances, I believe, are not above admitting ſome ſuch aid.

PARASITE.

What you ſay is no doubt very ſenſible, but ſtill you miſtake in ſuppoſing me bred to a trade.

TYCHIADES.

In what then have your talents been employed?

PARASITE.

In a very liberal profeſſion, which you will be pleaſed to acknowledge the worth of, when once you have learned it. If I do not tell you preciſely what it is, you are not to infer, that I do not know how to practiſe it.

TY-

TYCHIADES.

What is it you mean?

PARASITE.

I do not think myſelf as yet ſufficiently maſter of the ſubject, to diſcuſs it properly. But be aſſured, I have an art, which ſupports me. What it is, you ſhall hear another time.

TYCHIADES.

You tire my patience.

PARASITE.

You would think this of mine a very odd trade, were you to hear it.

TYCHIADES.

And for that very reaſon I long to hear it.

PARASITE.

Another time, Tychiades.

TYCHIADES.

No, no. Now I ſay, unleſs you are aſhamed of it.

PARASITE.

My trade then is the trade of a Parasite.

TYCHIADES.

Does any man in his right mind call that a trade?

PARASITE.

Yes, I do. But, however, if you are disposed to think me out of my senses, you will at the same time consider my insanity as the cause of my having neglected every other pursuit, and of course will acquit me. That same Goddess Insanity, as I have heard people say, is very troublesome to her votaries in some respects; but, as to their faults, she is willing to excuse them, taking them upon herself, as becomes their teacher.

TYCHIADES.

Does a Parasite practise an art then, Simon?

PARASITE.

Yes surely; do not I practise it?

TYCHIADES.

And you are a Parasite?

PARASITE.

Yes; do you think to make me aſhamed of it?

TYCHIADES.

And you do not bluſh, calling yourſelf by ſuch a name?

PARASITE.

No; but I ſhould have ſome reaſon to bluſh and be aſhamed of myſelf, if I did not.

TYCHIADES.

And pray, ſir, if one ſhould want to point you out to the notice of a ſtranger, would you have a body ſay, there goes the Paraſite?

PARASITE.

Why not? every one talks of Phidias, the ſtatuary: why not of Simon, the Paraſite? Would you have me leſs pleaſed with my art, than he with his? what care I for his Jupiter?

TYCHIADES.

A thought is juſt come into my head, which makes me laugh.

PARASITE.

What is it?

TYCHIADES.

How ſhould you like to ſee a letter directed to Simon the Paraſite?

PARASITE.

To my eyes Simon the Paraſite, I aſſure you, would be more pleaſing than Dion the philoſopher.

TYCHIADES.

Well, as to that matter, I do not much care what name you like beſt to be called by. But there is ſomething elſe which requires conſideration.

PARASITE.

What do you mean?

TYCHIADES.

I mean to aſk whether this art of yours is to make one in the catalogue of others? Whether in converſation, as we talk of grammar, for inſtance,

ſtance, or phyſick, ſo we might with as little impropriety mention the art of a Paraſite?

PARASITE.

I make no ſcruple, Tychiades, to ſay, that there is no other art ſo worthy of the name; and, if you have any deſire to know why I think ſo, I will tell you. Only you will obſerve, as I mentioned before, that I am totally unprepared. I have not ſtudied a ſpeech.

TYCHIADES.

I do not expect a vaſt deal of truth, bu however——

PARASITE.

If you pleaſe, we will firſt talk of art in general, and then proceed to the ſeveral ſpecies, aſſigning to each its reſpective claim.

TYCHIADES.

Then what is art? for it ſeems you know.

PARASITE.

Know! yes, to be ſure.

TYCHIADES.

Why then do not you ſay what it is without farther ceremony?

PARASITE.

An art, ſir, (this I learnt from a very wiſe man) an art is a ſyſtem of comprehenſions put in training for the uſeful purpoſes of human life.

TYCHIADES.

Wiſely he ſpoke, and wiſely you remember.

PARASITE.

If the uſeful purpoſes of life are the ſcope of a Paraſite, may he not be allowed to be the profeſſor of an art?

TYCHIADES.

Of an art certainly at that rate.

PARASITE.

Let us try whether our argument will hold in all points: all muſt be in uniſon, or it will ſound like a cracked pitcher. In the firſt place, then,

then, this art, like every other, muſt neceſſarily be a ſyſtem of perceptions. One of the firſt duties of a Paraſite is to find out, and determine to a nicety, who is the man moſt ſuitable to his purpoſe, beſt able to maintain him at his table, and leaſt likely to repent of it. I believe you will hardly give a judge of money the name of artiſt from his knowing the difference between counterfeit and genuine coin; without admitting at the ſame time, that it is impoſſible without the help of art to diſtinguiſh the good and the bad of mankind; eſpecially when it is conſidered, that men are not ſo open to examination as pieces of money. Euripides is very ſenſible on this ſubject:

[m] Nature imprints no mark, to let us know
When to conclude, a man is but ſo ſo.

Whence it is manifeſt how much this art has the advantage, as it fixes and aſcertains what is beyond the power of divination. Do not you think, that it argues an intelligent mind, a very ſtrong diſcernment, to be able to manage one's words and actions in ſuch a manner, as to get a firm footing in a good family, not only to

[m] Euripidis Medea, 518.

be

be well fed, but conſidered at the ſame time as a very honeſt fellow?

TYCHIADES.

O to be ſure!

PARASITE.

And then at a feaſt to be more welcome than one's betters, merely from their not poſſeſſing the ſame talents, do you think it is to be done without a great deal of wiſdom?

TYCHIADES.

By no means certainly.

PARASITE.

And what do you ſay to knowing perfectly the virtues and vices of every diſh that comes upon table? Surely that is no argument of a ſilly fellow, void of all laudable curioſity, and without any deſire of improvement. Without ſome decent ſkill in cookery, as Plato declares very much like a gentleman, any man may indeed be ſet down to a good dinner, but then he cannot be ſenſible of it, nor conſequently enjoy it as it deſerves. But you may very eaſily be con-

convinced, that practice muſt be added to theory, before you can be an adept in this art. The theories of others may remain with their reſpective profeſſors for days and nights and months and years, without being reduced to practice: but the perceptions of a paraſite without daily exerciſe not only make an end of the art, but of the artiſt alſo. As to the utility of this art in life, I think it would be ſomething like madneſs to entertain a doubt of it. For, I aſſure you, I can find nothing in the world more uſeful than eating and drinking, neither of which I could do without my art.

TYCHIADES.

True.

PARASITE.

It is not of the nature of beauty, or bodily ſtrength, ſo as to be more properly deemed a faculty.

TYCHIADES.

Very right, ſir.

PARASITE.

Neither can it be called an inert quality, which is of no uſe to its profeſſor. Let me aſk you a queſtion. Suppoſe you were at ſea in a ſtorm, could you eſcape, without being able to manage your veſſel?

TYCHIADES.

No.

PARASITE.

And ſo you would loſe your life, for want of knowing how to ſteer?

TYCHIADES.

To be ſure.

PARASITE.

Very well. And if a Paraſite did not know what uſe he is to make of his art, his caſe would be equally hopeleſs.

TYCHIADES.

So I am to ſuppoſe.

PA-

PARASITE.

It is his art then that ſaves him, not an idle ſpeculation.

TYCHIADES.

So it ſeems.

PARASITE.

Then my art is truly an art.

TYCHIADES.

I do not deny it.

PARASITE.

I have more than once known very ſkilful pilots loſe the direction of the rudder, and very expert charioteers tumble from their ſeats, to the loſs of life, or maiming of their limbs at leaſt; but who ever heard of any ſuch misfortune happening to a Paraſite? If therefore this be not an inert faculty, but a certain ſyſtem of perceptions approved by exerciſe, we muſt without further delay allow it to be an art. Q. F. D.

TY.

TYCHIADES.

As far as can be deduced from the premiſes, I allow it. But it ſtill remains to be accurately defined.

PARASITE.

It is no more than fair in you to expect a definition of it from me, and you ſhall have what I think a juſt one: The art of the paraſite is the art of eatables and drinkables, and the art of ſpeaking ſo as to promote them, the end of which is pleaſure.

TYCHIADES.

A moſt admirable definition indeed! only take care, that you be not embroiled with ſome philoſopher or other concerning the end.

PARASITE.

Is it not enough, that the art of happineſs and the art of a paraſite have one and the ſame end? For ſo it will appear. The wiſe Homer, in juſt admiration of a life like mine, the only life to be envied, thus exclaims:

What

[n] What end more jocund, than when joys divine
Glad all the realm with feaſts and flowing wine!
To ſee the board high-pil'd with dainty chear,
Each precious product of the bounteous year!
With mighty bowl the ready Butler ſtands,
Whoſe circling cup the copious draught demands.

And afterwards, as if he had not yet ſaid enough to make us fully comprehend his meaning on ſo admirable a ſubject,

Moſt dearly do I love ſuch dainty fare.

meaning, no doubt, that no happineſs in this world is to be compared to that of the paraſite! Mind, ſir, it is not to any common character amongſt the Greeks, any vulgar obſerver, that theſe ſentiments are attributed, but to the very wiſeſt man amongſt them. If Ulyſſes had found himſelf inclined to ſpeak handſomely of the end propoſed by the Stoicks, he had a good opportunity, when he was employed in bringing Philoctetes from Lemnos, or when he was laying waſte Troy, or when he ſtopped the flying Greeks, or when he made his entry into Ilium,

[n] Hom. Od X. 5.

after

after he had well [o] diſciplined himſelf with blows, and cloathed himſelf in all the rags of the porch. But not a ſyllable then on the ſubject. Amidſt the eaſe of Epicurus with Calypſo, in every luxurious enjoyment, with every delight which the daughter of Atlas could communicate; in this enchanting ſcene he ſtill adhered to his opinion, ſtill maintained, that the beſt of lives was the life of a paraſite. At that time paraſites appear to have been denominated gueſts. Obſerve the words of Ulyſſes; it is worth while to repeat them. Indeed, there is no underſtanding them properly, without hearing them over and over again:

> The gueſts in order grace the jovial board,
> With bread and viands plentifully ſtor'd.

Epicurus, like an impudent thief as he was, ſtole the end of my art, and made an end of his own of it. For that he did ſteal it, you will not deny, when you conſider, that it is not properly

[o] Hom. Od. IV. 244.

> Seam'd o'er with wounds, which his own ſabre gave,
> In the vile habit of a village ſlave.
> The foe deceiv'd, he paſs'd the tented plain,
> In Troy to mingle with the hoſtile train. Pope's Tranſ.

Epi-

Epicurus, but the parasite, who takes pleasure into his account. I am of opinion, that pleasure consists in the body being without pain, and in the mind being equally undisturbed. Of which both are attained by the parasite, by the Epicurean neither the one nor the other. He who is continually enquiring into the figure of the earth, the infinity of worlds, the magnitude of the sun, investigating distances, tracing out elements, making and unmaking gods, quarrelling about odds and ends; such a man's troubles are not confined to human concerns, for he has those of the whole universe to vex and torment him. But the honest parasite, who lets the world wag as it will, and verily believes things could not be better than they are, eats and drinks in perfect tranquillity, without the least interruption. He sleeps as secure, and snores as loud, as Ulysses in his passage from Phæacia to Ithaca. Many reasons might be assigned, which exclude the Epicurean from his claim of pleasure. In the first place, our wise man either has victuals to eat, or he has not. If he has not, he will be so far from leading a life of pleasure, that he will lead no life at all.

If he has any thing to eat, he muſt have it either from himſelf, or from ſomebody elſe. If he has it from ſomebody elſe, there is an end of argument, for he is then a paraſite, and no longer what he pretends to. And, if he has his living from himſelf, it will not be pleaſant living.

TYCHIADES.

Why ſo?

PARASITE.

Becauſe, if his living is to depend on himſelf, there are many concomitant circumſtances, which I wiſh you to conſider. A man, who is to live a life of pleaſure, is to live a life of pleaſure. Is he not?

TYCHIADES.

I ſay nothing againſt it.

PARASITE.

This may happen to a man who has a plentiful ſupply of every thing, but hardly to one in poſſeſſion of little or nothing. So that a poor man cannot poſſibly attain the great end, and con-

conſequently cannot be a wiſe man. And juſt as little will the rich man be able to compaſs it with all his boaſted ſupplies of wealth. You wonder why, and I will tell you why. In ſpending his money many troubles will occur. If his dinner ſhould be badly dreſſed, a quarrel with the cook muſt unavoidably enſue. Or, if not, there will be nothing to be had fit to eat. In the ſame manner the conduct of the ſteward muſt be very frequently enquired into.

TYCHIADES.

I do not deny it.

PARASITE.

As all theſe circumſtances are incident to the Epicurean, it muſt be impoſſible for him ever to attain his deſired end. But the paraſite has no cook, no clerk of the kitchen, to ruffle his temper. He has no land, no money, to lament the waſte of. Mean while, as far as anſwers his purpoſe of eating and drinking, he wants for nothing, and is exempted from every care. That this is truly an art may appear from what has been already advanced, and will

be made ſtill plainer by what follows, when it is demonſtrated to be the very beſt of all without exception, as it not only excels all other arts in general, but each in particular. In the firſt place it has the pre-eminence over all arts in general, becauſe all others require learning, and are ſubject to labour, to fear, and even to blows, not one of which any body likes. Whereas this is the art, the only art to be acquired without taking pains. Who ever departs in tears from a good dinner? which is ſometimes the caſe with a pupil coming away from his leſſon. Who is he that goes to ſupper with a ſorrowful countenance, like the boy creeping reluctantly to ſchool? The paraſite, ever intent upon buſineſs, comes moſt readily to it at the firſt call. But thoſe, who are initiated in other arts, very often hate their employment, and run away from their indentures. There is another thing too to be conſidered. In other ſtudies the learners are occaſionally rewarded by their parents. He is a good boy, they will ſay, and writes his copy well: give him ſomething to eat. Or, they may happen to ſay, he is a naughty boy, e'en let him faſt.

So

So that all the importance of ſuch a buſineſs is juſt as likely to end in puniſhment as in praiſe. The paraſite is the only ſcholar, who is pleaſed with what falls to his lot every day of his life. The profeſſors of other arts are very glad to reap ſome advantage from them after long labour. It was reſerved for the paraſite alone to enjoy the end of his art while in the firſt rudiments of it. Other arts are intended—I do not ſpeak of any one in particular, but of all in general, other arts have for their object the getting a livelihood. This the paraſite gets from the firſt moment of his noviciate. Nobody ſuppoſes the huſbandman to till the ground merely for the ſake of tilling it, nor the architect to build houſes merely for the ſake of building them; but with the paraſite the work which he does, and his reaſon for doing it, are one and the ſame thing. As to thoſe who follow other trades, nobody is ignorant in how miſerable a manner they ſpend the whole of their time, excepting perhaps one or two holidays in the courſe of a month, which may not be quite ſo wretched as the reſt of their lives. In ſome communities the policy is to have only annual

feſtivals, in others monthly, on which occaſions people are ſaid to make themſelves merry. But the paraſite can make himſelf merry thirty days in a month, for with him every day is a holiday. In other purſuits temperance in eating and drinking will be found very neceſſary to enſure ſucceſs, no leſs than in caſe of ſickneſs, in order to recover health; for a man indulged in the pleaſures of the table will have no great ſtomach to his trade. Beſides, other arts are uſeleſs without tools to work with. There is no piping without a pipe, no finging without muſick, no riding on horſeback without having a horſe. But this convenient profeſſion requires no ſuch preparatory accommodation. In learning other arts it is thought very right to pay for improvement; but in this we are paid for our application. Other arts require maſters to teach them; but a paraſite, as Socrates obſerves of a poet, owes his origin to ſomething divine. There is alſo another circumſtance worthy of conſideration. Other artiſts are obliged to practiſe at home: but a paraſite is every where in the way of his calling, by land, or by ſea.

TYCHIADES.

Very fine.

PA-

PARASITE.

Other arts look to this as their end, as it includes them all, and requires no aid from any one of them.

TYCHIADES.

But do not you think there is ſome degree of injuſtice in taking what is not one's own?

PARASITE.

Yes, I do.

TYCHIADES.

Then how happens it, that the paraſite, who is in this predicament, ſhould be the only man to eſcape the cenſure of it?

PARASITE.

I do not very well know what to ſay to you now. But let us conſider a little, Tychiades. This art is of a generous and gentleman-like origin, while the ground-work of others is mean and pitiful. It is friendſhip, ineſtimable friendſhip, to which the paraſite owes his beginning.

TYCHIADES.

That I do not underſtand.

PARASITE.

It is nevertheleſs very clear. Nobody invites an enemy to his table, or a ſtranger, or even a common acquaintance. Before that can be expected, a man muſt be a friend, or he will never partake in the libations of good living, nor be initiated in the myſteries of my art. You have often heard it ſaid: how am I to conſider ſuch a perſon as my friend, who never comes near my table? intimating very plainly, that friends become ſuch only by eating and drinking together. This is a moſt princely art, as you muſt allow. The profeſſors of others are obliged to ſweat and toil, to ſit, or ſtand, like ſo many ſlaves. But not ſo the paraſite: he reclines like a king. It is unneceſſary to repeat what Homer has ſo wiſely obſerved concerning the happineſs of him, who neither plows nor ſows, but, without doing any work, enjoys all the fruits of induſtry. A rhetorician, a geometrician, a tinker may follow his trade, though a knave, or a fool. But not ſo the paraſite.

TY-

TYCHIADES.

According to you a paraſite is a very great man indeed! I almoſt long to be one myſelf.

PARASITE.

By this time you muſt be pretty well convinced of the general excellence of this great art. Now, if you pleaſe, we will proceed to particulars. To compare it with any mechanick trade, I think, would not argue much underſtanding, but would rather have the appearance of a wiſh to degrade it. I ſhall therefore only undertake to ſatisfy you, that thoſe arts, which are juſtly deemed amongſt the greateſt and moſt elegant, are not to be put in competition with this. Rhetorick and philoſophy are deſervedly held in eſteem by all, having obtained from their ſuperior worth the name of ſciences. And, when I have made it appear, that I am of a profeſſion much better than both put together, you can have no difficulty in allowing it the miſtreſs of all arts, no leſs diſtinguiſhed than [p] Nauſicaa amongſt her

[p] Hom. Od. VI. 101.

maids. In the firſt place it muſt be preferred to both rhetorick and philoſophy, becauſe it is ſomething ſubſtantial, which is rather more than can be ſaid of either of them. As to rhetorick, it is by no means a ſettled point what idea to entertain of it. Some judge it to be an art, while others think it directly the reverſe; ſome think it productive of good effects, others of bad. And as to philoſophy, it is in much the ſame predicament. Epicurus lays down one ſet of principles, the Stoicks another, the academician differs from both, and the peripatetick from all three. In ſhort every one will have every thing reſolved his own way, though to this very moment nothing ſeems finally determined, nor is there any ſort of unanimity amongſt them. This of courſe muſt lead to various conjectures. I can hardly think that to be an art, of which the exiſtence is a matter of doubt. I may ſay of arithmetick, that it is always one and the ſame: Perſians, Greeks, and Barbarians, all agree, that twice two make four. But we have a hundred ſyſtems of philoſophy, all differing from one another, of which nobody can make either head or tail.

TY-

TYCHIADES.

I cannot deny it.

PARASITE.

All talk of the ſameneſs of philoſophy, but all contribute to its diverſity. As to other arts partaking of a middle nature, in which therefore ſome portion of inconſiſtency may be looked for, an apology for ſuch imperfection may be admitted. But who would be brought to endure a diverſity in philoſophy, a philoſophy not more in uniſon with itſelf than the jarring of different inſtruments of muſick? and yet I ſee in philoſophy not unity, but rather infinity, though I know there cannot be many philoſophies, but one philoſophy. The very ſame reaſoning may be applied to rhetorick. For ſince they do not all agree in what is advanced on the ſame ſubject, but quarrel and pull different ways, there needs no plainer demonſtration, that what men have not one and the ſame perception of is not to be perceived at all. To be continually diſputing which of two ſubjects in debate is the more ſubſtantial, and never to arrive at any ſettled determination about either of them, what is it but an enquiry concerning a non-entity?

But

But how different is the caſe with us! amongſt Greeks, as amongſt Barbarians, our art has one and the ſame acceptation, and is converſant about the ſame objects. Nobody can ſay of us, that we go different ways to work, like the different ſets of philoſophers, whoſe dogmas are the very reverſe one of another. All paraſites agree in all things, and have an entire ſymphony in their ſentiments concerning both the means and the end. So that I fancy my argument will bear me out in aſſerting, that the art of the paraſite is the art of the wiſe man.

TYCHIADES.

You have ſaid enough, I think, on this head. But in other reſpects how do you make it appear, that your art is ſuperior to philoſophy?

PARASITE.

Firſt of all give me leave juſt to obſerve to you, that no paraſite ever fell in love with philoſophy; though many philoſophers have been, and many ſtill are, enamoured of this art of mine.

TYCHIADES.

Can you name any ſuch philoſophers?

PA-

PARASITE.

O yes; and you know who they are as well as I, though you may pretend ignorance, as if forſooth there were ſome diſgrace in it. Whereas in fact it does them honour.

TYCHIADES.

Really, Simon, I make no pretences about the matter; for I can form no gueſs where you will find any ſuch perſons as you mention.

PARASITE.

My good ſir, you muſt never have read any account of their lives, or you could not be ſuch a ſtranger to them.

TYCHIADES.

I am unacquainted with them indeed. Do tell me their names. I long to know.

PARASITE.

I am going to tell you, and you will find in the catalogue of them ſome perſons of condition, whom perhaps you might not expect to find here. What do you think of Æſchines, the

the diſciple of Socrates, with his dialogues ſo fine and ſo long? That he might, if poſſible, by their means, get acquainted with Dionyſius the tyrant, he took them with him into Sicily, to try what they would do for him. In which project he ſucceeded. For, after reading his Miltiades, he was taken into favour, and afterwards reſided at Court, thinking it better to be the paraſite of Dionyſius than the diſputant of Socrates. And pray do not you reckon Ariſtippus of Cyrene amongſt the moſt renowned philoſophers?

TYCHIADES.

Moſt aſſuredly.

PARASITE.

He alſo reſided at the Syracuſan court at the ſame time, and in the ſame character, in which, being of a ſuperior genius, he was diſtinguiſhed by the prince above all his competitors. Not a day paſſed, in which Dionyſius did not ſend his cooks to Ariſtippus for inſtructions in their art. Indeed, he did it proper honour. Plato, your goodly Plato, he too came into Sicily, andwith the ſame

ſame deſign, but with inferior talents. After ſome days of unſucceſsful application, he found it neceſſary to return to Athens, and there, with much labour and ſtudy, he prepared himſelf for a ſecond adventure, which however turned out no better than the firſt. For, after a few more good ſuppers in the palace, he was obliged finally to deſiſt from his purpoſe, to which his parts were now fully proved to be unequal. To Plato, as to [q] Nicias, Sicily was unpropitious.

TYCHIADES.

Who tells you all this?

PARASITE.

A great many. Amongſt others the muſical Ariſtoxenus, a man of note, who was himſelf a paraſite, the paraſite of [r] Noleus. Euripides, you know, ſerved Archelaus in that capacity as long as he lived, as Anaxarchus did Alexander. Of Ariſtotle I only ſay, that he had a ſmattering of all the arts, and of this amongſt the reſt. And

[q] Juſtin. l. iv. c. 5.

[r] Athen. Deipnos. L. i. p. 2. Ed. Baſil. 1535.

now

now I have made good my aſſertion, having pointed out more than one philoſopher ſtudious of this art. But no man living, I fancy, can mention a ſingle paraſite, who ever longed to become a philoſopher. In which there is nothing very wonderful. For, if to eſcape cold and hunger and thirſt be deſirable, who would not be a paraſite, the only man who is exempt from all three? Philoſophers are eaſily found cold and hungry enough. But a paraſite in that ſituation would no longer merit the appellation. He would be a poor miſerable beggar, no better than a philoſopher.

TYCHIADES.

Very well; I am ſatisfied. But how is it, that you demonſtrate the ſuperior excellence of your art, in compariſon with philoſophy and rhetorick?

PARASITE.

There are in human life, my dear ſir, times of war, and times of peace, in which both men and their profeſſions muſt neceſſarily appear as they really are without diſguiſe. And firſt, if you

you pleaſe, we will conſider who are moſt likely in time of war to be of uſe to themſelves and their country.

TYCHIADES.

I foreſee a dreadful conflict coming on, and yet cannot help laughing. Only think of the Stoick! a paraſite oppoſed to a philoſopher!

PARASITE.

Not to keep you in ſuſpenſe, nor give you any reaſon for being in a laughing humour, let us only imagine to ourſelves, that news are juſt arrived of an unexpected invaſion, and that it is abſolutely neceſſary immediately to make head againſt the enemy, and repel their incurſions. The general of courſe ſummons to his ſtandard every man of an age to bear arms. Excluſive of the muſter-roll, others may be ſuppoſed to offer themſelves, and amongſt them perhaps a few philoſophers, rhetoricians, and paraſites. The firſt thing to be done, you know, is to ſtrip them before they can be properly accoutred for war. Now I would beg of you, ſir, to look at and carefully examine your re-

cruits. Some of them are ſo thin and pale, and look ſo very ghaſtly, that they could ſcarcely be imagined more ſo, if they had been already left in the field of battle. To think ſuch poor, wan, ſickly-looking creatures as theſe, with ſo little ſtomach, ſhould nevertheleſs be capable of ſtanding their ground againſt the impreſſion of the enemy, regardleſs of every conſequence, would be ridiculous enough! On the other hand do but reconnoitre the looks of the paraſite. He carries ſome ſubſtance with him, and exhibits a complexion ſuch as becomes him, not pale like a fine lady, nor dingy like a ſlave. His countenance beſpeaks ſpirit, and blood, and fire. Look at my face. A man going to battle ſhould look as I do, not like a woman, not like a beau. A warrior, who reſembles me, muſt be amiable in life, muſt be honoured in death. But it is unneceſſary to have recouſe to conjecture, when it is ſo eaſy to recur to examples in great plenty of orators and philoſophers, who have never been known to advance beyond the truſty wall. Or, if by chance any one of them has been forced againſt his will into the ranks, he has never failed to leave them the firſt opportunity.

TYCHIADES.

You talk at a great rate. If you can make out this, you may undertake any thing.

PARASITE.

I know pretty well what I am ſaying. As to Iſocrates, ſo far was he from venturing to face the enemy in battle, that he was even afraid to aſcend the tribunal, conſcious, no doubt, that he would not have been able to get out a word for fear. No ſooner has Philip declared war againſt Athens, than Demades, and Æſchines, and Philocrates, prudently determined to ſtay at home, and reſign themſelves and their country to the will of the tyrant. They even entered into and promoted his political views, eſteeming thoſe their friends who were engaged in the ſame cauſe. Hyperides, indeed, and Demoſthenes, and Lycurgus, to hear them talk, might have paſſed for very ſtout fellows. But, alas! all the oppoſition, which Philip met with from them, was in their abuſive tongues, when they aſſembled the populace to have an opportunity of calling him opprobrious names. Hyperides and Lycurgus never once dared to

put out their heads beyond the gates, nor even to quit their own fire-ſides. There they found themſelves ſo little incommoded by the ſiege, that they had leiſure to ſit in council on the conſtruction of apophthegms. As to the great Demoſthenes, who was never without ſuch words as theſe in his mouth: "would any man con-"deſcend even to purchaſe a ſlave of that Ma-"cedonian raſcal?" As to Demoſthenes, to be ſure, he did march into Bœotia, but, before the two armies met and came to blows, he threw away his [s] ſhield, and took to his heels. You ſeem ſurpriſed. What, did you never hear this before? Not only the Athenians, but Thracians, and Scythians [t], will tell you how he diſgraced his country.

[s] Demoſthenes had inſcribed his ſhield with αγαθῃ τυχῃ in golden letters, but threw away his ſhield and his good fortune too, rather than venture them in the battle. When he was reproached for his running away, he defended himſelf by ſaying,

Ανηρ δι φευγων και παλιν μαχησιλαι.

The man who ſtoutly runs away,
May live to fight another day,

Hudibras wiſely availed himſelf of the ſame apology.

[t] The mother of Demoſthenes, it ſeems, was a Barbarian from the north.

TY-

TYCHIADES.

I am obliged to allow the force of what you ſay of the rhetoricians. Rhetoricians ſtudy words: virtue is not their trade. But you will hardly ſay the ſame of the philoſophers.

PARASITE.

I can ſay of philoſophers, that they talk of the duties of a man every day of their lives. The word virtue is worn to rags by them. But, if you conſider them as they really are, you will find them more contemptible than even the rhetoricians. Pray, can you mention any one of them, who has fallen in battle? Either they have never taken upon them the name of ſoldiers, or have diſgraced it by running away. Antiſthenes, and Diogenes, and Crates, and Zeno, and Plato, and Æſchines, and Ariſtotle, and the reſt of the tribe, not one of them ever ſet eyes on a field of battle. I muſt except Socrates. Socrates, the wiſe Socrates, was the only man of them, who ventured to look the enemy in the face; but of which he very ſoon repented, and fled for a hiding-place to the palæſtra of Taureas.

He found it much pleaſanter to ſit at his eaſe, and amuſe himſelf with his young men, or engage in idle ſophiſms with any one that chanced to come in his way, than to contend in fight with any patriot of Sparta.

TYCHIADES.

I muſt needs confeſs, my good friend, that I have heard all this advanced before, and by perſons not diſpoſed to raillery. I do not therefore accuſe you of extolling your own profeſſion at the expence of others. But I wiſh to know, if you pleaſe to tell me, how a paraſite really acquits himſelf in war, and whether, of all the ancients diſtinguiſhed by their military proweſs, you can produce one ſuch hero as yourſelf.

PARASITE.

Dear Sir, can any man who has ever read Homer, ſuppoſing him unacquainted with every thing elſe, be ignorant, that the poet's moſt illuſtrious perſonages are all of them paraſites? Neſtor, whoſe tongue diſtilled ſuch honeyed words, was no other than the paraſite of Agamemnon,

memnon, who never beſtows ſuch encomiums on any body elſe as on his beloved Neſtor. Not Diomede, not Ajax, not Achilles, the all-accompliſhed Achilles, can boaſt ſuch attraction, as he! Old as he is, if the king had had but ten ſuch ſoldiers as Neſtor, Troy would have been taken long ago. He never thinks of wiſhing for ten ſuch as Ajax, or ten ſuch as Achilles. Idomeneus, the ſon of Jupiter, is alſo recorded by Homer, as a paraſite of Agamemnon.

TYCHIADES.

Often have I heard of the wiſh of Agamemnon; but till this moment I never knew, that Neſtor and Idomeneus were Agamemnon's paraſites.

PARASITE.

Recollect, Sir, the verſes in which Idomeneus is addreſſed by him.

TYCHIADES.

What verſes?

PARASITE.

[s] Crown'd on the ample board, full goblets ſtill,
Awaiting mine, await thy equal will,
That I may drink, that thou may'ſt drink thy fill.

By "full goblets ſtill," he does not mean, that goblets were continually filled for Idomeneus on all occaſions, when he was fighting, for inſtance, or when he was ſleeping; but only that he had received a general invitation to dine with his Majeſty Agamemnon, whenever he liked it; which was not the caſe with the reſt of the army, who were only aſked on ſome particular days. Ajax, for example, having manifeſted his proweſs in ſingle combat with Hector, was conducted, as Homer informs us, to the God-like Agamemnon, that he might have the honour of ſupping with him. Whereas Idomeneus and Neſtor were the King's conſtant gueſts. So

[s] Hom. Il. IV. 262. It was a very ancient cuſtom for the maſter of a feaſt to diſtinguiſh his favourites by an exemption from the rules of moderation in eating and drinking. Dacier mentions Benjamin's meſs, as a proof of the great antiquity of not ſtinting a gueſt of more than ordinary eſtimation.

the

the [u] poet ſays. Neſtor indeed appears to have been ſo able a paraſite, as to be a very proper appendage to royalty. Agamemnon was his laſt maſter, though not his firſt, for he had before ſtudied under [x] Cæneus and Hexadius.

TYCHIADES.

He was no doubt a great man in his way. Can you mention any other?

PARASITE.

O yes. What do you think of Patroclus, the paraſite of Achilles? Though a mere youth, he was hardly inferior, I think, in either body or mind, to any Greek of them all. Indeed, his actions, as far as I can ſee, ſet him much upon a par with his maſter. For he repulſed Hector fighting furiouſly in the harbour, after he had broken down the gates; and he extinguiſhed the fire of Proteſilaus's ſhip, which he found burning with no leſs men on board than Ajax and Teucer, the two ſons of Telamon. They were both much diſtinguiſhed in their way, but

[u] Where?

[x] Hom. Il. I. 264.

could

could not have ſaved the ſhip without Patroclus. That paraſite of Achilles, Sir, ſlew many of the Barbarians, and amongſt others Sarpedon, the ſon of Jupiter. And as was his life, ſo his death was diſtinguiſhed from that of other heroes. Hector, you know, was ſlain by Achilles in ſingle combat, as Achilles was afterwards by Paris. But our paraſite required no fewer than three to diſpatch him, [y] two men and a god. And at laſt, when he found himſelf dying, he uttered no expreſſions unworthy of his character. It was for Hector, proſtrate at the feet of Achilles, to beg and pray that his body might be given up to his relations. Our paraſite knew better.

TYCHIADES.

Pray, what did he ſay?

PARASITE.

[z] If twenty ſuch had dar'd this arm oppoſe,
This ſingle arm had vanquiſh'd twenty foes.

[y] Hom. Il. XXIII.
[z] Hom. Il. XVI. 847.

TYCHIADES.

O rare! but how do you make it out, that Patroclus was a paraſite? I took him for the friend, not the paraſite of Achilles.

PARASITE.

Make it out! I make it out from his own words.

TYCHIADES.

Aſtoniſhing!

PARASITE.

I only beg of you to attend to what he ſays:

[a] Together, as we once were us'd to dine,
So let my bones, Achilles, lie by thine.

And again, at his departure:

Peleus my wants with care ſupply'd,
And bade me be thy miniſter——

That is, he bade me be a paraſite. For, if he had been diſpoſed to call Patroclus friend, he would not have given him the name of miniſter, being a free man. Miniſter properly denotes

[a] Hom. Il. XXIII.

one

one who is not a ſlave, one who cannot be denominated a friend, in ſhort one who is a paraſite. Which is very plainly what he meant. By the ſame rule Meriones is ſtyled the miniſter of Idomeneus, as being at that time the uſual appellation of a paraſite. But I beg you will attend. Idomeneus himſelf, the ſon of Jupiter, is not deemed worthy of the compliment Mars-like: that honour was reſerved for Meriones his paraſite. And pray, if you come to that, was not Ariſtogeiton, a poor plebeian, as Thucydides calls him, the paraſite of Harmodius? and lover too, I may ſay; for it is no great wonder, if a paraſite loves the man who fills his belly. That [*b*] paraſite nobly aſſerted the liberties of his country, when oppreſſed by a tyrant. On which account a brazen ſtatue of him is ſtill to be ſeen in the Athenian forum, where he ſtands by the ſide of Harmodius. Such gallant men were paraſites. How do you ſuppoſe a paraſite conducts himſelf in war? Do not you think, that firſt of all he cheers his

[*b*] See Sir William Jones's Ode on this ſubject, in imitation of Calliſtratus. Gent. Mag. vol. II. p. 252.

ſpirits

ſpirits with a good [c] dinner, before he proceeds to action? This is very conſonant to the ſage opinion of the wiſe Ulyſſes; who, before he ſends a man to fight, even if it be at dawn of day, firſt of all ſets him down to fill his belly. His comrades meanwhile find a great variety of buſineſs to be previouſly ſettled, which is done in fear and trembling. One adjuſts his helmet with great accuracy, another his breaſt-plate, whilſt a third ſtands trembling for the event. All this while the paraſite is regaling himſelf with a cheerful countenance, and, as

[c] Attending to the advice of Ulyſſes, who knew very well there was no ſuch thing as fighting all day without ſome refreſhment. Hom. Il. XIX. 160. Virgil's Hero had the ſame favourable opinion of good eating and drinking. After giving his ſhipwrecked companions ſeven fat bucks, and plenty of wine to waſh them down, then, and not till then, he encourages them to prepare for other adventures:

"Durate, et voſmet rebus ſervate ſecundis. Æ. I."

When a battle was expected, we are told by the Scholiaſt on Theocritus, it was uſual to take a cruſt of bread and a glaſs of wine very early in the morning to warm the ſoldier's ſtomach. This is what was called ακρατισμος. Theoc. Id. I.

ſoon as he has done eating and drinking, is one of the firſt to engage. His patron is found in the rank behind him, where he covers him with his ſhield, as carefully as Ajax did Teucer. In a ſhower of darts he expoſes his own perſon in defence of his entertainer, a life to him more precious than his own. If the paraſite ſhould chance to fall in battle, there is no one man whatever, whether officer, or private ſoldier, who has any occaſion to be aſhamed of acknowledging his goodly carcaſe. He now looks nearly as well, dead in the field of battle, as when he uſed to lie on the floor at a feaſt. Whereas, if you ſhould think it worth your while to examine the dead body of a philoſopher ſtretched on the ſame ground, you would not much wonder to find a poor, withered, weak, ſapleſs, filthy, long-bearded trunk, without any life in it, becauſe it was dead in a manner before the battle began. Miſerable is that country which has no defenders more formidable than philoſophers! At the ſight of ſuch ſoldiers, one might very naturally ſuppoſe, that the magiſtrates, in great want of men, had ordered the priſons to be emptied, to aſſiſt in the emer-

emergencies of ſtate. Such is the figure made in war by orators and philoſophers! It is thus they appear when put in competition with the paraſite! and, if we conſider them in time of peace, I take upon me to ſay, that peace is not more preferable to war, than a paraſite is to a philoſopher. To make a beginning, we will take a view, if you pleaſe, of the ſeveral places aſſigned to the buſineſs of peace.

TYCHIADES.

I have no objection, though I do not very well know what it is you would propoſe.

PARASITE.

The forum, I imagine, and the courts of juſtice, and the palæſtra, the places of exerciſe, of hunting, and banquetting—all thoſe, I ſuppoſe, may be conſidered as appertaining to peace.

TYCHIADES.

No doubt.

PARASITE.

The paraſite does not frequent the forum, he liſtens not to judicial diſputes, knowing very well,

well, that they are much better adapted to the ears of ſycophants, and that reaſon and moderation are to be looked for elſewhere. But in the palæſtra, in all places of exerciſe, in the ſcene of feſtivity, there you may expect the paraſite. Who but he to ſet off the gay aſſembly? Only compare him with a philoſopher ſtripped to the ſkin, or a naked rhetorician. Such characters would be a ſcandal to the place, and make every body cry out ſhame. They would not, I believe, enter into ſingle combat with a wild beaſt, to which the paraſite has learnt to bid defiance, having often encountered his equals on the table. Not the ſtag, not the wild boar, with all his briſtles, abaſhes the paraſite. If the boar ſhould whet his teeth at the paraſite, the paraſite would ſoon be even with him. And as to hares, no hound is ſo eager in the chace. At a banquet who preſumes to vie in feſtive wit, who to enjoy the dinner, as he does? Who ſo likely to ſet the table in a roar? He who ſings, and has wit at will? or he whoſe face diſdains to be furrowed with a ſmile? who ſits wrapped up in his cloak and his conſequence, with his eyes fixed on the ground, more like a perſon invited

invited to a funeral than to a feaſt? Really I muſt needs ſay, that, in my opinion, a philoſopher at a banquet, and a dog in a bath, are equally out of their element. But not to inſiſt upon this, let us come to proof, making a fair compariſon of their reſpective lives and characters. In the firſt place, the paraſite will always be found a contemner of glory, perfectly indifferent about prevailing opinions. While of the rhetoricians and philoſophers, I do not ſay here and there one, but all of them to a man are together by the ears continually in ſquabbles for fame, and pre-eminence of pride. Not that theſe are their only objects; for money, dear money, comes in for its dirty ſhare; money, which is juſt as much regarded by the paraſite as the pebbles on the ſea-ſhore. Gold to him is hardly more alluring than fire. But amongſt rhetoricians, nay, amongſt our moſt renowned philoſophers (for rhetoricians are not ſo much worth mentioning) the conteſt for wealth is carried on with all imaginable animoſity. So much ſo, that a philoſopher on the [*b*] feat of

[*d*] "Think how Bacon ſhin'd,
"The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind."

juſtice has been known to take bribes in open court. A philoſopher exacts of his ſcholars the wages of ſophiſtry. A philoſopher is not aſhamed to petition a king, that he may be paid for keeping him company. For many a philoſopher is contented, even in old age, to viſit foreign countries, where he lets himſelf out for hire. Can a captive Scythian or Indian do more? For he never bluſhes. But this is not all. Other paſſions beſides avarice are to be found in the breaſts of philoſophers; who are ſubject to fits of grief, of rage, of envy, and all manner of inordinate deſires. From all which the paraſite is free. He knows how to endure evil, and has neither any occaſion to be angry, nor any perſon to be angry with. Or, if he ſhould happen at any time to be out of humour, his anger never proceeds to any ſerious conſequence, but rather ſerves to excite mirth, and enliven his acquaintance. He is the laſt man in the world to be low-ſpirited; for his art ſo completely provides for his gratification, that there is nothing left for him to be concerned about. He has no money, no houſe, no ſervant, no wife, no child; the loſs of which is ſo

apt to fill others with the deepeſt affliction. Beauty, and riches, and honour, give him no trouble: they are no purſuits of his.

TYCHIADES.

But what have you to ſay to the want of victuals? Do not you think, Simon, the want of victuals would give him ſome uneaſineſs?

PARASITE.

Recollect yourſelf a little, Tychiades. A paraſite in want of victuals is no paraſite at all. A man cannot be conſidered as brave or wiſe, who does not poſſeſs wiſdom or bravery: it is the actual preſence of theſe qualities, from which he derives his diſtinction. And a paraſite is to be judged of in the ſame manner: if his art be wanting, ſo is he himſelf. But let us take care not to wander from our purpoſe; which was to treat of him who is, not of him who is not a paraſite.

TYCHIADES.

So then the paraſite has always plenty of victuals!

PARASITE.

Truly to me it ſeems very clear, that he can never have cauſe to complain of hunger, or of any thing elſe whatever. Quite different is the caſe of your philoſophers and rhetoricians, who ſeem to be always in an agony of fear; as one may judge by their walking with great clubs, and the pains they take to ſecure their doors. The paraſite indeed may lock his door, but then he only locks it to keep out the wind. A noiſe in the night alarms him as little as his paſſing unarmed through a deſert. He has nothing to be afraid of any where. But often have I beheld a philoſopher armed at all points, when no danger was near! going to a bath, or going to a dinner, a philoſopher never forgets his club. And then with reſpect to morals, nobody has any thing to alledge againſt the paraſite. He is never accuſed of adultery, or rapine, or violence, or injuſtice of any kind. Such offences are inconſiſtent with his character, and would make him ceaſe to be what he is. If, for inſtance, he ſhould be guilty of adultery, ſuch a conduct would infallibly give him a new name.

A good character is the conſequence of good behaviour, without which the paraſite forfeits his appellation. We all of us have heard of many wicked actions of orators and philoſophers in our own memory; and many more are recorded in books. There is ſtill extant the defence of Socrates, and of Æſchines, and Hyperides, and Demoſthenes, and many others, whoſe actions ſtood in need of an apology. But who has ever heard of a paraſite being called upon for his defence? he has nothing to do with lawſuits.

TYCHIADES.

Well, let it be granted, that the life of a paraſite is preferable to that of a rhetorician, or philoſopher. But what have you to ſay concerning his end? is not his death more wretched than theirs?

PARASITE.

No, much more happy. We are not to be told in what manner the generality of philoſophers go out of this world. Some of them, after being convicted of the greateſt crimes by

due courſe of law, have poiſoned themſelves. Some have been burnt to a cinder. Some have died of a ſtrangury. Some of them have ended their days in exile. But the paraſite never dies in any ſuch manner. His is the pleaſanteſt death of all, becauſe it is the death of a man eating and drinking; and it cannot be called a violent death, unleſs a death occaſioned by indigeſtion deſerve ſuch an appellation.

TYCHIADES.

You have ſaid quite enough on the part of the paraſite againſt the philoſopher. I wiſh you now to ſet about proving, that it is worth a man's while to maintain one. The rich are the patrons and ſupporters of paraſites, but their liberality ſeems to me not very well beſtowed. Ought not he, who thus ſubmits to be fed by their bounty, to be aſhamed of himſelf?

PARASITE.

I thought you had known better, Tychiades. Did you never hear, that a man as rich as Gyges is incapable of enjoying his dinner alone? The life of the ſolitary is a life of want at

at home or abroad. Going out unattended by his parasite, what is he better than a beggar? As a soldier without arms and accoutrements, as a suit of clothes without purple, as a horse without his trappings; so is the rich man without his parasite, who confers honours on his patron, without receiving any in return. Besides, how can it be disgraceful, as you would suppose, to serve our betters in a capacity, from which they derive such important advantages? The rich man acquires not only honour by it, but is secure from harm. Who will meditate an attack upon him, with his parasite at his elbow to guard him? and he is in no danger of being poisoned, when every thing he eats and drinks is first tasted and approved by his trusty parasite. Thus are the greatest dangers kept at a distance, while the greatest dignity is conferred by the parasite. He braves every danger from his love to the service, scorns to be behind hand with his retainer, eats and drinks with him while he lives, and would rather die with him than give up the cause.

TYCHIADES.

I muſt confeſs, Simon, that you have done ample juſtice to your profeſſion, not ſhewing yourſelf a young practitioner, as you thought proper to call yourſelf, but one who has been long converſant in ſuch weighty concerns. Yet ſtill I am not quite ſatisfied, that there is not ſome degree of ſcandal conveyed by this word parasite.

PARASITE.

You will be able yourſelf to give a proper anſwer to the queſtion, when you have heard what I am going to ſay. You underſtand the etymology of the [e] word: does it mean any more than eating in company?

TYCHIADES.

I do not ſay that it does.

PARASITE.

Then I beg leave to aſk whether you think

[e] The ſenſe is here ſpread ſo very thin through ſeveral lines, that it was thought pardonable to compreſs it a little.

eating

eating in company is not more creditable than eating alone?

TYCHIADES.

I muſt confeſs I think ſo. Nothing therefore now remains, but that I prepare myſelf for a due attendance on your inſtructions. I will come regularly to my leſſon every morning and afternoon. As the firſt child, they ſay, is the mother's favourite, ſo I expect, ſome indulgence from being the firſt pupil of the paraſite.

The LIAR: or, The INCREDULOUS.

TYCHIADES and PHILOCLES.

TYCHIADES.

CAN you tell me, Philocles, what it is, that induces people to be ſo very fond of lying? The generality of mankind never appear better pleaſed, than when relating, or liſtening to, what is moſt notoriouſly falſe.

PHI-

PHILOCLES.

Intereſt, Tychiades, in many inſtances is a great inducement to lying.

TYCHIADES.

That is nothing to the purpoſe: I did not mean to enquire how many are tempted to lie with the view of gain. Liars may be pardoned, and perhaps ſometimes commended, who, by deceiving an enemy, eſcape an impending danger. Such were the talents of Ulyſſes, which he employed in ſaving his own life, and ſecuring the return of his companions. But that is not what I mean at preſent. I ſpeak of thoſe perſons, my good ſir, who ſeem infinitely better pleaſed with what is falſe than what is true, when there can be no plea of either neceſſity or advantage. Thoſe are the men whoſe conduct I wiſh you to explain: I long to know what motive they can have.

PHILOCLES.

Have you never chanced to be acquainted with any perſon who had a natural propenſity to lying, an innate pleaſure in it?

TY-

TYCHIADES.

With many, very many. Such characters are not by any means rare.

PHILOCLES.

I think it not eaſy to aſſign any other cauſe than downright madneſs for their conduct. Such a deviation is no other than a voluntary choice of the worſt inſtead of the beſt.

TYCHIADES.

O that is not worth ſpeaking of! I do declare to you, that I could produce a great many perſons very ſenſible in all other reſpects, and not only ſo, but men of extraordinaty talents, who are ſo thoroughly taken with this love of lying, that, I proteſt to you, thoſe very good ſort of people ſeem to have their greateſt delight in impoſing on themſelves and every body elſe that comes in their way. You know better than I can tell you, that Herodotus, and Cteſias of Cnidus, and before them Homer, and other celebrated poets of antiquity, committed their lies to writing. And ſo well did thoſe celebrated perſonages manage the matter, that, not being

ing contented with deceiving their contemporaries, their fictions, preſerved in the choiceſt diction, and adorned with the moſt elegant poetry, have come down to our times in unbroken ſucceſſion. I cannot for the life of me help being heartily aſhamed for them, when they tell us of Cælus being caſtrated, when they talk of the chains of Promethus, the inſurrection of the giants, and all the tragedies acted in hell; when they tell us of Jupiter being in love, and changing himſelf into a bull, or a ſwan; or when they talk of a lady metamorphoſed into a bird, or a bear. Then we have Pegaſus, and the Chimæra, the Gorgon, and Cyclops, with many other ſtrange and wonderful monſters, all well adapted to work on the imaginations of children, who are always ready to be alarmed with ghoſts and hobgoblins. However, poets are perhaps to be tolerated in ſtepping a little aſide from the truth. But what can you ſay to whole cities, and nations, whole bodies of people not aſhamed of aſſociating in one general lie? The Cretans are never ſeen to bluſh, when they ſhew you the grave of Jupiter. Erichthonius, and the firſt inhabitants of Attica, ſprang out

out of the ground, like ſo many cabbages. This tale of the Athenians is quite as probable as that of the Thebans, in whoſe country the ſowing of dragons teeth produces a crop of ſoldiers. Whoever preſumes, after due examination, to rank ſuch ridiculous ſtories with the fables of Coræbus, or Margites; if he doubts of Triptolemus having been wafted through the air by flying ſerpents, of Pan coming from Arcadia to aſſiſt at the battle of Marathon, of Orithya carried off by Boreas—whoever pretends to doubt of facts ſo manifeſt as theſe, muſt be accounted impious and mad. Now, what do you ſay? has not lying made a conſiderable progreſs?

PHILOCLES.

I think, Tychiades, that poets and communities may be pardoned; poets eſpecially for ſprinkling their works with that ſweet enchantment ſo requiſite to their art. And who can blame the Athenians, and Thebans, and others that might be named, for admitting thoſe fictions, to which their country owes ſo much diſtinction? Let Greece be once robbed of her fables, and what would become of the whole tribe

tribe of Narrators? they muſt abſolutely die of hunger. For nobody will liſten, when no other gratification is to be expected than merely that of hearing truth. However, as to thoſe who are without any ſuch motive as I have alledged for being pleaſed with falſhood, I muſt own they appear to me to be highly ridiculous.

TYCHIADES.

I am quite of your mind. I have this moment left Eucrates in the very marrow of a ſtory ſo far beyond all bounds of credibility, that I took myſelf away with no more ceremony than if the Furies had been at my heels.

PHILOCLES.

Eucrates ſurely, ſir, is a perſon of credit. A man advanced in years, with a venerable beard, and far gone in philoſophy, is ſo very unlikely to tell lies himſelf, that one can hardly ſuppoſe he would endure it in another.

TYCHIADES.

You would be aſtoniſhed to hear how he ran on, how he laboured to have his ſtories believed,

ed, ſwearing poſitively to evety word he ſaid, and wiſhing every thing that was bad, even to his own children, if every ſingle circumſtance was not exactly as he related it. I ſtared at him, and ſcarce knew what to think. Sometimes I fancied him not In his right mind; then again I concluded him an impoſtor, a mere mountebank, an ape in the ſkin of a lion. In ſhort I was at a loſs what to make of him.

PHILOCLES.

What did he ſay, Tychiades? tell me, by Veſta I beſeech you. Is it poſſible, that any thing fooliſh can be maſked under ſuch a beard?

TYCHIADES.

I had been uſed to call upon him very frequently, whenever I had little or nothing to do. And this day, wanting to ſee my friend Leontichus, and being told by his ſervant, that he had left home early in the morning, on a viſit to Eucrates who was ſick; I had now two reaſons for not returning home, one, that I might meet with Leontichus, and another, that I might enquire after the ſick man, with whoſe indiſpoſition

ſition I had till then been unacquainted. However, I was not fortunate enough to find Leontichus, who, they ſaid, was juſt gone before I came. But I met with an abundance of others, and amongſt them Cleodemus the Peripatetick, Dinomachus the Stoick, and Ion. Ion, you know, is a wonderful adept in the doctrines of Plato, whoſe writings nobody elſe, he ſays, can explain, becauſe nobody elſe underſtands him. You may eaſily ſuppoſe, that I found myſelf in no mean company, being in an aſſembly of men gifted with all virtue, and all wiſdom, and, which was a very capital circumſtance, philoſophers the moſt eminent of every ſort, whoſe very looks are ſufficient to ſtrike one with awe. There was beſides Antigonus the phyſician, who had been called in on the occaſion. The diſorder of Eucrates had been of long ſtanding. It had fallen again into his feet, and he intreated me in a low whiſper, the better to convince me how very ill he was, to ſit down by him on the ſide of the bed. By the bye, before he ſaw me, I had heard him ſpeak loud enough, as I was going in. I then ſate down by him, but with the utmoſt caution, for fear of touching his

his feet; and the firſt thing I ſaid was to aſſure him, that I had not heard a word before of his being ill, but that the very moment I was told of it, I ran every ſtep of the way to ſee him. The conſultation was nearly over before I arrived, though every one had ſtill ſomething particular of his own to recommend. "I tell you, "ſaid Cleodemus, if you take up from the "ground with your left hand the tooth of a "weezel, killed according to my directions, "and faſten it to the ſkin of a lion newly flead, "and bind it round his legs, the pain will im-"mediately ceaſe." You miſtake, ſaid Dinomachus. According to what has been reported to me, it is not a lion's ſkin, but the ſkin of virgin hind. Which indeed carries a great deal more of probability with it; for the hind, every body knows, is very ſwift, and very ſtrong in her feet. The lion is very ſtout to be ſure; the lion's fat, the right paw, the ſtraight hairs of the beard, may be of ſingular efficacy, if ſkilfully uſed, and accompanied with a family verſe; but hardly, I think, in diſeaſes of the feet. So I thought once, ſaid Cleodemus. I fancied it ſhould be the ſkin of a deer, becauſe

a deer is ſwift. But converſing of late on this ſubject with a learned African, I became better informed. Lions, ſaid he, are ſwifter than deer; how elſe could they catch them in running? For this ſpeech my Libyan received the applauſes of the company. Pray, gentlemen, ſaid I, do you ſuppoſe, that ſuch maladies are to be relieved by incantations? that a diſorder of the inſide may be remedied by ſomething hanging on the outſide? I had no ſooner ſaid this, than every body laughed in my face. For me to be ſo very ignorant! not to know what was ſo manifeſt, that no man in his right ſenſes could have any doubt about it! and yet as ridiculous as I had made myſelf appear, I thought the Phyſician Antigonus did not ſeem much diſpleaſed with my queſtion. Antigonus, it appeared, had been treated with ſome neglect, on account of his preſcription to the ſick man, to whom he had recommended abſtinence from wine, to live on vegetables, and practiſe moderation. Cleodemus ſmiling ſaid, What, Tychiades, does it ſeem to you incredible, that ſuch things as we have been ſpeaking of ſhould have any efficacy in the cure of diſeaſes? Indeed, it does,

does, anſwered I; unleſs I could be ſuch an ideot as to imagine, that external applications, not communicating at all with the inward cauſes of the diſorder, but only co-operating with certain terms of legerdemain, could cure a diſeaſe, in whatever manner they may be ſuſpended! I could not believe it, though twenty weezels all entire were to be faſtened to the ſkin of the lion of Nemea! I myſelf have more than once in my life ſeen a lion in a whole ſkin walking very lame, and in a great deal of pain. I find, ſir, ſaid Dinomachus, you are a ſtranger to the ſubject, and can never have taken any pains to inform yourſelf concerning the nature of ſuch remedies: or you would ſcarcely pretend to diſallow of what is ſo very plain. Can any thing in the world be more undoubted than the putting off the fits of an ague, the charming of ſerpents, the healing of tumours, which are comprehended in the ſucceſsful practice of every old woman? But if thoſe things be done, as they certainly are, why ſhould not you ſuppoſe, that other ſimilar effects will follow ſimilar cauſes? Becauſe, Dinomachus, ſaid I, your concluſions do not follow your premiſes. You

do no more than drive out one nail with another. It is by no means manifeſt, that ſuch events are produced in the manner you ſay they are. Until you can perſuade us, that the fever, or the ſwelling, or whatever the malady is, contracts a terrible fright at the hearing of this ſacred incantation, this barbarous jargon, and is therefore glad to make a precipitate retreat from the part affected; all you can ſay will amount only to an old woman's tale. One would imagine, replied Dinomachus, from what you ſay, that you do not believe in the exiſtence of the Gods, as you doubt the efficacy of ſacred ſounds in the cure of diſeaſes. O do not ſay that, anſwered I: there may very well be Gods, and yet theſe ſtories of yours may be all lies notwithſtanding. I reverence the Gods, and bear teſtimony to their goodneſs, in aiding the healing art, by which alone the ſick are reſtored to health. It was by the uſe of proper remedies ſkilfully applied, that Æſculapius and his diſciples cured their patients, and not by tying lions and weezels to them. Talk no more of this, ſaid Ion. I have a ſtory, that will raiſe your wonder. When I was a boy about fourteen years

years of age, a perſon came one day, and told my father, that Midas, a very ſtout hard-working ſervant, who looked after his vines, had been bitten by a ſerpent in the time of full market, and that he lay moaning with his leg already in a ſtate of putrefaction. He had been propping up the vines, and making the branches ſecure, when the ſerpent crept up, and bit his thumb; which was no ſooner done, than he made the beſt of his way back to his hole, leaving the poor man crying out, and ready to die with pain. The moment after we heard of this accident of poor Midas, we ſaw him brought ſtretched on a couch, which was carried by his fellow-ſervants. He was ſwelled all over, his ſkin of a livid hue, and beginning to mortify, as was plain enough to be ſeen. He was indeed juſt alive, and that was all. His father was in great grief, as you may imagine, when one of the ſtanders-by, in a very friendly manner, bade him be comforted, promiſing to go directly and fetch a man of Babylon, one of the Chaldeans, who would inſtantly cure his ſon. To make ſhort of the ſtory, the Babylonian came, and [illegible]ally relieved him, expelling the poiſon

by dint of verſe: though it is but fair to obſerve, that the verſe was ſtrengthened by a ſtone faſtened to one of the patient's feet, which ſtone was a fragment of a virgin's tomb. But perhaps you may not be diſpoſed to look upon this as any thing extraordinary; even when I aſſure you, that Midas hoiſted up the bed, on which he had been laid, and took it with him on his back into the country. Such is the power of verſe, aided by a virgin's grave-ſtone! But the man performed other things ſtill more extraordinary. Next morning he went to the farm, and, having pronounced ſeven ſacred names out of an old book, he purified the place with ſulphur. Then, going round three times with a torch, he drove away all the reptiles of every kind quite out of the neighbourhood. You muſt know, there was immediately aſſembled, being collected by the power of the charm, a moſt numerous body of ſnakes, and aſps, and adders, and darts, and frogs, and toads, with ſcarcely one of the fraternity wanting, excepting only one poor old dragon, ſo infirm with age, that he was hardly able to leave his hole, and therefore could not obey the ſummons.

This

This was no ſecret to the magician. He preſently declared, that all were not come, and ſo ſaying diſpatched an ambaſſador, one of the young ſnakes, to fetch the old dragon; who, finding his attendance was not to be diſpenſed with, came alſo after ſome time. They were no ſooner all got together, than our Babylonian blew upon them, when, with one puff of his breath, to our utter aſtoniſhment, they were all of them conſumed in a [f] moment. Pray, Ion, ſaid I, may one aſk you a queſtion? That young ſerpent, which went on the embaſſy—how did he manage to get the old dragon along? Did the old dragon lean on his arm, or did he walk with a ſtick? You may joke as you pleaſe, replied Cleodemus. I aſſure you, I had once as little faith as you in ſuch things. Indeed I did not think it poſſible, that I could be induced by any means to believe them. But no ſooner had I ſet eyes on the flying ſtranger, reported to be one of the [g] Hy-

[f] This ſtory of collecting the ſerpents, in order to deſtroy them, and finding one wanting, has been copied by modern dealers in the marvellous, who tell it of a rat-catcher.

[g] Far north.

perboreans, than, after a long ſtruggle, I found myſelf obliged to ſubmit, whether I would or no. How could I any longer hold out, when I myſelf ſaw him in open day-light borne aloft through the regions of [*b*] air? when I beheld him treading upon the water, nay paſſing through the fire as leiſurely and orderly as poſſible? And did you really, ſaid I, ſee the Hyperborean fly? did you yourſelf ſee him walking on the water? As ſure as you are there: I remember he had on his feet a pair of thoſe coarſe clumſy [*i*] ſhoes, which his countrymen generally wear. I do not trouble you with any recital of his ordinary feats: his making people fall in love, his [*k*] exorciſing

[*b*] Q. In a balloon?

[*i*] Καρβατιναι, otherwiſe called αρβυλαι, ſhoes of ſkins undreſſed, made roomy and deep, to keep out or contain the mud.

[*k*] I had written this *caſting out devils*, which is altered for a reaſon that has frequently prevented my uſing a more literal and natural tranſlation. I wiſh not any man to learn by my example to make light of phraſes, which have been better employed. There are certain authors of ſuperior talents, who poſſeſs the art of exciting in the mind of the reader the moſt profane and looſe ideas,

orciſing Demons, [recalling to life perſons long dead and rotten, arreſting Hecate in her career, and bringing down the moon from her orbit. Theſe are matters of leſs conſequence. But I cannot forbear mentioning to you what I ſaw him do in the houſe of Glaucias, the ſon of Alexicles. The old man was no ſooner dead, than Glaucias, on coming to his fortune, took a liking to Chryſis, the daughter of Demænetus. I was his preceptor at the time; and, if he had not unfortunately fallen in love, he might by this time have maſtered the whole ſyſtem of the Peripateticks. For, when he was no more than eighteen, he was ſkilled in analyſis, and had gone through a courſe of lectures on natural hiſtory. However, falling in love, as I obſerved before, and being at his wits end, he found it convenient to open his mind to his

ideas, without ſeeming to common eyes to depart from propriety of expreſſion.

"Sedley has that prevailing gentle art."

The prevailing gentle art died not with Sedley. Witneſs the volumes on the toilet. Witneſs much of the reading of perſons of very great and very little faſhion, extremes equally the prey of ſenſeleſs wit.

maſter. Thinking myſelf in duty bound to do the beſt I could for the young man, I introduced him to the Hyperborean wizard, to whom, as he was in want of ready-money to go on with his ſacrifices, I immediately paid down four minæ, with a promiſe of ſixteen more, on our ſucceſs with the lady. At the full of the moon, the ſeaſon of magical rites, he began his operations by digging a pit in an airy part of the houſe; after which, about midnight, he invoked to our aid Anaxicles, the father of Glaucias. Anaxicles had been ſeven months in his grave, and did not like to be diſturbed with a love-tale; however, after ſome time he relented, and agreed to let his ſon be indulged. Then Hecate was called, who brought Cerberus along with her; and next deſcended the Moon with all her diverſity of Phaſes. Firſt ſhe aſſumed the appearance of a fine lady, then of a fine cow, and after that of a [k] female dog. Then our Hyperborean formed a little Cupid out of clay, which

[k] The original σκυλακ leaves the gender undetermined otherwiſe than by the ſenſe of the paſſage. The Moon is a female, and too reſpectable to be affronted with the groſs monoſyllable, ſynonymous with female dog. See Fielding's Life of Jonathan Wild the Great. Vol. V. p. 117. Murphy's Edition.

he

he immediately ordered to go and bring Chryſis. Away went the clay, and preſently after came Chryſis knocking at the door. On being let in, ſhe flew to the arms of Glaucias, with every appearance of the moſt frantick paſſion; and it was not before the crowing of the cock, that ſhe prevailed on herſelf to quit him. The moon then winged her way back to heaven; Hecate deſcended under ground, the ſpectres were no more to be ſeen; and we opened the door about day-break, to let out Chryſis. If you had ſeen all this, Tychiades, you would no longer have refuſed your aſſent: you muſt have believed in incantations. O, to be ſure, ſaid I, if I had ſeen it, I ſhould have believed it [*l*]. But till I do, you will excuſe me. I am very well acquainted with the character of Chryſis, and I cannot but wonder, for my part, what occaſion there could be for an ambaſſador of clay, for ſo far-fetched a magician, or the interpoſition of the moon, when the lady is always of her own accord ſo very condeſcending, that, for twenty drachmæ, your Hyperborean might have bargained to have her in his own

[*l*] What a pity it is that we moderns can ſay nothing new!

country.

country. The diſpoſition of a woman is not like that of a ghoſt: ſhe does not fly at the ſound of metal. Chryſis no ſooner hears the jingling of ſilver, than ſhe runs to the place from whence it proceeds. Seriouſly I cannot help being ſtruck with this conduct of your magician, who, at the very time that he has the faculty of inſpiring the moſt wealthy female with the love of himſelf, and of becoming as rich as he can deſire, is nevertheleſs contented to receive four minæ, that another man may be amiable in the eyes of a harlot! This is very ridiculous in you, ſaid Ion, to be thus reſolved on believing nothing. I wonder at you, and ſhould be glad to know what you can ſay of the exorciſts, who ſo openly practiſe their art of charming away apparitions, and freeing Demoniacks from their terrors. I need not be particular on the ſubject, as the cures effected by the Syrian of Paleſtine are of public notoriety. Lunaticks with diſtorted eyes, and foaming at the mouth, if brought to him, are preſently relieved. He reſtores them to their right ſenſes, and ſends them away perfectly well, provided you give him his price. He ſtands by the patient, and enquires

enquires into the origin of his malady. The patient himſelf anſwers never a word; but the devil ſpeaks for him, and, either in Greek or Barbarian, ſatisfies the doctor as to the place he came from, and the manner of his taking poſſeſſion of the premiſes. Upon this the Syrian adjures him to be gone, which, if he neglects to do immediately, very harſh language is made uſe of, and he is obliged to ſubmit. I have myſelf ſeen him, in the moment of ſubjection, marching off black in the face. For you, Ion, obſerved I, it was no ſuch mighty matter to ſee ſuch fights. To you Platoniſts ideas are viſible; but to us who do not ſee quite ſo well, they muſt be ſomewhat dim and leſs ſubſtantial. What, ſaid Eucrates, is Ion then the only man who has had ſuch viſions? Surely many others beſides him have met with Demons, ſome in the day-time, and others by night. I myſelf, I will undertake to ſay, have ſeen them not once, but ten thouſand times. At firſt I was afraid of them, but now that I am accuſtomed to them, I do not mind them; eſpecially ſince my preſent of a ring, which was given me by an Arabian. It was made of a piece of iron, which had

had been part of a gibbet. He taught me at the ſame time a long charm—but perhaps you do not believe all this. How can that be, replied I, not to believe Eucrates, the wiſe ſon of Dino, freely relating on his own authority, and at his own houſe what he himſelf has ſeen? And then again, ſaid Eucrates, concerning the ſtatue, you need be under no neceſſity of taking my word for that; as all the family, young and old, every one will tell you how often it appears in the night. What ſtatue do you mean, ſaid I? Did you never take notice, anſwered he, of an uncommon fine figure, as you enter the hall, the work of Demetrius, the famous ſtatuary? Do you mean, replied I, the man with the quoit, with his body bent, as if in the act of throwing it? He looks back, I remember, on the perſon who brought it, and ſeems juſt on the point of recovering his erect poſition. I do not mean that, ſaid he: that is the work of Myro. Nor do I mean the beautiful figure ſtanding near it, with a fillet round the head; which is a piece of Polyclitus. Thy tyrant-killers, as you enter on the right hand, executed by Critias the ſon of Neſiotes, are out of the queſtion. But there

there ſtands by the water a figure half-naked, with a prominent belly, and a bald head, which you muſt have ſeen. The beard has a few ſcattered hairs, which are blown about at the diſcretion of the wind. The veins are very diſtinguiſhable; and indeed it is the very man himſelf, and no other, that is to ſay, Pelichus, the general of the Corinthians. If you have ſeen that, you know what I mean. O yes, ſaid I, I have ſeen the figure on the right hand of Saturn, wearing fillets, and exhibiting his withered garlands, and gilded breaſt. I gilded the breaſt, ſaid Eucrates, in return for his having cured me of an ague. For Pelichus, you are to know, was a very eminent phyſician. What I ſay of him is true, added he; and do not you pretend to laugh, leſt you ſhould find reaſon to repent it. I know full well what he can do to you, if you laugh at him. That ſtatue, ſir, has no more difficulty in bringing an ague, than in driving it away. Propitious be the ſtatue! exclaimed I. As he is ſtout, ſo may he be merciful! But you who are in the houſe with him, what elſe do you ſee him do? No ſooner night comes, ſaid he, than he ſteps down from his

his pedeſtal, and takes a walk about the houſe, not caring who ſees him. Sometimes he ſings as he takes his rounds; and there is no inſtance of his doing harm to any body. Only it is very proper to keep out of his way, and not interrupt him. He is obſerved very frequently to waſh himſelf, at which times you may very plainly hear the ſplaſhing of the water. And thus he diverts himſelf during the whole night. After all, ſaid I, what if this ſtatue of yours ſhould turn out not to be Pelichus? What think you of Talos, the ſon of Minos, the travelling [m] tinker of Crete? leaving the materials out of the queſtion, even if it were made of wood, inſtead of braſs, that would not warrant you in pronouncing it the work of Demetrius. It muſt certainly be the contrivance of Dedalus. Dedalus has a trick of leaving his place. I wiſh, Tychiades, ſaid he, you would not be ſo free of your jokes, for fear of the worſt. I have not forgot what happened to the perſon who

[m] Talos got the name of the χαλκεὺς, the brazen, from his cuſtom of going about the country three times in the year to mend old laws, and put off new ones on tablets of braſs.

ſtole

ſtole the oboli, which we are uſed to offer to him at the change of the moon. Something very bad to be ſure, ſaid Jon: what could ſuch a ſacrilegious villain expect? But how was it? I ſhould be glad to hear how he was puniſhed. Though, perhaps, Tychiades here will deny the whole of the ſtory. A great number of oboli, replied he, lay at his feet, beſides ſeveral pieces of ſilver coin, and thin plates of the ſame metal, which were ſtuck to his thigh with wax. They were offerings, I ſuppoſe, in conſequence of vows, or the price paid by thoſe who had been cured of fevers. Now it happened, that we had a Libyan ſervant, whoſe buſineſs it was to look after the horſes, and a very bad fellow he was. For he had the audacity in the night to venture on ſtealing all thoſe fine things; in which deſign he actually ſucceeded, by watching the time when the ſtatue came down from his pedeſtal. But when Pelichus returned, and found himſelf robbed, how do you think he ſerved him? All night long was the wretched Libyan obliged to go round and round the court, as if in an inextricable labyrinth, till break of day, when he was taken with the goods

upon him. And no ſooner was he taken, than you may believe he was heartily beaten. He died miſerably not long after, having firſt declared, that not a night paſſed, in which he did not ſeverely feel the laſh; as indeed the marks to be ſeen every morning on his back ſufficiently teſtified. And now, Tychiades, laugh, if you pleaſe, at Pelichus, and call me an old Minos! Eucrates, ſaid I, while braſs is braſs, and Demetrius a ſtatuary of this world, I ſhall be in no fear of his Pelichus, whoſe anger, even if he were alive, I ſhould pay little regard to. Upon this Antigonus, the phyſician, ſpoke. I have in my poſſeſſion, ſaid he, a brazen Hippocrates, of about a cubit high, who, if he only happens to find the wick of the lamp burnt out, goes all about the houſe, making a great noiſe, overturning the gallipots, tumbling the medicines about, throwing the doors off the hinges, and doing all manner of miſchief; and eſpecially when we happen to be later than uſual in our annual offerings. And does Hippocrates, the phyſician, ſaid I, expect to be treated with ſacrifices, and pretend to be ill-uſed for not feaſting on dainties, and at his own time

time too? I think he might be very well contented with his chance of funeral rites, with a libation, or a garland. You ſhall hear, ſaid Eucrates, what I ſaw five years ago, and which I have witneſſes to prove. It was in the time of vintage, and about the middle of the day, when, leaving my workmen in the field, I took a contemplative walk, all alone, into a wood. No ſooner was I in the ſhade of it, than the very firſt thing which I heard was the barking of dogs. I ſuppoſed my ſon Mnaſo and his companions to be hunting thereabouts, which they very frequently did, and that the noiſe might proceed from that. But I was miſtaken in my conjecture, of which I was ſoon convinced by the appearance of a woman of about half a furlong in height, whoſe terrible aſpect, as it approached me, was preceded by the burſting open of the earth, and the roaring of thunder. In her left hand ſhe graſped a torch, and in her right a ſword of twenty cubits in length, as near as I could gueſs. In her lower parts ſhe reſembled a ſnake, but her face was the face of a Gorgon, dreadful to behold. Her looks were compoſed of braided ſerpents, which flowed in ringlets

over her neck and ſhoulders: you muſt obſerve, my friends, that I tremble in relating it. Eucrates at theſe words ſhewed us the hairs on his arm all ſtanding an end for fear. Meanwhile the old men, Ion, and Dinomachus, and Cleodemus, ſtood gaping and ſtaring, glad to be thus led by the noſe. They liſtened with ſilent admiration to the miraculous Coloſſus, the woman half a furlong high, the gigantick hobgoblin, which in their hearts they were ready to adore. I could not help thinking all the time what rare inſtructors in wiſdom our youth are bleſſed with. Thoſe admirable philoſophers, ſaid I to myſelf, differ in nothing ſo much from babes, as in their hoary hair and long beards, and are much greater dupes to impoſture. Dinomachus opened next. Pray, Eucrates, ſaid he, what ſize might the dogs be, which attended the goddeſs? Somewhat taller, anſwered Eucrates, than the elephants of India; like them they are black and ſhaggy, and their hides dirty and clotted. I ſtopped as ſoon as I ſaw them, and turned in the beazle of the ring, which the Arabian had given me. Hecate, giving a ſtamp on the ground with her dragon's foot, made a chaſm

in it as wide as Tartarus, into which ſhe jumped, and away ſhe went. I took heart, and thruſting out my neck ventured to peep down after her, having firſt laid hold of a tree. For I was afraid, you muſt know, of growing giddy, and tumbling down after her head foremoſt. I then ſaw very plainly all that is to be ſeen below; as for inſtance Pyriphlegethon, Styx, Cerberus, and the Dead; I could recollect ſome perſons amongſt the Dead, particularly my father, who was in the ſame dreſs in which we had buried him. Pray, Eucrates, ſaid Ion, what were the ghoſts doing? how were they employed? In nothing more than uſual, ſaid he, reclining on Aſphodel with their friends and relations, according to their reſpective tribes and families. What, ſaid Ion, are the Epicureans ſtill to give the lie to the divine Plato, and his book on the ſoul? But pray tell me, did you get a ſight of Plato or Socrates? I believe, ſaid he, I might ſee Socrates, but I cannot be ſure: I only gueſſed it to be him from his bald head and great belly. As to Plato, between friends, I could not make him out from the reſt of the company. When my curioſity was ſatisfied, the chaſm began to cloſe up, and I diſcovered

ſome of my ſervants ſtanding by, who had been ſent in queſt of me; amongſt others, this Pyrrhias here. Speak, Pyrrhias, is it not all true that I ſay? True! aye, true as you are there, anſwered Pyrrhias. I was preſent before the opening was quite cloſed up, and heard a barking below very plain. I thought too I perceived the light of a torch. This teſtimony was more than I bargained for, and of courſe I could not help laughing. Very well interrupted Cleodemus, all this is nothing new. I myſelf not long ago, in a fit of ſickneſs, ſaw ſomething not unlike it. Antigonus here was the phyſician who attended, and it was on the ſeventh day, my fever being then at the height. The doors were ſhut, and I was left alone by your orders, Antigonus, as you wiſhed me, if poſſible, to get a little ſleep. I was ſtill awake, in the abſence of my attendants, when a young man of the moſt conſummate beauty, cloathed in white, called me up, and bade me follow him. I did ſo, and was immediately conducted through an aperture into the other world, where I found Tantalus, and Tityus, and Siſyphus. I knew them the moment I ſaw them. Shall I tell you the

the ſequel of my ſtory? I was ſtanding by the tribunal, in the preſence of Æacus, and Charon, and the Fates, and the Furies; and ſome king or other, Pluto, I ſuppoſe, was on the bench. I heard him very plainly calling over the names of ſeveral perſons, whoſe time was come to die. My conductor then preſented me to him, when, in a very angry tone, he told him, that I had no buſineſs there, my time not being yet come. Take him inſtantly away, ſaid Pluto, and bring Demylus the braſier, whoſe thread is already overſtretched. I now found my fever was gone, and I ran home as faſt as I could, telling every body I met with much glee, that Demylus was the man to die, Demylus my neighbour, who had been taken ill at the ſame time. As I ſaid, ſo it proved; for in a very little time we heard the groans of the mourners. I ſee nothing very wonderful in this, ſaid Antigonus. An acquaintance of mine, after being three weeks dead and buried, came to life, and got up again. I attended him as his phyſician both before and after. How did he contrive to keep himſelf from putrefaction, ſaid I; and how did he ſubſiſt ſo long without any thing to eat? your pa-

tient muſt have been a ſecond [n] Epimenides! While engaged in this converſation, we are ſurpriſed with a viſit from the two ſons of Eucrates, one of them a man grown, and the other a lad of about fifteen. They were juſt returned from the palæſtra, and, after ſaluting the company, ſat down on the couch by their father, a [o] ſeat being brought in for me. At the ſight of his boys, Eucrates ſeemed to be put in mind of ſomething he had like to have forgot, and laying his hands upon them, "So may I have comfort, ſaid he, in theſe my children, as the ſtory, which I am going to tell you, is exactly true! Nobody, Tychiades, can be ignorant how much I loved their poor mother, who is now gone to reſt. My regard for her has been fully manifeſted by what I did for her living, and what I have done for her dead. I made a bonfire of her whole wardrobe, of all that lovely attire in which ſhe ſo much delighted to be ſeen. It was on the ſeventh day after her de-

[n] A poet of Crete, who cured hunger, as the American Indians are ſaid to do, by going to ſleep.

[o] Θρονος, a throne: here an appendage to the κλινη, and hardly of greater dignity than the κλινη παραβυτος, or truckle-bed.

parture

parture from this life, when, ſitting on this very couch, as I do at this moment, looking over in ſolemn ſilence Plato's diſcourſe on the ſoul, from which I had hoped to derive ſome comfort—I was thus employed, when in comes my Demæneta, and ſets herſelf down by me, as it might be there where the boy ſits (pointing to the younger of his two ſons, who had before looked pale at his father's ſtory, and was now frightened almoſt out of his wits). As ſoon as I beheld her, continued Eucrates, I embraced her, not without much lamentation and many tears, which however were ſoon put a ſtop to by her bringing a charge againſt me, Her huſband, ſhe ſaid, had conſtantly obliged her on all other occaſions, but had neglected to burn one of her golden ſandals. It had fallen down, ſhe ſaid, behind the great cheſt; where we could not find it, and of courſe did not burn it with the other. While we were talking, an execrable cur under the bed, a dog of Melita, barked; and, on his barking, my wife vaniſhed in an inſtant. However, the ſandal was found under the bed, as ſhe mentioned, and burnt the next day. And can you ſtill judge it reaſonable, Tychiades, to refuſe

refuſe your aſſent to what is moſt evident, to diſbelieve occurrences which happen every day of your life? Certainly not, ſaid I. If there are perſons to be found ſo void of all ſenſe of ſhame, as to object to what is ſo very true, they muſt be naughty boys indeed, and ought to be well whipped. The golden [p] ſandal ſhould be applied to their buttocks. While this is going on, in comes Arignotus, the Pythagorean. He has, you know, a moſt venerable aſpect, and is ſo much celebrated for his wiſdom, that he is called the divine Arignotus. Upon his entering I took heart, for I looked upon him as a ſufficient guard againſt any thing imaginary. This wiſe man, ſaid I to myſelf, will not fail to ſtop the mouths of thoſe dealers in the marvellous. His coming in ſeemed to my apprehenſion as well-timed an incident as the God in the play, whoſe intervention is required to unravel the plot. Cleodemus roſe as Arignotus entered; who had no ſooner taken his ſeat, than he enquired concerning the malady, and was told by Eucrates of its being abated. But pray, ſaid

[p] Would that do as well as a rod? What ſays the ſchoolmaſter?

he,

he, as I was coming in, did I not hear you two engaged in a philoſophical diſpute? I dare ſay you would have brought it to a very happy concluſion. O to be ſure! replied Eucrates. We were only trying to perſuade this block here, (meaning me) that his duty is to believe in the exiſtence of Demons and Apparitions, and that the ſouls of the defunct wander about above ground, appearing to ſuch perſons as they like to be ſeen by. I bluſhed, and hung down my head, aſhamed to look Arignotus in the face. Look you here, Eucrates, ſaid he: if Tychiades means only to aſſert, that the ſouls of thoſe who die a violent death wander about the world, as for inſtance, thoſe who hang themſelves, thoſe who are beheaded, thoſe who are gibbeted, and ſo forth; but that all thoſe who die a natural death remain quiet enough after it—if he aſſert nothing more than this, perhaps what he ſays may not be ſo much amiſs. No ſuch thing, I tell you! exclaimed Dinomachus; he affirms that nothing of the kind can poſſibly be, that the ſuppoſition is altogether an abſurdity. What! ſaid Arignotus, looking ſternly in my face, will you pretend to deny what

what almoſt every body has ſeen? If I do, ſaid I, you have helped me to an apology. For, if I had ſeen it, I ſhould have believed it as readily as thoſe who did. But till then you will excuſe me. If you ſhould ever go to Corinth, ſaid he, enquire for the houſe of Eubatides; and when you come to it, juſt by the Craneum, go in, and [q] aſk the porter (Tibius is his name) to let you ſee the place, from which Arignotus the Pythagorean ouſted the Demon; where he dug the hole, and made the houſe habitable. How was that, ſaid Eucrates? The houſe, anſwered Arignotus, had been a great while untenanted. For whoever ventured into it was ſure to be very ſoon driven out in a fright by a moſt terrible ſpectre. In ſhort the roof was beginning to fall in, and it was going all to ruins, for not a creature would approach it. Which, when I was told, I immediately took my books, (I have a great many Ægyptian authors on ſuch ſubjects); I took my books, I ſay, and went into the houſe about the time when every body is ſuppoſed to be faſt aſleep, my friend all the

[q] Q. Did this porter uſe to let a man into his maſter's houſe without any previous ceremony?

while

while diſſuading me by every argument in his power, and almoſt hindering me by main force from going, as he thought, with my eyes open to certain deſtruction. However, I entered all alone, having a candle in my hand, which I placed in the great hall, and, ſeating myſelf by it on the ground, began to read, but without ſpeaking. Preſently in comes the Demon, who, not thinking any more of me than of the many others which he had been uſed to frighten, at firſt made very light of me. However, I put him to his ſhifts, rough, and dirty, and black as he was; and he tried a variety of forms, ſometimes making his attack upon me in the ſhape of a dog, ſometimes of a bull, ſometimes of a lion; not one of which anſwered his purpoſe. I was provided with a ſet of ſounds the moſt horrible that Ægypt ever imagined, with which I charmed him into a dark corner of the room, where having once ſeen him ſafely deſcend, I betook myſelf immediately to reſt, and ſlept the remainder of the night. In the morning, after every body had given me up for dead, quite unexpected I went to Eubatides, to tell him the news. I aſſured him, that he might

now make himſelf perfectly eaſy about his houſe, which he would find for the future juſt as habitable as any other. Then taking him and ſeveral others along with me, whoſe curioſity made them eager to go, I ſhewed them the place where he went down, begging they would get ſpades and proper tools for digging; which they ſet about accordingly, and after they had got to about the depth of a yard, they came to the ſkeleton of a man, which was taken up and buried, and from that time the houſe was no longer troubled with apparitions. Arignotus, a man of ſuch exalted wiſdom, and ſo venerable in the eyes of all preſent, having related this ſtory, I was looked upon as no better than a madman for affecting to diſbelieve it. Yet ſtill, unaccountable as it is, neither his beard nor his fame made any impreſſion upon me. How is this, Arignotus, ſaid I, has the oracle of truth nothing about him better than empty vapour? The truth we have heard from you is the truth of the proverb: all is not gold that gliſters. Pray, ſaid Arignotus, ſince you will not believe me, nor Dinomachus, nor Cleodemus, nor even Eucrates, I ſhould be glad to know which of our opponents

opponents you think more worthy of your credit? To this I anſwered, what think you of the man of Abdera? Democritus was ſo well convinced, that no ſuch thing could poſſibly exiſt, that he ſcrupled not to ſhut himſelf up in a monument without the gates, where he continued writing all day and all night. Some idle boys, who thought they could frighten him, dreſſed themſelves for that purpoſe in black, with maſks repreſenting bare ſkulls, and got round him at his ſtudies, leaping and dancing about, in order to make game of him. But ſo far was he from manifeſting any ſigns of fear, that he hardly deigned to look at them, and only deſired them to have done playing the fool. He knew very well how vain it is to look for the ſoul diſtinct from the body. Democritus according to your account, ſaid Fucrates, muſt have been very fooliſh. But I will juſt relate one more ſtory of what happened to myſelf, and which I did not take upon truſt from any other. Perhaps, when he hears it, even Tychiades may be conſtrained to believe it. Being ſent very young into Ægypt for the ſake of education, while I continued there, I became

poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed with a ſtrong deſire of making a voyage up the river as far as Coptus, that I might become an ear-witneſs of thoſe wonderful ſtrains produced by [r] Memnon at the riſing of the ſun. However, I did not hear any of thoſe unmeaning ſounds, which are generally attributed to him. To me the man of ſtone opened his mouth for the delivery of an oracle contained in ſeven verſes. It is needleſs to repeat them to you. But in my return it was my fortune to ſail in company with a Memphian, one of the ſacred ſcribes, a perſon of great wiſdom, ſkilled in all the learning of Ægypt. He had lived, as I was told, in a ſacred receſs under ground for the ſpace of three and twenty years, for the purpoſe of being inſtructed by Iſis in the arts of magick. You muſt mean my maſter Pancrates! exclaimed Arignotus. The good man is clean-ſhaved, wears a linen garment, appears full of thought, ſpeaks good Greek, is very tall, flat-noſed, thick-lipped, and ſpindle-ſhanked. It

[r] See Tacitus, Ann. II. c. 61. Where Germanicus is reported to have ſeen this extraordinary harper, who was every morning indebted for his muſick to the rays of the ſun. See Pliny 36. c. 7. Juvenal 15. v. 5.

could

could be no other than Pancrates. At firſt, ſaid I, I knew not what to make of him. But when I obſerved him, on our touching at any place, performing things very wonderful, ſuch as riding on the backs of crocodiles, and ſwimming about amongſt the great fiſhes, which wagged their tails, and made ſubmiſſion to him, I was ſoon convinced of his being ſomething more than common, and paid my court to him accordingly. So that in a very little time I found myſelf admitted to the greateſt familiarity, being his conſtant companion, and intruſted with all his ſecrets. At length he perſuaded me to leave all my domeſticks at Memphis, and go along with him, aſſuring me, that we ſhould be at no loſs for attendants, wherever we went. You ſhall hear how we managed. Whenever we came to an inn, he would take the bolt of the door, or a broom, or a peſtle, and put cloaths upon it; after which, on his pronouncing a certain charm, it was inſtantly on a pair of legs, ſeeming to all thoſe who ſaw it to be as much a man as any one of them. It brought us water from the well, ordered our victuals, got for us whatever we wanted, and was in all

reſpects a good ſervant, always ready, and very handy. When his ſervices were no longer required, it was but repeating a verſe of a different kind from the former, and the broom, or the peſtle, reſumed its priſtine ſhape. This art of his excited in me a great deſire to be maſter of it, but with all my arguments he could not be prevailed on to teach it me. Indeed, it was the only thing in which he treated me with reſerve, being on all other occaſions moſt ready to oblige me. However, as luck would have it, ſtanding ſlily by him in a dark corner, I overheard his incantation. It conſiſted of three ſyllables. With theſe he gave orders to the peſtle what was neceſſary to be done, going immediately afterwards to the forum. The next day, he being again engaged there, I made free with the peſtle, put on its apparel, repeated the three ſyllables, and then called for water. Away he went, and brought me a caſk full. I then deſired him to leave off, and return to his former occupation of a peſtle. But with this he refuſed to comply; he would no longer be at my bidding, but went on bringing water, till he had filled the whole houſe with it. I was now

at

at my wit's end, being afraid, and not without reaſon, as it afterwards appeared, that Pancrates would come home, and be highly diſpleaſed. I therefore took up an ax, and cut my peſtle in two. But here I failed in my expectations, for I had now two ſervants inſtead of one. Each of the two immediately laid hold of a caſk, and commenced water-carrier. While ſuch were our proceedings, Pancrates returned, and having underſtood how matters were, he converted them both into wood again, as they had been before. He then left me without my perceiving it, going I know not whither, and I never ſaw him more. And do you now, interrogated Dinomachus, underſtand the method of making a man out of a peſtle? Out of a peſtle! anſwered the other; yes, out of half of one. Only I cannot reduce him to a peſtle again, when once I have made him; but he will go on fetching water, till he overflows the houſe. Will you never have done, ſaid I, old men as you are, to tell ſuch childiſh tales? You ſhould at any rate, for the ſake of theſe young ones, defer the relation of your tremendous wonders to ſome other time, unleſs you want to fill their minds

with the moſt ridiculous terrors. You ſhould indeed have ſome mercy, and not accuſtom them to hear what may diſturb their imaginations as long as they live, put them in diſmay at every unuſual noiſe, and make them tremble at every tale of ſuperſtition. Speaking of ſuperſtition, ſaid Eucrates, you very opportunely put me in mind of what I was going to obſerve. With regard to oracles, and divinations, and the ſpeeches of the inſpired, the words iſſuing from the holy ſhrines, prophetical effuſions in verſe from the mouth of the virgin; all theſe, it ſeems, you will pay no regard to, and therefore I forbear the mention of my ſacred ring, with the ſeal, the image of Apollo, the very Apollo who occaſionally converſes with me—I ſhall ſay nothing of all this, becauſe to you it might appear vain and incredible. I only mean to tell you what I have heard and ſeen in the temple of Amphilochus at Mallos, where the hero conferred with me, and gave me advice in my affairs. Beſides which, I may add what I ſaw at Pergamos, and what I heard at Pataræ. As I was returning home from Ægypt, hearing much of the famous oracle of Mallos, ſo very remark-

remarkable for ſpeaking the plain truth, anſwering moſt diſtinctly and directly to every queſtion delivered in writing to the prophet, I reſolved on ſtopping in my way, to make trial of it, by holding a conſultation on certain future events. Eucrates was proceeding in this manner; and it was very apparent, that he would have a great deal more to ſay, when I concluded it indecent and improper for me to remain longer in a company, where I was the only unbeliever, a circumſtance which could not fail to provoke their reſentment. I therefore took my leave of him in his voyage from Ægypt to Mallos, ſaying, that I was going to look after Leontichus, whom I very much wanted to ſee. For, as they were not contented to take up with ſuch abſurdities as were to be found upon earth, but muſt invoke the Gods to their aid in the fabulous, I could have nothing more to ſay. They readily took me at my word, and, being left at perfect eaſe, had now nothing to do but to cram each other with lies to their heart's content. All this, my Philocles, I heard at the houſe of Eucrates; and I come to you like a man overcharged with bad wine, who wants an emetick.

I heartily wiſh I could purchaſe an oblivion of all that I have heard; for I fear, if it ſhould remain in my memory, that I ſhall never be free from the miſchief of it. At this moment I have nothing before my eyes but prodigies, and demons, and Hecates.

PHILOCTETES.

I too, Tychiades, am in the ſame predicament. I remember to have heard people ſay, that not only thoſe who have been bitten by a mad dog, but alſo thoſe whom they may chance to bite, experience the hydrophobia. In the ſame manner, you, who have been infected at the houſe of Eucrates, have filled my imagination with lies and hobgoblins no leſs than your own.

TYCHIADES.

But let us be comforted, my friend. If we only call truth and reaſon to our aid, we ſhall be in no danger of diſordering our brains with the vanity and folly of lying.

To an illiterate Buyer of Books.

YOUR preſent conduct is likely to have an effect quite contray to that which you intend. Buying fine books you expect to be thought a fine ſcholar, inſtead of which you only manifeſt your ignorance the more. For, in the firſt place, the books which you buy are by no means the beſt. You purchaſe them on the recommendation of lying dealers, who are apt to conſider the ſight of you as ſo much ready money, for which they can afford an offering to Mercury. And indeed how can you be expected to diſtinguiſh thoſe books which are old and valuable from thoſe which are not, unleſs by their being thumbed and worm-eaten; for which purpoſe you do well to call to your aid a council of moths, otherwiſe no accurate judgment can ever be formed by you. But, if I ſhould grant, that you are not unacquainted with the taſte of [s] Callinus, or the induſtrious [s] Atticus, of what uſe, I pray, can thoſe

[s] Bookſellers.

beauties be to you, which you can no more enjoy than a blind man thoſe of his miſtreſs? You examine ſome authors very carefully, even more than enough, and ſome you ſkim ſlightly over with a ſingle glance of your eye. But what can it all ſignify, when you can be no judge of the merit or demerit of the work? when you are ignorant of the ſcope of the writer? what arrangement he has propoſed to himſelf, where he has happily ſucceeded to a nicety, and where his diction appears vapid and adulterate? Or do you pretend to the art of criticiſm without any previous ſtudy? If ſo, you muſt have been preſented, like the [*t*] ſhepherd, with a branch of laurel from the Muſes. But I believe you never once heard the trickling of Helicon, where the goddeſſes have fixed their abode. You never were a neighbour of theirs in the days of your youth, nor have the leaſt recollection of any ſuch beings. I do not ſay, that the Muſes have not condeſcended to viſit a homely ſhepherd, ſun-burnt, and roughly clad; but to ſuch a perſon as you (Venus, the goddeſs of Elegance, will excuſe

[*t*] Heſiod. Theog. 30.

my

my ſpeaking more plainly), to ſuch a man as you, I am confident, they will never come near. Inſtead of a preſent of laurel, you would be more likely to get a good beating with mallow. Their Holmus and their Hippocrene they would chooſe to keep unpolluted for thirſty flocks and the pure lips of ſhepherds. Impudent and audacious as you are, you will hardly preſume to ſay, that you derive any advantage from education, or have any more than outſide acquaintance with authors. I have never heard the name of your ſchoolmaſter, nor of any of your ſchool-fellows But all the benefits of education, you think, may be obtained by having plenty of books. Very well; go on; collect all the manuſcripts of Demoſthenes, to which add the books of Thucydides, which the former is reported to have copied fairly over no leſs than eight times with his own hand. If you had all the books, which [*u*] Sylla ſent home from Athens, how much wiſer, can you ſuppoſe, they

[*u*] Sylla carried from Athens the library of Apellicon the Teian, in which were moſt of the works of Ariſtotle and Theophraſtus, books not much known at that time. Plutarch's Life of Sylla.

would

would make you? even if you ſhould ſleep upon them, or wear them round your body? An ape, the proverb ſays, is ſtill an ape, though decorated with a golden collar. You have always a book in your hand, and are continually reading, but what then? What are you more than the aſs moving his ears at the ſound of the lyre? Truly if the poſſeſſion of books would make a man a ſcholar, they could never be ſold for their worth, and we poor fellows going to market would make no figure at all. We could not pretend to vie in knowledge with the book-ſellers, becauſe we have not ſo many books. Yet, if you examine them, you may poſſibly find ſome of them hardly more learned than yourſelf, equally ignorant, and inelegant, ſcarce ſeeing any difference between right and wrong. And yet what is your handful of authors, which you purchaſe of them, when compared to the multitudes, which they are handling night and day? I want to know what good reaſon you can aſſign for your conduct: Unleſs you can believe, that, when books lie on a ſhelf, they make the ſhelf as learned as themſelves. Anſwer me a queſtion or two, if you pleaſe. Or rather

give me a nod, to ſhew your aſſent or diſſent, when you have heard what I am going to ſay. If a man unſkilled in muſick ſhould poſſeſs the pipes of Timotheus, or thoſe which coſt Iſmenias five talents at Corinth, would that make him a piper? Being ignorant of their uſe, the poſſeſſion of the pipes would be of no avail. Could it? You nod very properly, meaning no. For the pipe of a Marſyas, or Olympus, would not enable a man to play without firſt learning muſick. The bow and arrows of a Hector would not make a Philoctetes. Do you think they would? No; you ſay no. For the very ſame reaſon a perſon ignorant of navigation, though maſter of the fineſt ſhip, and the beſt appointed, could no more direct it to a port, than a man ignorant of the equeſtrian art can make any figure on horſeback, though mounted on the fineſt ſteed in the world. You allow what I ſay to be true. Be candid then, and do the ſame by what I have further to obſerve: an illiterate man, like you, by purchaſing a great number of books, only makes his ignorance the more conſpicuous, and the more an object of deriſion. What, no nod of aſſent? Can you deny it? It is a clear caſe,

caſe, for every body aſks what a dog has to do with a bath. Not long ago there was in Aſia a rich man, who had the misfortune to loſe his feet, in conſequence, I believe, of having been obliged to travel through the ſnow. To remedy which loſs as well as he could, he procured a pair of wooden feet, which he faſtened to the ſtumps, and made a ſhift to crawl about by leaning on a ſervant. But the ridiculous part of the ſtory was, that he made a point of having always the handſomeſt ſhoes, and thoſe of the very neweſt faſhion, to adorn his blocks, his feet I mean. I think your conduct is not very unlike his. With the ſenſe of a log, you purchaſe golden buſkins, to which the moſt ſteady ſtep would find it difficult to do credit. As you have often bought Homer amongſt other authors, I beg you will get ſomebody to read to you the ſecond book of the Iliad. You need not trouble your head with any other part of the poem, which does not concern you. A very ridiculous fellow is there introduced making a ſpeech. His name is Therſites. If this Therſites, ſo crippled and ſo deformed, ſhould aſſume the armour of Achilles, would he for that reaſon,

and

and from that moment, become beautiful and brave like him? Would he jump immediately acroſs the river, and choak the ſtream with the dead bodies of Trojans? Could he kill Lycaon and Aſteropœus, and afterwards proceed to diſpatch even Hector himſelf? And all this without ſufficient ſtrength ſo much as to bear on his back the aſh of Achilles? You will hardly venture to affirm any ſuch thing. Would he not rather excite laughter, tottering along under a ſhield, which he is ſo ill able to ſupport, or perhaps falling on his face, preſſed down by the weight of it? What a pretty figure he would make, leering with his ſquint eyes from under the helmet, hoiſting up his crooked back and his breaſt-plate, and dragging a pair of huge boots after him, a diſgrace to both the maker and maſter of them! And do not you perceive this to be your own caſe, whenever you take up a fine gilded book, which you are unable to read with any tolerable propriety? Be aſſured of this, that you are the jeſt of the learned, however you may be extolled by your flatterers. Even thoſe very flatterers themſelves are unable to conceal their contempt of you, being frequently obſerved

obſerved to turn their backs upon you, to have an opportunity of laughing in the faces of each other. And now I will give you ſome account of an affair, which happened at Pytho [x]. A certain Tarentine, named Euangelos, a man of good family, had ſet his heart on obtaining a victory at the Pythian games. And, though he could not but be ſenſible how little chance he could have in any conteſt where ſtrength and ſwiftneſs were concerned, neither of which he could boaſt of, yet from the clamorous applauſe of certain raſcally flatterers, who were conſtantly about him, he was eaſily brought to believe, that his excellency on the harp, and his ſuperiority in ſinging, would be readily admitted. For, if he did but touch the ſtrings, his ſycophants vowed and ſwore no muſick could exceed it. Accordingly he went to Delphi, and very fine he was. He had got himſelf an embroidered coat, and wore on his head a moſt beautiful crown of golden laurel, ſet with emerals, which were equal in ſize to laurel berries. And then his harp was a piece of workmanſhip unparalleled in beauty and price. It was all of

[x] Delphi.

ſolid

ſolid gold, ornamented with a variety of gems and figures, amongſt which Apollo and Orpheus and the Muſes were very conſpicuous. The whole was the admiration of all beholders. At laſt came the long-expected day of conteſt, when three competitors appeared. It ſo chanced, that Euangelus was the ſecond man to exhibit, next to Theſpis the Theban, who had been received with no inconſiderable applauſe. Our hero now makes his appearance, glittering all over with gold, and emerald, and beryl, and jacinth. Beſides which he was ornamented with purple peeping here and there through the gold. The whole theatre being not a little ſtruck with his appearance, and having formed vaſt expectations, were however moſt grievouſly diſappointed. For, no ſooner had he begun to play and ſing, than he ſtruck his lyre in ſo bungling a manner, that he broke three of the ſtrings, and ſet every body a laughing. The judges, who preſided on the occaſion, were ſo offended with his impudence, that they ordered him to be beaten and kicked out of the theatre. A moſt ridiculous figure he then made, all over gold, dragged acroſs the ſtage by the fellows commanded

commanded to ſcourge him! With his legs all over blood, weeping and wailing, he picked up from the ground Apollo and the Muſes, with the other embelliſhments of his harp, which had fallen from it in the ſcuffle! After a little while one Eumelus of Elis made his appearance. He had in his hand an old harp with a wooden neck, and was dreſſed in a ſuit, which, including his garland, could ſcarcely be valued at ten drachmæ. Notwithſtanding all this he diſplayed ſo much ſkill in ſinging and playing, as to be proclaimed victor. This gave him an opportunity of ſmiling at Eucrates, who had prided himſelf to ſo little purpoſe on his fine inſtrument: "You," ſaid he, "Eucrates, bear "a golden laurel, becauſe you are a rich man; "while I, who am poor, muſt be contented "with a Delphick one. The only comfort you "have of being thus out-done is, that nobody "pities you, but all hate you, and look with "ſcorn on your extravagant and unmeaning "parade." Euangelus is no bad reſemblance of a man like you, who ſeem to be out of the reach of ridicule. But perhaps it may not be amiſs to tell you an old ſtory from Leſbos.

When the Thracian Dames had torn poor Orpheus in pieces, his head reclining on his lyre floated down the Hebrus, and was carried into the black ſea, finging all the way, as I have heard, an elegy on the loſs of its maſter, while the ſtrings, moved by the wind, joined in chorus. In this manner went the head of Orpheus, finging and playing all the way to Leſbos, where it was taken up and buried juſt by where the temple of Bacchus now ſtands. The lyre was hung up in the temple of Apollo, where it long remained. Neanthus, ſon of the Tyrant Pittacus, having heard many wonderful things of it, ſuch as charming wild beaſts, plants, and ſtones, and playing moſt melodiouſly without the touch of any finger, conceived a great inclination to get poſſeſſion of it. Accordingly he bribed the prieſt with a great ſum of money to let him have the true lyre, and ſubſtitute another like it to be preſerved in its room. After thus obtaining it, he judged it unſafe to uſe it in the day time, but took it at night in his boſom to a place near the city, where, being all alone, he began to make very free with the ſtrings. Though entirely ignorant of muſick, our young

man expected to hear the moſt heavenly ſtrains from a lyre, which hitherto nobody had been able to withſtand. He was thus flattering himſelf as the happy ſucceſſor of Orpheus, when ſeveral dogs, of which a great number happened to be within hearing, fell upon and tore the miſerable performer limb from [y] limb. And in

[y] As the reader may poſſibly be better pleaſed with Mr. Heron's tranſlation of this ſtory, here it is:

"When the Thracian Bacchanals tore Orpheus to pieces, they ſay that his harp was thrown into the river Hebrus with his bleeding head upon it. While the head ſung a lamentable elegy on the fate of its late proprietor, the harp, touched by the wind, accompanied it with a ſolemn ſtrain, till ſwimmimg down the Egean ſea the mournful concert arrived at Leſbos. The Leſbians, taking them up, buried the head in the ſpot where, in Lucian's time, ſtood the temple of Bacchus; and hung up the lyre in the temple of Apollo. Neanthus, the ſon of Pittacus the tyrant, who had heard the wonderful qualities of this harp, that it tamed wild beaſts, and moved even trees and rocks, and that, ſince the time of Orpheus, it had never been touched, had a violent deſire to try its effects. With this view he bribed the prieſt, who had it in keeping, to give it to him, and hang

in thus rouſing the dogs indeed he might be ſaid to reſemble Orpheus. But it was now ſufficiently.

hang up one quite ſimilar in its place. Neanthus wiſely thought it was not proper to uſe it by day, nor in the city, leſt he ſhould bring the houſes about his ears, but, hiding it under his robe, went by night to try it in the environs. Being quite ignorant of muſic, he began ſcraping upon it at a ſtrange rate, but with no ſmall pride and ſatisfaction, as deeming himſelf the worthy heir of the muſic of Orpheus. The town dogs, who, I ſuppoſe, were all turned looſe into the ſtreets at night, as is now the cuſtom in Turkey, came to the ſound in crouds. Neanthus in tranſport imagined, now the beaſts had come, the other effects would follow, and looked ſharp around to ſee if a rock and a tree were coming toward him dancing a minuet. Poor man! he was woefully deceived! The dogs had only come, thinking the ſtrange noiſe proceeded from a wolf, or a wild hog; and enraged by the horrid din tore its unfortunate author to pieces." Heron's Letters on Literature, p. 399.

It is obſervable, that all ages and nations have the ſame ſtories to tell on ſimilar occaſions. Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur. An Engliſh peer is reported to have been no leſs diſappointed than Neanthus. He had made a purchaſe, they ſay, of Punch, whoſe wit unluckily was loſt on being tranſplanted from the puppet ſhow.

ficiently apparent, that Orpheus was not indebted for his fame to his lyre, but to the art and the muſick which his mother had taught him. Otherwiſe his lyre would have been but a piece of lumber, or no better at beſt than any other lyre. But why ſhould I trouble you with the mention of Orpheus, or Neanthus, when there has been in our own times, and I believe ſtill is, a man who purchaſed the earthen lamp of Epictetus the Stoick, for three thouſand drachmas; which price was paid, as we are to imagine, on a ſuppoſition, that, if he ſhould read

I cannot take leave of Mr. Heron without begging his pardon for neglecting to uſe thoſe marks of reference which he recommends to all note-makers. At the ſame time let me thank him for reading the adventures of his manly mind. He dares to tread on any ground, and, if he ſometimes trips, it was to be expected; for on he goes ſlapdaſh, heedleſs of diſcomfiting the unfortunate wight who may happen to ſtand in his way. He decries the common diſtinction of thoſe who write to pleaſe, and thoſe who write to profit. This is flattering to an author or tranſlator of trifles, who will add, that no human mind, not that of his admired Homer, can be always on the ſtretch. Neque ſemper arcum tendit Apollo.

by

by this lamp at night, the wiſdom of Epictetus would certainly appear to him in a dream, and make him nothing inferior to that wonderful old man. It was but the other day, that a perſon bought the ſtaff of Proteus the Cynick, that ſtaff which he threw away on leaping into the fire. A talent was the price of it; and the poſſeſſor now ſhews it, as the Tegeates do the ſkin of the Caledonian boar, as the Thebans ſhew the bones of Gorgon, and the people of Memphis the curls of Iſis. In becoming maſter of that admirable treaſure, you muſt own, that he outdid you, in getting a ſtick for his ſtupid head. Dionyſius is reported to have written a tragedy, and ſuch miſerable ſtuff it was, that poor Philoxenus, who was unable to keep his countenance at the recital of it, was more than once ſent to the quarries on that account. Our author at length, underſtanding himſelf to be the ſubject of ridicule, wiſely reſolved to purchaſe the writing tablets of Æſchylus, expecting no doubt to be inſpired like him. But, alas! alas! his productions were now more wretched than before! Then his Dorick Muſe announced the arrival of his wife! Then "what a wife

have I loſt!" Then "ſilly mortals do but deceive themſelves!" Such was the aſſiſtance derived from the tablets of Æſchylus. Indeed, "ſilly mortals do but deceive themſelves." For this ſentence alone the tablets of Æſchylus deſerved gilding. I wonder what expectations you can have formed from thoſe books, which you are continually turning over. You glue them, and ſmooth them, perfume them with ſaffron and cedar, dreſs and adorn them, as if to reap ſome advantage. But are you the better for all this expence? Do your books enable you to talk as they do? So far from it, you cannot talk at all, and the life you lead is ſuch, that you are deteſted by every body. If this could be ſuppoſed to be the effect of books, your wiſeſt courſe would be to avoid them as much as poſſible. There are two objects, which a man may propoſe to himſelf in the ſtudy of ancient authors, to ſpeak well, and live well, to emulate the good, to ſhun the bad. But, if neither of theſe two ends can be attained by books, I do not ſee what any man can mean by the purchaſe of them; unleſs it be to found a college for mice, to prepare a manſion for the moths,

moths, or to procure a good beating for his ſervants, who are ſo apt to neglect all care of the library. I wonder what you can think of yourſelf, when, being ſeen with a book in your hand, as you conſtantly are, you are aſked concerning the author; what orator, hiſtorian, or poet he was. Gathering all your information from the title, you muſt be very guarded in your anſwer. But perhaps in the courſe of converſation, as one word begets another, our enquirer may be induced to ſhew his talents for criticiſm, praiſing this, and blaming that. This muſt be diſtreſſing: having nothing to ſay, would not you, on ſuch an occaſion, almoſt wiſh the earth to open, and ſwallow you up? For, in truth, Bellerophon was not more ignorant of the contents of his letter, than you are of the book which you carry about with you. Demetrius the Cynick, being at Corinth, happened to ſee a very illiterate fellow reading a very fine book. It was the Bacchæ of Euripides; and he was come to that part of the play, in which a meſſenger relates the ſufferings of Pentheus, and the conduct of Agave. Demetrius could endure him no longer, but ſnatched the book out of

his hand, and tore it in pieces, ſaying, it is better for Pentheus to periſh by me at once, than to ſuffer ſo many cruel deaths from you. I have been a long time conſidering within myſelf what could be your motive for beſtowing ſo much of your time and money on books, but to this day I am obliged to remain ignorant of it. No one, in the leaſt acquainted with you, can poſſibly imagine any uſe or advantage they can be of to you. You have juſt as much occaſion for books, every body obſerves, as a bald man has for a comb, a blind man for a looking-glaſs, a deaf man for a muſician, an inland man for an oar, or a pilot for a plow. But it may be you flatter yourſelf with the thought of being eſteemed very rich, as you can afford to lay out ſo much money on what you do not know the uſe of. The truth I believe is, as far as a ſimple Syrian may pretend to know any thing of the matter, that, if you had not contrived to get yourſelf ſlipped into the old man's will, your books before this time would probably have been ſold by auction, and you yourſelf might have died of hunger. There is yet another way of accounting for this folly. As your flatterers have made

made you fancy yourſelf beautiful and lovely, wiſe and eloquent, nay an author unparalleled, ſo you buy books to ſhew it is all true that they ſay of you. It is even ſaid, that you exhibit your works at entertainments, while your applauders, thirſty as ſo many upland frogs, are ready to ſplit with drink and clamour. Strange! that you ſhould be ſo very eaſily led by the noſe! you believe every word they ſay, even when they tell you, that you look like a king! Perhaps they want to forge another Alexander, to make another Philip out of a Fuller, or produce an impoſtor equal to the pretended Nero in the time of our fore-fathers. No wonder a ſilly fellow like you may be brought to hang his head awry, and to fancy that he has the exact figure, gait, and face of the great man; when even Pyrrhus of Epirus was ſo befooled by his flatterers, that he fancied himſelf the image of Alexander the Great, and yet no two perſons could be more unlike. For I have ſeen the picture of Pyrrhus, and know what I ſay. I beg his pardon for mentioning his name with yours. And yet what I have further to obſerve of him may not be inapplicable to you.

you. When Pyrrhus became fully poſſeſſed of this conceit, every one of his acquaintance came into it, and pretended to believe it as much as himſelf, till an old woman, a ſtranger of Lariſſa, blabbed out the plain truth, and cured him of his folly. Pyrrhus had ſhewed her the ſeveral pictures of Philip, and Perdiccas, and Alexander, and Caſſander, and others; when he aſked which of them, in her opinion, he reſembled the moſt, not doubting in the leaſt that ſhe would fix on Alexander. But Pyrrhus was diſappointed. After taking ſufficient time to deliberate, the old woman could not think of any perſon, whom Pyrrhus ſo much reſembled as Batrachyon the cook. And the fact was, that a cook of that name then lived in Lariſſa, the very counterpart of Pyrrhus. I will not ſay what theatrical proſtitute you moſt reſemble; but I can ſee, and it is manifeſt to every body, that this fancied phyſiognomy has turned your head. You muſt be a bad judge of features ſo much to miſtake yourſelf. But why do I thus trifle? It is not difficult to explain what you mean, though I have a great while been ſtupid enough not to underſtand it. You think this a very

very ingenious device, from which you conceive no ſmall hopes. You know the [*b*] Emperor to be a man of learning, and of courſe honouring that character in others. You therefore conclude, on its being reported to him, that you are a great purchaſer and collector of books, you muſt infallibly be every thing with him. But can you ſuppoſe, you ſhameleſs fellow, that he has had ſuch a plentiful doſe of mandrake as to forget what he muſt have heard of your ſcandalous behaviour by night and day, and who are your companions? A king, you know, has many ears and eyes. But your infamous doings are ſo very notorious, that they do not even eſcape the deaf and the blind. Your books are no protection. The aſs is ſtill an aſs, though in a lion's ſkin. There are far too many damning proofs againſt you. What is moſt extraordinary, is, that you ſhould think of forming any expectations from your bookſellers, and not know that your character depends upon yourſelf. Do you mean to call in Atticus and Callinus to be your vouchers? You will find no favour with them. They only wait for the

[*b*] Marcus Antoninus.

fated

fated day of reducing you to the laſt degree of miſery and indigence. You ſhould reſolve before it be too late, to act like a reaſonable creature, and part with your books to ſome man of erudition, who might at the ſame time purchaſe your new houſe. This is the only way to appeaſe your creditors, as you may thus be enabled to pay ſome part of their extravagant demands. It is not poſſible for one man of limited circumſtances to be equal to both thoſe purſuits, which have hitherto employed your labour and pains. Be adviſed: good advice, they ſay, is a ſacred thing. How ſcandalouſly you were expoſed the other day! I do aſſure you, and I could bring witneſſes to prove what I ſay, that I could have beaten the fellow with pleaſure, ſo much did I intereſt myſelf in your behalf. I was aſhamed for you. Eſpecially when he pretended to have great variety of evidence the moſt circumſtantial not only in ſupport of what he then advanced, but which had other heavy charges of the ſame kind to make againſt you. Do, my good man, learn to be a huſband of your money, and, if you muſt diſgrace yourſelf, do it within your own walls. To reclaim

reclaim you is out of the queſtion, and I ſhould as ſoon think of putting a dog out of humour with his carrion. But with reſpect to your other weakneſs, your buying of books, that one may ſurely expect you to leave off, now that you are become ſo very learned. You are wiſe enough in all conſcience, you have all the ancients at your fingers ends, you are acquainted with every part of hiſtory, know all the arts, all the beauties and blemiſhes of language, the whole force and compaſs of Attick expreſſion. All this might be expected from ſuch a multitude of books, which could not do leſs than make you an adept in all ſcience. Or, if not, why ſhould not I impoſe on a man, who takes ſo much pains to impoſe upon himſelf? You are poſſeſſed of many authors, and will give me leave to aſk which of them is your favourite. Do you like beſt to read Plato, or Antiſthenes, or Antilochus, or Hipponax? But perhaps you have no opinion of any of them, and the orators engage your attention. You have read then the ſpeech of Æſchines againſt Timarchus. I ſhould rather ſay, that you muſt have read over every compoſition of the kind, and know every par-

ticular relating to them. And have you not acted certain characters of Ariſtophanes and Eupolis, and gone through the whole of the Baptæ? Did you find nothing there that concerned you? Could you read that play without a bluſh? without recognizing your own image? Every body wonders at your motive for touching books with ſuch filthy fingers. And when you do it is alſo a queſtion. In the day time you have never been ſeen to read, and at night you are otherwiſe employed. Away then with all further pretenſions to ſtudy! Lay aſide your books, and attend only to that which pleaſes you ſo much better! unleſs you can ſeriouſly reſolve on a better courſe of life, paying all due reverence to the angry Phædra of Euripides.

[a] They dread not horrors of th' aſſociate night,
Nor fear the burſting taunts of conſcious walls.

But, if you are determined to perſevere in your folly, go on and proſper. Buy books, but lock them up, I beſeech you, and let it ſuffice you to ſay you have them. Do not, I conjure you, by any means, think of ever touching them, or reading them. Let not ſuch a tongue as your's

[a] Euripid. Hippol. 417.

repeat

repeat the words of ancient orators or poets, not one of which ever did you any harm. But I know very well, that all my admonitions are loſt upon you: I am only endeavouring to waſh a Blackamoor white. You will ſtill buy books to no manner of purpoſe, will ſtill continue to be the contempt of the learned. They look for ſome uſe in books, not from the beauty of the edition, not from the great price of it, but from the good ſenſe and apt expreſſion of the author. Do you think ignorance is to be cured or concealed by having a multitude of books? The trick will not paſs. Ignorant pretenders to the art of healing provide themſelves ivory caſes, ſilver cupping-inſtruments, and lancets ornamented with gold; though they neither know how nor when to make uſe of them. And accordingly the man, who is maſter of his art, ſteps in with an inſtrument barely fit for his purpoſe, lets the patient blood, and relieves him. But, to uſe a compariſon that may ſtill more expoſe your abſurdity, I wiſh you to conſider, that the barber, who is a workman, is very often not too well ſtocked with razors and glaſſes. Whilſt the mere pretender

tender exhibits a prodigious variety, in order to conceal that ignorance which his huge mirrour only renders more conſpicuous. The beſt of all is, that his neighbours generally go to the ſhop of the former to be ſhaved, and occaſionally take a peep at the glaſs of the latter. And thus indeed your books, which are uſeleſs to you, might be of uſe to others, if you would lend them. But, like the dog in the manger, you neither eat the barley yourſelf, nor will ſuffer another to do it. And ſo much at preſent on the ſubject of your books. You ſhall hear from me again and again on the ſubject of your infamous life.

THE

THE

TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT.

TRANSLATED

By GILBERT WEST, Esq; LL.D.

Tollere Nodosam nescit medicina podagram.

OVID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GODDESS OF THE GOUT.
OCYPUS.
PHYSICIAN.
NURSE.
MESSENGER.
MOUNTEBANKS.
CHORUS.
SPIRITS.

SCENE lies in THEBES.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT.

SCENE, A CHAMBER.

Enter Ocypus lame, and leaning on the Nurſe.

[*b*] OCYPUS.

WHENCE without wound proceeds this horrid pain,
That robs me of the aſſiſtance of my feet?
While,

[*b*] Ocypus, the ſon of Podalirius and Aſtaſia, was eminent for his ſtrength and beauty, a great lover of hunting, and all gymnaſtick exerciſes. This young man having been accuſtomed to inſult and deride whomſoever he ſaw grievouſly afflicted with the gout, telling them at the ſame time that their pains were nothing, brought upon himſelf the indignation of the goddeſs who preſides over that diſtemper, and was at laſt, by the violence of the diſeaſe, driven to a recantation. Lucian had com-

While, like a bow-ſtring by the forceful arm
Of ſome bold archer ſtrain'd, the cracking ſinews
Labour and ſtretch; and force me to complain,
That length of time but ſtrengthens the diſeaſe.

NURSE.

Raiſe thyſelf up, my ſon, nor bear ſo hard,
Leſt, hapleſs as thou art, with thee I fall.

OCYPUS.

Leſs weighty then, to humour thee, I'll lean,
And reſt upon my foot, and bear my pain;
For ſhame it is, that you ſhould aſk the aid
Of ſuch a prating, old, decrepit wretch.

NURSE.

Forbear, vain boy, thy ſcoffing inſolence,
Nor vaunt too much thy youth; for well thou know'ſt,
In ſickneſs youth is impotent as age.
Be governed; for, this arm ſhould I withdraw,
Thou falleſt, while my old feet unſhaken ſtand.

poſed an entire drama upon this ſubject; but, as only the beginning of this piece remains, I have tranſlated it, and, with very little alteration in either, have made it a part of his [c] other drama, the ſubject of which is the Triumph of the Gout over phyſick.

[c] This ingrafted verſion of the late ingenious Mr. Weſt is taken into the ſervice as a conciliatory epilogue. J. C.

OCY-

OCYPUS.

But if thou falleſt, through age thou falleſt, not ſickneſs,
Old age is weak, though prompt and willing ever.

NURSE.

Leave arguing, and tell me by what chance
This pain hath got poſſeſſion of thy toe.

OCYPUS.

As in the courſe I exercis'd, awry
My ankle turn'd, and thence the pain enſu'd.

NURSE.

Why, as the fellow ſaid, who careleſs ſate
Clipping his griſly beard, then run again.

OCYPUS.

Or wreſtling might I not the hurt receive,
When lock'd together were our grappling limbs?

NURSE.

A truſty champion by my troth thou art,
If all thy fury light upon thyſelf.
But this is a mere circle of evaſions.
And I myſelf the like diſcourſe have held
In former times, and try'd to varniſh over

Even to my deareſt friends th' unpleaſing truth;
But now when every ſwelling member ſpeaks,
And burning dolours torture thy whole body——

ENTER PHYSICIAN.

PHYSICIAN.

O! where is Ocypus, illuſtrious youth?
For lame, I hear, are his victorious feet,
And therefore to aſſiſt him am I come.
But ſee! where careleſs on the couch diffuſ'd,
Supine he lies! Heaven grant thee health, my ſon,
And to thy feet reſtore their wonted ſtrength.
Declare to me, O Ocypus, the cauſe
Of thy complaint; perhaps my powerful art
May for thy anguiſh find ſome quick relief.

OCYPUS.

Intolerable pain my foot conſumes.

PHYSICIAN.

Whence came it? how? what accident? explain.

OCYPUS.

Or in the ſtraining race, or haply while
My gymnick exerciſes I perform'd,
Some hurt from my companions I received.

PHY-

PHYSICIAN.

Then where's the ſore and angry inflammation?
And why no fomentation on the part?

OCYPUS.

The woollen bandage I abhor.

NURSE.

Alas!
How baneful is the pride of handſome looks!

PHYSICIAN.

What therefore muſt be done? ſhall I lay open
Thy tumid foot? but, Ocypus, be ſure,
If once I ſeize upon it, I ſhall drain,
At many bleeding wonnds, thy arteries.

OCYPUS.

Put all thy new devices now in practice,
So from this horrid pain my foot be freed.

PHYSICIAN.

Then lo! my ſteely inſtrument I draw,
This crooked, ſharp, blood-thirſting inſtrument.

OCYPUS.

Hey! ho!

NURSE.

Phyſician, what doſt thou intend?
Would'ſt thou with ſharp inciſions vex him more?
And, without knowing why, his foot endanger?
He hath abus'd thee with an idle tale.
For, neither in the ſtraining race, nor while
His gymnick exerciſes he perform'd,
From his companions did he hurt receive:
Then liſten to my tale. Healthful he came,
And all unwounded home; and greedily
The evening feaſt devour'd, and drain'd the bowl;
Then falling on the couch ſecurely ſlept;
But at midnight awaking loud he roar'd,
As ſmitten by ſome god: fear ſeiz'd us all.
And oh! he cried, whence came this dire miſchance?
Some torturing Dæmon ſeizes on my foot.
Thus on his couch up-ſitting all night long
His foot in ſad ſolemnity he moan'd.
But when the cock's ſhrill-ſounding trump proclaims
The dawning-day, lamenting forth he comes,
And on my ſhoulders leans his feveriſh hand,
While his diſabled foot-ſteps I uphold.
All that he told thee is a forg'd device,
To veil the ſecret of his dire diſeaſe,
Which now in every limb begins to rack him,
Nor yet is able to extort the truth.

OCY-

OCYPUS.

Old age is ever arm'd with mighty words;
Vaunting in ſpeech, but impotent in action.
He, who when ſick his nurſing friends deceives,
Like the ſtarv'd wretch that hungry [*d*] maſtich chews,
But cheats himſelf, and foſters his diſeaſe.

PHYSICIAN.

Thou cheateſt all, now that, now ſaying this,
Confeſſing pain, but not explaining what.

OCYPUS.

And how ſhall I explain it? I indeed
Know that I ſuffer pain, and that is all.

PHYSICIAN.

When pain, without apparent cauſe, invades
The ſwelling foot, a man may pleaſe himſelf
In hunting after this and that ſolution,
But can't miſtake the nature of his evil.
And now hear this, howe'er unpleaſing truth,
At length, with vengeance due, it comes upon thee.

[*d*] Maſtich is a great ſtrengthener of the ſtomach, and conſequently promotes appetite, which to a man dying of hunger is ſo far from being a relief, that it rather increaſes his complaint.

OCY-

OCYPUS.

It? what? alas! what terrible diſeaſe,
That needs ſuch preface to its horrid name?

NURSE.

The gout, O wretched Ocypus, whoſe pangs
And gnawing tortures thou didſt once deride.

OCYPUS.

But what, O ſkilful artiſt, what ſay'ſt thou?

PHYSICIAN.

Farewell, to ſerve thee I neglect myſelf.

OCYPUS.

What accident or buſineſs calls thee hence?

PHYSICIAN.

Into a careleſs evil thou art fallen.

OCYPUS.

Muſt I then ever lame, tormented ever,
Drag on a life of everlaſting woe?

PHYSICIAN.

Fear not, thou ſhalt not be for ever lame.

OCYPUS.

What worſe have I to fear?

PHYSICIAN.

On either leg
Her galling fetters will the goddeſs bend.

OCYPUS.

Alas! in t'other ſympathiſing foot
Methinks I feel a new unuſual pain:
Or am I montionleſs? or wherefore dread I [*riſing up*]
To place theſe once ſo nimble feet on earth?
Seiz'd like a child with vain and ſudden fear?
Now by the gods, th' immortal gods, I beg,
If aught thy art ſuggeſt of aid or comfort,
Thy friendly help impart, and eaſe my pain,
Or ſurely I ſhall die: within I feel
The ſecret venom, and the thrilling arrow,
That pierces through my feet, and tears my ſinews.

PHYCISIAN.

Not to amuſe thee with unmeaning words,
Like ſome of thoſe who call themſelves phyſicians,
But of the healing ſcience nothing know,
I'll briefly ſhew the ſtate of thy complaint.

An

An unſurmountable and ſtrong diſeaſe
Is fallen upon thee: bonds more hard and ſtubborn
Than thoſe ſteel-temper'd ſhackles, which the hand
Of juſtice fixes on the bold offender:
A dreadful, undiſcover'd, ſecret ill,
Whoſe burden human nature ſcarce can bear.

OCYPUS.

Alas! oh! oh! what inward ſmart is this,
That penetrates my foot? oh! on thy arm
Support me ere I fall, and lead me on,
As the young Satyrs reeling Bacchus lead.

[*falls on the couch.*]

PHYSICIAN.

There leave him on the couch; refreſhing ſleep
His much-exhauſted ſpirits will recruit.

[*Exeunt* Nurſe *and* Phyſician.

OCYPUS ſolus.

O horrid name! deteſted by the gods!
Gout, rueful gout! of ſad * Cocytus born,

* One of the infernal rivers, ſo named from a Greek word, which ſignifies to lament.

Cocytus, nam'd from lamentations loud
Heard on the rueful ſtream. Milt. P. L. B. 2.

Whom

Whom in the mirky caves of Tartarus,
The fiend Megæra in her womb conceiv'd,
And nouriſh'd at her breaſt: Alecto too
With her fell milk the wayward infant fed.
But oh! what God brought thy diſaſtrous power
To taint this light, and harraſs human kind?
If puniſhment condign purſue the dead,
For crimes committed in their days of nature,
What need was there in Pluto's dreary realms
With ſtreams forbidden, Tantalus to vex?
To whirl Ixion on the giddy wheel?
And weary Siſyphus with fruitleſs toil?
It ſure had been ſufficient puniſhment,
Had each offender the ſharp pains endur'd,
That tear this meagre miſerable carcaſe;
While through th' obſtructed pores the ſtruggling vapour
And bitter diſtillation force their way.
Ev'n through the bowels runs the ſcalding plague,
And waſtes the fleſh with floods of eddying fire.
So rage the flames in Ætna's ſulph'rous womb:
So 'twixt Charybdis and vex'd Sylla rave
Th' impriſon'd tides, and in wild whirlwinds toſs'd
Daſh 'gainſt th' mouldering rocks the foaming ſurge.
O evil unexplor'd! how oft in vain
We fondly try to mitigate thy woes,
And find no comfort, by falſe hopes abus'd! [*ſleeps.*]

SCENE

SCENE changes, and diſcovers the Chorus, conſiſting of gouty men and women, marching in proceſſion to the temple of the Gout, with muſick and dancing.

CHORUS.

To tender * Attis, beardleſs boy,
The howling Phrygian throng
On Cybele's high mountain chant
Th' enthuſiaſtick ſong.

On yellow Timolus' flowery top
The Lydian youth around
For † Comus mix the warbling voice
And flute's melodious ſound.

With claſhing arms, in frantick mood,
The mad Idæan train
Attemper to the Cretan dance
Their holy ritual ſtrain.

* Attis, a beautiful boy, beloved by Cybele the mother of the gods. She made him one of her prieſts, and enjoined him to chaſtity; which he not obſerving, was ſtruck by the goddeſs with madneſs. After his death he was worſhiped with Cybele on Dindymus, a mountain of Phrygia.

† Comus, the god of revelling and debauchery.

To Mars, the furious god of war,
The ſwelling trumpets breathe,
Preluding to contentious ſtrife,
To battle, blood, and death.

But we, O Gout, afflictive power!
We thy ſad votaries,
In ſighs and groans to thee perform
Our annual ſacrifice:

When uſher'd by the bluſhing hours
The genial ſpring appears,
And every flower-embroider'd vale
It's verdant mantle wears:

When Zephyr on each pregnant tree
Calls forth the tender leaves,
And her ſad neſt the ſwallow builds
Beneath the friendly eves:

When in the grove, at midnight hour,
Diſconſolate, alone,
For * Itys loſt, the Athenian Bird
Renews her plaintive moan.

* Itys, the ſon of Tereus and Progne, who was ſlain by his aunt Philomela, and ſerved up at table to his father Tereus, at the inſtigation of his mother Progne, whoſe huſband Tereus had raviſhed Philomela, and cut out her tongue; which ſhe found means to diſcover to her ſiſter. Philomela was turned into a nightingale, and Itys into a pheaſant.

SCENE,

SCENE, a Chamber.

OCYPUS ſolus.

Come, O my comfort, my ſupporter, come,
My ſtaff, my third beſt leg: O! now uphold
My tottering footſteps, and direct my way,
That lightly on the earth my foot may tread.
Wretch, from thy pallet raiſe thy heavy limbs,
And quit the cover'd cloſeneſs of the room.
Diſpel the cloud, that weighs thy eyelids down,
In open day, and in the golden ſun
On purer air thy enliven'd ſpirit feaſt.
For now my willing mind invites me forth;
But the weak fleſh refuſes to comply.
Be reſolute, my ſoul; for well thou know'ſt'
The gouty wretch, that would but cannot move,
Ought to be number'd with th' inactive dead.
Come on.

[*Exit* Ocypus.

SCENE

SCENE changes, enter Ocypus, who diſcovers the chorus before a temple, offering ſacrifices to the Gout, with muſick and dancing. Dance.

OCYPUS.

But who are they, whoſe hands with crutches fill'd,
Whoſe toſſing heads with eldern garlands bound,
Seem in wild dance ſome feaſt to celebrate?
Do they to thee, Apollo, Pæans ſing?
Then would the Delphick laurel ſhade their brows.
Or chant they rather Bacchanalian hymns?
Then would their temples be with ivy wreath'd.
Whence are ye, ſtrangers? ſpeak, the truth declare.
Declare, O friends, what deity ye worſhip.

CHORUS.

But who art thou, that mak'ſt us this demand?
Thou too, as from thy crutch may be inferr'd,
And hobbling pace, thou art a votary
Of the invincible divinity.

OCYPUS.

I am, nor more unworthy of the name.

CHORUS.

When Cyprian * Venus, queen of love,
In pearly dews fell from above,
Nereus amaſs'd her ſcatter'd frame,
And form'd the fair-proportion'd dame.

Faſt by the fountains of the deep,
Where on their ooze the ſurges ſleep,
On her broad boſom Tethys laid
The partner of Jove's regal bed.

Minerva, virigin bold and wiſe,
From the great monarch of the ſkies,
Saturnian Jove, her birth receiv'd,
In his immortal brain conceiv'd.

But old † Ophion, hoary god,
Our goddeſs firſt embrac'd;
Firſt in his fond paternal arms
The mighty infant plac'd.

What time primæval Chaos ceas'd,
And night eternal fled;
Bright roſe the morning, and the ſun
His new-born radiance ſhed.

* Venus is ſaid to have been born of the froth of the ſea.

† Ophion, a god older than Saturn.

Then

Then from the womb of fate ſprang forth
The Gout's tremendous power,
Heaven with portentous thunders rang,
And hail'd her natal hour.

Clotho receiv'd and ſwath'd the babe,
Thence at the ſtreaming breaſt
Of wealth by foſtering Plutus fed,
Her awful force increas'd.

OCYPUS.

Say, by what rites myſterious to her altar
Doth the dread power her votaries admit?

CHORUS.

Nor with the * biting ſteel ourſelves we wound,
Or ſprinkle with our blood the hallow'd ground:
Nor are our necks with galling collars worn;
Or livid backs with ſounding ſcourges torn:
Nor at the altar, when the victim dies,
Gorge we the raw and bleeding ſacrifice:
But when the ſpring the riſing ſap impels,
And the young elm with genial moiſture ſwells;

* The chorus here alludes to ſeveral religious ceremonies performed by ſeveral prieſts to their gods. The ſcripture mentions the prieſts of Baal cutting and flaſhing themſelves with knives, &c.

When in the hedges on the budding ſpray
The blackbird modulates her various lay:
Then unperceiv'd ſhe drives her piercing dart,
And wounds the inmoſt ſenſe with ſecret ſmart;
The hip, the nervous thigh, the ankles ſwell,
The bending knee, and firm ſupporting heel:
The ſtrong-knit ſhoulder, and the ſinewy arm,
And hand mechanick feel th' inteſtine harm.
Through every joint the thrilling anguiſh pours,
And gnaws, and burns, and tortures, and devours;
Till length of ſuffering the dire power appeaſe,
And the fierce torments at her bidding ceaſe.

OCYPUS.

Unweeting then her votary am I:
Thou, goddeſs, gentle and benign, approach!
And I, with theſe thy votaries, will begin
Thy ſacred, ſolemn, cuſtomary ſong. [*Dance.*

CHORUS.

Thou air, be ſtill; thou ſky, ſerene;
Thy groans, thou gouty wretch, forbear:
Propt on her ſtaff, behold the queen
Deigns at our altars to appear!

[*The goddeſs of the Gout deſcends or enters*

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Hail! gentleſt of the heavenly powers!
Propitious on thy ſervants ſmile;
And grant in ſpring's fermenting hours
A quick deliverance from our toil.

GODDESS.

Lives there on earth to whom I am unknown,
Unconquerable queen of mighty woes?
Whom nor the fuming cenſer can appeaſe,
Nor victim's blood on blazing altars pour'd.
Me, not Apollo's ſelf with all his drugs,
High heaven's divine phyſician, can ſubdue;
Nor his learn'd ſon, wiſe Æſculapius.
Yet ever ſince the race of men began,
All have eſſay'd my fury to repel,
Racking th' invention of ſtill-baffled phyſick.
Some this receipt 'gainſt me, ſome that explore,
Plantane they bruiſe, the parſley, odorous herb,
The lenient lettuce, and the purſlain wild.
Theſe bitter horehound, and the watery plant,
That on the verdant banks of rivers grows;
Thoſe nettles cruſh, and comfrey's viſcid root,
And pluck the lentils in the ſtanding pools.
Some parſnips, ſome the gloſſy leaf apply
That ſhades the downy peach, benumbing henbane,

The poppy's ſoothing gum, th' emollient bulb,
Rind of the Punick apple, ſleawort hot,
The coſtly frankincenſe, and ſearching root
Of potent hellebore, ſoft fenugreek
Temper'd with roſy wine, * collamphacum,
Nitre and ſpawn of frogs, the Cypreſs-cone,
And meal of bearded barley, and the leaf
Of colworts unprepar'd, and ointments made
Of pickled garus, and (O vain conceit!)
The dung of mountain-goats, and human ordure,
The flower of beans, and hot ſarcophagus.
The poiſonous † ruddock ſome, and ſhrew-mouſe boil,
The weaſel ſome, the frog, the lizard green,
The fell hyæna, and the wily fox,
And branching ‡ ſtone-buck bearded like a goat.
What kind of metals have ye left untry'd?
What juice? what weeping tree's medic'nal tear?
What beaſts? what animals have not beſtow'd
Their bones, or nerves, or hides, or blood, or marrow,
Or milk, or fat, or excrement, or urine.
The draught of four ingredients ſome compoſe,
Some eight, but more from ſeven expect relief;
Some from the purging hiera ſeek their cure,

* Κολλαμφακον. what is it?

† A kind of red land-toad.

‡ A beaſt with ſhaggy hair and beard like a goat, but otherwiſe like a ſtag.

On myſtic verſes vainly ſome depend;
The tricking Jew gulls other fools with charms;
While to the cooling fountains others fly,
And in the chryſtal current ſeek for health.
But to all theſe fell anguiſh I denounce,
To all who tempt me evermore ſevere.
But they who patiently my viſit take,
Nor ſeek to combat me with anodynes,
Still find me gentle and benevolent.
For in my rites whoe'er participates,
His tongue with eloquence I ſtraight endow,
And teach him with facetious wit to pleaſe,
A merry, gay, jocoſe companion boon:
Round whom the noiſy crowd inceſſant laugh,
As to the baths the crippled wretch is borne.
For that dire * Ate, of whom Homer ſings,
That dreaded powerful deity am I:
Who on the heads of men inſulting tread,
And ſilent, ſoft, and unobſerv'd, approach.
But as from me the acid drop deſcends,
The drop of anguiſh, I the Gout am call'd.
Now then, my votaries all, my orgies ſing,
And praiſe with hymns the unconquerable goddeſs.

* See Homer, Il. b. 19.

CHORUS.

Hear, ſtubborn virgin, fierce and ſtrong,
Impracticable maid!
O liſten to our holy ſong!
And grant thy ſervants aid!

Thy power, imperious dame, diſmays
The monarch of the dead,
And ſtrikes the ruler of the ſeas,
And thundering Jove with dread.

Thee ſoft repoſing beds delight,
And flannel's warm embrace,
And bandag'd legs nor ſwift in flight,
Nor victors in the race.

Thy flames the tumid ankles feel,
The finger maim'd, the burning heel,
And toe that treads the ground.
Thy pains unclos'd our eyelids keep,
Or grant at beſt tumultuous ſleep,
And ſlumbers never ſound.

Thy cramps our limbs diſtort,
Thy knots our joints invade:
Such is thy cruel ſport!
Inexorable maid!

[*Enter meſſenger, with two mountebanks bound.*

MES-

MESSENGER.

O! miſtreſs, opportunely art thou met.
Attend; no vain or idle tale I bring,
But well ſupported by authentick facts.
As through the town (for ſo thou didſt enjoin)
With ſlow and gentle pace I lately rang'd,
Searching, if haply I might chance to find
A mortal bold enough to brave thy power;
There quiet all, and patient I beheld,
Subdu'd, O goddeſs, by thy mighty arm.
All but theſe two preſumptuous daring wretches,
Who to the gaping crowd with oaths deny'd
To pay due reverence to thy deity,
Boaſting that they would baniſh thee from earth:
Wherefore with fetters ſtrong their legs I bound,
And after five days march have brought them hither,
A weary march of twice five hundred feet.

GODDESS.

Swift haſt thou come, my winged meſſenger,
Say, from what regions, through what rugged paths,
Haſt thou thy tedious longſome way purſued?
Explain, that I may comprehend thy ſpeed.

MESSENGER.

Five ſtairs, whoſe weak and diſlocated frame
Trembled beneath my tread, deſcending down,

Firſt to the level pavement I arriv'd,
That 'gainſt my feet its jarring ſurface turn'd;
Which having with uneaſy footſteps croſs'd,
I enter'd next the rough and flinty ſtreet,
Whoſe pointed ſtones the gouty foot abhors:
Here meeting with a ſmooth, though ſlippery path,
I hurried on, but with back-ſliding haſte,
The trodden ſlime my tottering ankle turn'd.
Thus as I journey'd, down on every ſide
The ſtreaming ſweat deſcended, and my legs
Faint and relax'd no longer firmly trod.
Thence labouring in each limb, and over-toil'd,
A broad, but dangerous way receiv'd me next:
For on each hand the whirling chariots flew,
And urg'd and preſs'd, and drove me faſter on:
But I with nimble action ply'd my feet,
And quick into an alley ſtept aſide,
Till every rattling haſty wheel was paſs'd.
For, as to thee, O goddeſs, I belong'd,
Thy votary, I ought not, could not run.

CHORUS.

Servant, thou haſt not well perform'd in vain.
Nor ſhall thy prompt obedience want reward.
In recompence this pleaſing boon receive,
Three years of light and gentler pains to bear.
But ye, moſt impious heaven-abandon'd villains,

What, and whence are ye, that ſo proudly dare
The liſts to enter with the mighty Gout,
Whoſe power not Jove himſelf can overcome?
Speak, wretches——many a hero have I tam'd,
As all the wiſe and learned teſtify.
* Priam was gouty, as old poets ſing,
And by the Gout the ſwift Achilles fell.
Bellerophon, and Thebes' unhappy lord,
The mighty Œdipus, my proweſs own'd,
And, of maim'd Pelops' race, young Pliſthenes.
He too, who led to Troy his warriour bands,
The halting ſon of Pæan, felt my dart,
And by my dart the † lord of Ithaca,
Not by the poiſonous Trygon's bane expir'd.

* Lucian had this circumſtance from ſome ſecret hiſtories that are not come down to us; or poſſibly there may be ſome conceit which we do not underſtand, ſince one cannot help thinking that he alludes to the lameneſs of Philoctetes, which he got by the fall of one of Hercules's arrows on his foot; and to the wound which Achilles received in his heel from Paris, which wound was the occaſion of his death.

† Telegonus, the ſon of Ulyſſes by Circe, coming to ſee his father, was denied entrance by the ſervants; upon which a quarrel enſued, in which he unfortunately ſlew his father Ulyſſes with a ſpear or arrow, pointed with the bone of a Trygon, a poiſonous fiſh.

Where-

Wherefore, ill-fated wretches, be aſſur'd,
Your wicked deeds ſhall meet their due reward.

FIRST MOUNTEBANK.

Syrians we are, in fair Damaſcus born,
But urg'd by want and hungry poverty,
O'er earth and ſea like vagabonds we roam,
And with this ointment, which our father gave,
We comfort and relieve the ſick and lame.

GODDESS.

What is your ointment, ſay, and how prepar'd?

SECOND MOUNTEBANK.

We dare not tell, to ſecrecy oblig'd
Both by the ſolemn oath of our profeſſion,
And laſt injunctions of a dying father;
Who charg'd us to conceal the powerful virtue
Of this our medicine, whoſe ſtrong efficacy,
O Gout, can even thy madding fires allay.

GODDESS.

Ha! miſerable wretches, ſay ye ſo?
Is there on earth, one medicine, whoſe effect
My power is not ſufficient to controul?
Come on, upon this iſſue let us join.

Let

Let us experience now the prevalence
Of your ſtrong medicine, or my raging flames.
Hither, tormenting ſpirits, who preſide
O'er my diſtracting ſorrows, hither come.

[*Spirits deſcend.*

GODDESS.

Thou from the tender ſole to every toe
Round all the foot the burning anguiſh ſpread.
Thou in the heel ſhalt ſettle, from the thigh
Thou on the knee ſhalt pour the bitter drop.
And each of you a finger ſhall torment.

SPIRITS.

Behold, O queen, thy orders are perform'd.
See! where the wretches maim'd and roaring lie,
Their limbs diſtorted with our fierce attack!

GODDESS.

Now, friends, inform us of the truth; declare
If aught your boaſted ointment now avail,
For if my forces it indeed ſubdue,
Far, to the dark receſſes of the earth,
The depths profound of Tartarus I'll fly,
Henceforth unknown, unhonour'd and unſeen.

FIRST MOUNTEBANK.

Behold! the ointment is apply'd! but, oh!
The flames relent not. Oh! I faint, I die!
A ſecret poiſon all my leg conſumes.
Not ſo pernicious is the bolt of Jove:
Nor rages ſo the wild tempeſtuous ſea:
Nor more reſiſtleſs is the lightning's blaſt.
Sure three-mouth'd Cerberus my ſinews gnaws;
Or on my fleſh ſome poiſonous viper preys;
Or to my limbs th' envenom'd * mantle clings,
Drench'd in the Centaur's black malignant gore!
O queen, have mercy! freely we acknowledge
That, nor our ointment, nor aught elſe on earth,
Thy unreſiſted fury can reſtrain,
O mighty conquereſs of human kind!

* The mantle of the Centaur Neſſus, who having proffered Hercules his ſervice, to carry his wife over the river Evenus, when he had her on the other ſide would have forced her, thereupon Hercules ſhot him with an arrow. Neſſus, ſeeing he muſt die, in revenge preſents Deianira with his mantle ſtained with his own blood, telling her it was a charm for love. She believing this, when Hercules was ſacrificing in mount Oeta, ſent him this mantle to put on, which he no ſooner did, but the poiſon worked ſo ſtrongly, that he grew mad, and threw himſelf into the fire.

OCYPUS.

I too, O potent goddeſs, grace implore.
Once in the wanton pride of vigorous youth,
Vain of my beauteous limbs, and active ſtrength,
I mock'd thy dolours, and thy power defy'd.
But now chaſtis'd by thy afflictive arm,
And by thy nearer influence ſubdu'd,
My impious vaunts, O goddeſs, I retract,
Adore thy might, and deprecate thy wrath.

GODDESS.

Spirits, forbear, and mitigate their woes.
See! they repent them of the dire contention!
Now let the world confeſs my ſtubborn power,
Nor mov'd by pity, nor by drugs ſubdu'd!

[*Goddeſs and ſpirits reaſcend.*

CHORUS.

In vain with mimick flames * Salmoneus ſtrove
To emulate the bolts of thundering Jove;

* Salmoneus, in imitation of thunder, cauſed a brazen bridge to be built, over which he drove his chariot, and for lightning threw flaming torches; but for this impiety was ſtruck dead with real lightning.

To

To deepeſt hell with ſcorching lightning driven.
Too late he own'd the ſtronger power of heaven.

The ſatyr * Marſyas blew his boaſtful reed,
And, Phœbus, ſtrike, he cry'd, thy rival ſtrings.
Stript of his ſkin he mourns the impious deed,
While round the bleeding trophy Pythius ſings.

Robb'd of her children, in eternal woe,
In ſtreams eternal while her ſorrows flow,
Sad † Niobe laments the fatal hour,
That urg'd her to provoke Latona's power.

Thee, Pallas, ſkill'd in every work divine,
Fooliſh ‡ Arachne at the loom defy'd;
Inceſſant thence ſhe draws the filmy twine,
Memorial of her fond preſumptuous pride.

* Marſyas having challenged Apollo to a trial of ſkill, was by him flead alive.

† Niobe had ſix, ſome ſay ſeven ſons, and as many daughters, all of whom were ſlain by Apollo and Diana, as a puniſhment for the pride of their mother, who had preſumed to compare herſelf with the goddeſs Latona, and even to inſult her, becauſe ſhe had not ſo large an offspring as herſelf. Niobe was turned into a ſtone, that weeps.

‡ Arachne was turned into a ſpider.

Taught

Taught by the vengeance of the gods above,
Latona, Pallas, Pythian Phœbus, Jove,
To mortals be this ſage inſtruction given,
"That man, though bold, is not a match for heaven."

[*Dance.*

CHORUS.

O awful Gout, whoſe univerſal ſway
The trembling nations of the earth obey,
Our torments, gracious ſovereign, O aſſuage!
Be ſhort our pangs, be moderate thy rage!
Many, various are the woes
That this ſcene of life compoſe.
Uſe with reconciling balm
Can our throbbing ſorrows calm;
Can our ſharpeſt pains beguile,
And bid Gouty wretches ſmile.
Hence, companions of my care,
Learn with feeling hearts to bear.
To expect with ſouls unmov'd
Ills, ye have already prov'd.
If ſeverer woes invade,
Heaven will grant you ſtrength and aid.
Who, impatient of his pain,
Bites, and gnaws, and ſhakes the chain,
Laughter he, and ſcorn ſhall move!
Such is the decree of Jove.

End of the THIRD VOLUME.

ERRATA.

Vol. I. p. 15. *for* maid, *read* mad.

Vol. II. p. 402. *for* he had rather, *read* he would rather. Had rather *seems to be a barbariſm, ariſing, probably, from a contracted manner of writing* I'd rather, you'd rather, he'd rather, &c.